SPECIAL NOTE: Each issue of The Red Book Magazine is copyrighted. Any republication of the matter appearing in the magazine, either wholly or in part, is not permitted except by special authorization.

VOL. XLVII, No. 4 Published monthly. On sale the 12th of each month preceding date of issue. AUGUST, 1926

Special Notice to Writers and Artists:

Manuscripts and art material submitted for publication in this magazine will only be received on the understanding that the publisher and editors shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while such manuscripts or art material are in the publisher's possession or in transit.

Table of Contents

ART SECTION—BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Lenore Ulric, Joan Crawford, Irma Schubert Nina Lewis, Ruthelma Stevens, Madge Bellamy

SERIAL NOVELS OF REALITY AND POWER



RUPERT HUGHES'

NEW NOVEL

In the next—the September—

issue of this magazine begins

the novel upon which Rupert

Hughes has been engaged for

the past two years - engaged,

that is, in thinking out its de-

velopment and studying at first

hand the scenes amid which

its drama unfolds. It is a story

of today, the powerful, vibrant

record of a pursuing love that

sought to achieve the stars-

quite the most original and

vivid of all the novels that

Mr. Hughes has written for

The Red Book Magazine.

OUR OWN

Photograph by Henry Waxm

- THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS-An engrossing romance of New York and Wyoming. (With synopsis.)
- THAT JOCELYN GIRL-A vivid drama of small-circus life. (With résumé.)
- TIDES—A veritable epic of our American life. (With full summary.)
- Struthers Burt 44 Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr
- Samuel Merwin 61 Realized in Pictures by James M. Flagg
 - Julian Street 80 Illustrated by C. D. Williams

SHORT STORIES OF SPARKLE AND THRILL

- A DRAMA UNREHEARSED-The powerful story of a siren and her strange doom.
- GRANDMA AND THE GIGOLO-An American woman's Monte Carlo adventure.
- THE MUD BUG-A captivating story of youth and the race-track.
- WHY MEN JOIN CLUBS-The famous author of "The Green Hat" is at his best here.
- NOT THAT KIND OF GIRL-Theartless confession of a movie-struck maiden.
- KHAMBU—The exciting chronicle of a primitive lion-hunt—and its aftermath.
- THE PETERS' REDUCTION Our little Machiavelli gets even with the doctors.
- SKILLETS AND TENT STAKES-A girl rebels against her life as an auto-gypsy.
- THE ROAD TO RESTIN' EASY-An impressive story of the virile old West.
- THE SEVEN THREATS-A specially interesting exploit of Detective Drake.

- F. Britten Austin 39 Illustrated by Will Foster
 - Homer Croy 51 Illustrated by Lester Ralph
- Gerald Beaumont 56 Illustrated by Charles Sarka
 - Michael Arlen 68 Illustrated by Everett Shinn
 - Virginia Dale 72 Illustrated by Edward Ryan
- Samuel Scoville, Jr. 77 Illustrated by David Hendrickson
- Robert C. Benchley 86 Illustrated by John Held, Jr.
- Whitman Chambers 88 Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore
- Wilbur Hall 92
- Illustrated by Hibberd Van Buren Kline Elsa Barker 96

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore THE REAL SPIRIT OF OUR DAY

- CONCERNING SPARROWS-A brilliant essayist in fine form.
- THE FUTURE-Memorable verses written by America's best-loved poet.
- FOOL SPEECHES-A common-sense editorial by a very able writing-man.
- Angelo Patri 33 Decoration by Franklin Booth
- Edgar A. Guest 34 Decoration by Arthur E. Becher
 - Bruce Barton 37

Subscription price: \$2.50 a year in advance. Canadian postage 50c per year. Foreign postage \$1.00 per year.

Subscriptions are received by all newsdealers and booksellers, or may be sent direct to the Publisher. Remittance must be made by Draft, Post Office or Express Money Order, by Registered Letter or by Postage Stamps of 3-cent denomination, and not be stock, because of exchange charges. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Notification regarding change of subscriber's address must reach us four weeks in advance of the next day of issue.

ADVERTISING FORMS close on the 3rd of the second preceding month (October forms close August 3rd). Advertising rates on application.

THE CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES CORPORATION, Publisher. The Red Book Magazine, 36 So. State Street, Chicago, Ill.

CHARLES M. RICHTER

CHARLES M. RICHTER

LOUIS ECKSTEIN

Fresident

Office of the Advertising Director, 33 West 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y.

R. M. PURVES, New England Representative, 80 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. LONDON OFFICES, 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C.

Entered as second-class matter April 25: 1956, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, congress of March 3, 1879

Copyright, 1926, by THE CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES CORPORATION (The Red Book Magazine)

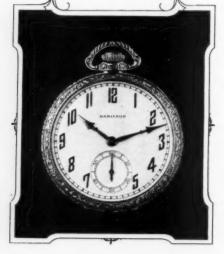
Copyright, 1926 by THE CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES CORPORATION in Great Britain and the Dominions. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London. England

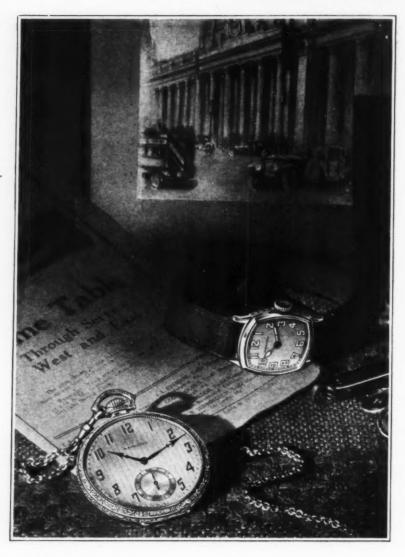
In a Watch there can be no substitute for ACCURACY



G. M. Stoll, conductor of the Broadway Limited, has carried a Hamilton for twenty-six years.







Be on time for every appointment

Carry a watch of railroad accuracy

HE Hamilton enjoys unique prestige among railroad men. It is known from coast to coast, from border to border, as "The Watch of Railroad Accuracy." Let your next watch be a Hamilton, the watch that railroad men have made famous.

A Hamilton to suit your individual preference may be selected from a number of beautiful models. Some are simple, graceful and chaste. Some are beautifully engraved and ornamented. All have an intrinsic beauty that will keep them fashionable after years of service.

Ask your jeweler to show you a Hamilton today. He can show you Pocket Models from \$48 to \$685; Strap Models \$50 to \$88; Women's Wrist Models \$48 to \$60. We have prepared a very useful little booklet, "The Care of your Watch." We will send it on request. Write also for a copy of our new illustrated booklet, "The Timekeeper." Hamilton Watch Company, 885 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pa., U. S. A.



Life At Par

By M. MERCER KENDIG, A.B.

Director, Department of Education, THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

THOSE who in youth achieve inner peace have forged an invincible armor, defensive and offensive, for the conquest of life.

No matter how tempestuous their outer lives may be, the truly great seem always to possess an inner tranquility. They dominate others in thought and action because they dominate themselves. Without the handicaps of self-consciousness and fear, these individuals start each game of life at par.

Inner peace is positive and militant, in that it makes the individual alive to the reality of the outside world. Its possessors are not Pollyannas, but dare from the strength that is within them to face the facts and make the most of them.

Inner peace by its very nature must be largely self-created. Environment and example can set the stage. In the impressionable years, boys and girls should be far removed from the fears and neuroses fostered in the city's canyons of steel and concrete. The sense-blunting, nerve-racking roar, the poisoned air and artificial excitements of machine-made living destroy all peace in our modern towns.

Youth is marvelously responsive to a peaceful environment. For those who attend a good camp or country boarding school, there are sure to be many soul-reaching experiences bound up with the scenes with which their education is surrounded.

The radiance of a May morning over lawn and trees fills physical life with a new value which guards against its later squandering. The silence of winter under the crispying stars when the soul tunes in with the majesty of the universe, brings the boy or girl face to face with their inner selves. They feel themselves as parts of a synchronized whole.

These and a thousand other gifts of peace in the controlled community of school life, animated by strong, sane ideals of work and play, worship and worthiness of leadership, tend to produce personalities of promise and permanence, ready to keep their poise in the hurly-burly of adult life.

To give youth this desirable environment, many educators during the past decade have founded schools in the seclusion of the countryside and many older institutions have been moved there. These country schools are scattered far and wide in every beauty spot of our country. There are, of course, and always will be, good residential city schools, to meet the needs of those whose past experience makes it desirable or whose educational plans demand easy access to sources of cultural or professional training.

We have had the delightful experience of visiting most of the country boarding schools from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Let us remind you that the time before schools open is growing short and there are 400 schools of all types and in all localities listed in this section. The majority of these schools has been personally visited by our staff. This is the largest number and the most comprehensive list ever represented in one issue of a magazine for the convenience of its readers. Should you fail to find the school you are seeking, or wish help in making a selection of one to meet some special need, we shall be glad to place our experience at your disposal. In writing, please give all facts, so that we may be truly helpful.

Mellecer Keredy



Mount

Ida

Junior College

Send for Catalogue

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S SCHOOL SECTION



SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG WOMEN

NEW FIGURED STATES

FOR GIRLS.

Following classes are admitted:

- Students preparing for college. (Certificate.)
- Final year students will be admitted. Students desiring to complete high school. (Diploma.)
- Students who have completed high school or secondary school work, and desire Junior College Courses. A diploma will be given any student taking any of our two year courses. With the exception of English and Literature, these courses are

the exception of English and Literature, these courses are elective.

Opportunities of Boston in Music, Art, historical associations: Voice, Piano, Violin, Harp, Organ, with eminent Boston masters. Students attend Boston historical churches—any denomination. Christian Science students attend Mother Church every Sunday. Outdoor sports. Horseback Riding (our own stables), Golf Tennis, Field Sports, Winter Sports, Ganeeing, Gymnasium, 45 by 90 ft., Swimming Pool, Finely equipped school—11 buildings.

Domestic Science. Elocution, Art. Excellent Becretarial Courses; Business Management, Junior College Courses. Some rooms with hot and cold water, Students for 1926-1927 are being accepted in the order of application. Catalogue.

Special cars leave Chicago September 28 Exceptional opportunities 1678 Summit St., NEWTON, MASS.



HOUSE IN THE PINE

A country school for girls, near Roston. College preparatory courses with intensive work for examinations. Two-year course for High School graduates. French House. Household Aris. Misic. Art and Secretarial courses. Fields for all sports. 36 riding horses with trained instructors. Every attention, not only to habits of study, but to each girl? Freezy attention, not only to habits of study, but to each girs and harphress.

1 telegraph of the study of the study and study and wholesome life the study and study and study and miss gentrude E. CORNISH, Principal



A Country School for Young Girls From Ten to Fourteen Years of Age

PREPARATORY to Dana Hall. Fourteen miles from Boston. All sports and athletics supervised and adapted to the age of the pupil. The finest instruction, care and influence.

MISS HELEN TEMPLE COOKE Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass.

Stoneleigh by Sea
The new home of the Elmhurst School for Girls.

Beautiful estate. Attractive mansion. 36 mile sandy beach. Large campus. Horseback riding, golf and all sports. Jr. College, College Preparatory, cultural Courses. Isabel Cressler, Caroline Sumner, Principals. Rye Beach, New Hampshire.

A College for Women in Boston

Secretarial Science and Teacher-training programs based upon foun-dation of general academic studies. 2 years for Certificate. 4 years for Degree. Dormitories. DB. T. LAWERNEZ DAVIS, Dean. 27 Garrison Street, Boston





HOWE-MAROT

A Country Boarding School for Girls College Preparation

Well equipped science laboratories

Varied outdoor life RIDING, GOLF, TENNIS

For catalog address

MARY L. MAROT, Head Mistress Connecticut

BRADFORD ACADEMY Bradford, Mass.

Junior College. Three years' College Preparatory and Special Courses. 123rd year.

THE CHAMBERLAYNE SCHOOL

A limited number of older girls desiring special preparation for college or post graduate work accepted as resident students. BERTHA K. FILKINS, Director, 178 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.

IOWARD SEMINARY

44th year. A famous old New England country school for girls. 25 milles from Beston. College preparation. Household Arts and Secretarial. Accredited. Mr. and Mrs. George W. Emerson, Principals. 30 Howard Street, West Bridgewater, Massachusetts.

CRESTALBAN

A school for little girls. Invigorating air of the Ber shires. 20 minutes from Pittsfield. 200 acres. 3 bings. Home training, character development, bealt Open air classes. Outdoor sports. Miss Margery Whiting, Principal, Berkshire, Mass.

WESTBROOK

SEMINARY FOR GIRLS
One of New England's oldest and best equipped schools, offering four years' preparatory and one year college work. Outdoor sports. Gymnasium. Hiding. Catalog. AGNES M. SAFFORD, Principal PORTLAND, MAINE



Lasell Seminary

Hill-crest location overlooking the beautiful New England village of Auburndale-ten miles from Boston. 30acre campus, 15 buildings.

A complete course on the care and management of the home and family prepares for the position of home executive. Unusual training in music with concert work. Secretarial, Art, Teacher Training and College Preparatory courses.

A separate school for younger girls.

Indoor and outdoor athletics. Gymnasium and swimming pool. Horseback riding a feature. Booklets on application.

GUY M. WINSLOW, Ph.D., Principal 140 Woodland Road, Auburndale, Mass.

WHITTIER SCHOOL For Girls. 33rd Year ellege Preparatory. General and special courses ar-naged for the individual. Emphasizing intensive one-ar course for college examinations. Outdoor life. 25 miles from Boston.
Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Russell, Principals, Merrimac, Mass.

Edith Coburn Noves School Oral English, Drama, Character Education Analysis and Interpretation of Literature, Voice Diction, Psychology, French. Fully Equipped Little Theatre. 19th year. Edith Coburn Noyes, Prin., Symphomy Chambers, Boston, Mass,

ROGERS HALL An Endowed School for Girls

ollege Preparatory and Academic Courses. Two year Graduate ourse. Gymnasium, Swimming-pool. Outdoor Sports, Faces ogers Fort Hill Park. Twenty-six miles from Boston. Miss Olive Sewall Parsons, Principal, Lowell, Muss.

Wheaton College for Women

Only small separate college for women in Massachu-setts. 4-year course. A.B. degree. Faculty of men and women. 20 buildings, 100 acres. 30 miles from Boston. Catalog. Norton, Massachusetts.

Miss Farmer's School COOKERY

Home of the Boston Cooking School Cook Book Training in cockery and household technique for home and vocation. Send for booklet. Miss ALICE BRADLEY, Principal, 30 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Mass.

CANADA

ALMA COLLEGE FOR GIRLS AND Opens Sept. 13. Two hours from Detroit or Buffalo on New York Central, College Preparatory. Small classes. Art. Music. Expres-sion. Handlerafts, Secretarial. Household Economics, Funries, on the College Preparatory. Small Classes, Manuelle, State Nurse, 8500 up. Catalog. Rev. P. S. Dobson, M. A. (Oxon) Principal, St. Thomas. Ontario, Canada.

ITALY

A GIRLS' SCHOOL IN ITALY

With exceptional encircle Medical Control of Properties of Control of P

SCHOOL



SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Recommended by the Leading Colleges for

COLLEGE PREPARATION SPECIAL FINISHING COURSES

Athletics, Gymnasium, Tennis, Riding. Spacious Grounds for Games

Alumnae cordially recommend Dwight because of the spirit which it inculcates: Frankness, Self-Control, Service.

Write for illustrated catalog telling of the life of the school. References on request.

MISS E. S. CREIGHTON, Principal
GLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY ENGLEWOOD.



(1) ssining School for Girls

Upper and Lower Schools. Clara C. Fuller, Principal

Ladycliff Academy

Highiand Falls, N. Y. Adjoining W Chartered Regents School for Girls Marvelous Location Healthful En-For Catalogue address SISTER SUPERIO

MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES

RUSSELL SAGE COLLEGE

Founded by Mrs. Russell Sage. Liberal Arts, Secretarial Work, Household Economics and Nursing. B. A. and B. S. degrees. Address

Secretary, Russell Sage College, Troy, N. Y.

WALLCOURT MISS GOLDSMITH'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
College preparation. Music. dramatics, interpretive dancing. Outdoor sports. In lake region at home of Wells College, with privilege of its concerts, lectures, tink, gymnasium, etc. Catalog.

Box J. Aurora-on-Capuga, N. Y.

KEUKA COLLEGE, KEUKA PARK, N. Y.

A College for Women. Able faculty, standard courses, small classes, personal attention. Beautiful surroundings, modern dormitory, out-of-door exercise, hikes, and games. Box R. A. H. Norton, Pres.

St. FAITH'S SCHOOL College Preparatory, Home Science, Vecational Suidance, Music, Upper and Lower Schools. Athletics, Moderate Cost. REV. CHARLES H. L. FORD, BOX ES, SARATOGA, NEW YORK

School for Girls

College Preparatory, Cultural and Vocational Cou-MRS. RUSSELL HOUGHTON, Box R, Cooperstown, N.Y.

PUTNAM HALL

A College Preparatory School
ELLEN CLIZBE BARTLETT, A. B., Principal
802 Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

ST. MARY'S HALL Burlington, New Jersey
School for Girls, on the banks of the Delaware River, Lower, Middle, and Upper School, General Courses. Special Emphasis on College Preparation. Approved by State
Board of Education. 90th year opens September 29, 1926,
For catalog write the Prin., Sister Edith Constance.

400 Schools!

This is the Greatest Number Ever Published in One Issue of Any Magazine

THIS great school directory is the result of six years of constructive service in guiding the children of our readers to the right schools. If you wish help in finding the right school, give full details and

address your letter personally to
The Director, Department of Education
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE
33 West 42nd Street, New York City

Manor **ghland**

A Non-Sentarian Country Boarding School for Girls



Ideally Located on the Hudson - near New York College Preparatory Course— Certificate Recognized for College Entrance

Junior College, High School, Home-Making, Secretarial, Journalism, Kindergarten Training, Music, and Art Vacation Trips to Bermuda and Europe

Separate Cottage for Elementary School Members of American Association of Junior Colleges

EUGENE H. LEHMAN, DIRECTOR, BOX 103, TARRYTOWN-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK

MARYMOUNT TARRYTOWN-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK 40 Minutes from New York City. COLLEGE

Conducted by the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary. Chartered by the Regents of the University of the State of New York with power to confer degrees, Academic, Four Years of College, Two Year Finishing Course for High School Graduates, Secretarial and Domestic Science Courses, Music, Art, Elocution, Gymnasium, Swimming Pool, Hers-back Riding, Chaperonage to Concerts, etc.

Branches:—Paris—1023 Fifth Ave., New York. For catalogue apply to Reverend Mother.

The Scudder School is unique in providing intensive, practical courses combined with the advantages of a finishing school in New York City. Day and boarding. High School, College Preparatory and General Ourses. Household Arts. Every phase of home of the second welfare and Community Service. Secretarial Training for High School and College Graduates. Physical training and athletics for all. Address Miss R. B. Scudder, 244 West 72nd Street, New York City.

Ursuline Academy

Aims: To provide for its pupils such mother-care, guidance and protection as they would receive in the fondest and best regulated home.

Courses: Elementary, college prepar-Courses: Elementary, college preparatory. Music, Secretarial, Horseback, Swimming, Athletics. Provides Special Vacation Schedule.

Address URSULINE SISTERS, Box R, MIDDLETON, N. Y.

The ELY SCHOOL

For Girla. Greenwich, Conn. One hour from New York in the country. Intensive college preparation. General and cultural courses. Headmistress: Elizabeth L. Ely, Associate Headmistress: Edith Chapin Craven. A.B., Bryn Mawr.

RAY COURT The Southfield School for Girls
ACCREDITED. Suburban to N. Y. C. All usual
studies. Also: Secretarial, Arts and Crates,
Horseback riding. Beach. All athletics. Catalog.
JESSIE CALLAM ORAY. Bex 12, Stamford-on-Sound, Conn.

Glen Eden 50 Minutes from Fifth Avenue, New York City For high-school girls or graduates. Magnificent granite buildings to studies. Social culture. Alcheletes. Immanes gymnasium. Little theatre. Select memberobly, \$1500. For buildes and views address PHRCEPTIRESS, GLEN DERN. STAMFORD, COMP.

OAK KNOLL SCHOOL OF THE HOLY CHILD THE HOLY CHILD THE HOLY CHILD HOly Child Jesus. Elementary and college preparatory courses. Resident and day pupils. Colleges and finishing schools at Rosemont. Pa. Oxford. Rome. Paris. Phybotra. Catalogue on request. Summit. New Jersey.

"A good school for Girls."

entenary Full information on request. ollegiate R.J. Treverrew, Pres. Bex S8, Hackettstown, N. J.

MISS BEARD'S SCHOOL A COUNTRY SCHOOL NEAR NEW YORK College Preparation. General Courses. Outdoor Sports. ORANGE, NEW JERSEY



One hour from New York. Girls from all parts of country. Four residences, schoolhouse, gymnasium. Prepares forallcolleges. Special courses. Diction and Dramatics. Outdoor life. Horseback riding. Catalog.

Margaret R. Brendlinger, A.B., Yassar Yida Hust Fractis, A.B., Smith, Priscipals Norwalk, Conn. Girls from all

REW School for Girls

n Beautiful Lake Glenelda. 49 Miles from
rk. 600 Feet Elevation. 61st Year. Outdoor
Endowment. Wholesome School Life.

Sports. Endowment.
Moderate Research Science and Secretarial Courses Separate Junior School
Separate Junior School
For cutalog address the President:
Herbert E. Wright, D.D., Box 814, Carmel, N. Y. Sports. Moderate

• cus cus cus cus eus •

A Distinctive Fifth Avenue School
Facing Central Park and the Art Museum. Academic
and Advanced Courses. Intensive College Preparation. Unsurpassed Recreational Opportunities.
Address MISS ROSA B. CHISMAN, Principal
1006 Fifth Avenue, New York City

■ can can can can can **■**



Gardner School 11 East 51st St., New York

A thorough school with de-lightful home life. College preparatory, academic, secre-tarial, post-graduate courses. Music, Athletics. 70th year.

Miss Eltinge Principals

SCHOOL FOR LITTLE GIRLS



SCHOOL

Boarding School for GIRLS from 6 to 14 WHITE PLAINS. NEW YORK Kathleen Noble Jerome, Manager

WASHINGTON, D. C.



COLLEGE

MARYLAN

National Park Seminary

Suburbs of Washington, D. C.

National Park surrounds girls with those National Park surrounds girls with those intangible influences gained from beauty of environment, magnificent buildings and cultural atmosphere that are so necessary to the complete development of the truly educated woman. Every material and academic need has been fully provided to give girls the best that modern education affords.

girls the best that modern education affords.

For the girl not going to college, National Park offers two-year Junior College course with special work in Home Economics, Art, Music, Expression. Secretarial Training Also excellent four-year college preparatory courses for the younger girl. The complete equipment includes 32 buildings, a 90-acre wooded estate, modern classrooms, gymnasium and swimming pool. All outdoor aports, including horseback riding. Hours of fun and wholesome pleasure in the eight charming club-houses. References required. Write today for illustrated catalog. Address The Registrar, Box 195, Forest Glen, Maryland.

JAMES E. AMENT, Ph. D., LL. D. President



For Women Courses

Advantages

Advantages

**o misstes from

washington, near blattmere**, 500 ft.

**above sea. 12-ace stocked s

For Catalog address: Box B. LUTHERVILLE, MARYLAND

THE IMMACULATA SEMINARY

Delightfully situated in the suburbs of Washington, D. C., with the unusual advantages that only the National Capital can give, IMMACULATA SEMINARY offers the ideal education for the modern girl. Thorough instruction in languages, music, art, domestic science, secretarial. college preparatory, and other courses of the standard, accredited academy today. All indoor and outdoor athieties, including swimming and horsebackbulletin address—Search, Ide. For illustrated bulletin address—Search, Ide. For illustrated bulletin address—Search, Ide. Sor illustrated bulletin address—Search, Ide. Sor illustrated bulletin address—Search, Ide. Sor illustrated

Chevy Chase School

For Girls. Last years of High School; two-year advanced elective course. Special emphasis on music, art, drama. Twelve-acre campus; country life; advantages of the national capital.

Address Frederic Ernest Farrington, Ph.D., Box R, Chevy Chase School, Washington, D. C.

MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES

HOOD COLLEGE For Young Women Standard courses:—A.B., B.S. in Home Economics, and B.M. in Music. Practical courses in Education, English Speech, and Art. Ten new buildings. 125 acres. Our own farm and dairy. Catalog and Book of Views. JOSEPH M. APPLE, LL.D., Box R. Frederick, Md.

Roberts-Beach School for Girls

Personal attention to each girl's special needs. Small classes; experienced teachers. College preparatory; general course; art, music. All sports, eurhythmics. Suburban to Batimore. (For catalog address Miss Roberts or Miss Beach.) Box 350. Catonwitie. Maryland

MISS MILLER'S SCHOOL

select school limited to fifty girls. Specializing in usic. Art. Literature, History, Languages. Also Col-te preparation. Situated in the fine residential section Baltimore, Outdoor Sports, Catalog, Elizabeth M. Miller, 838 Park Ave., Baltimore, Md.

t. Margarets GRLS A Home School at the Nation's Capital

under the Personal Supervision of the Principal, College Preparatory, General, and Secretarial Courses. Educational Advantages of Washington fully used. Sports and Recreation. Moderate Cost. Address Mrs. Frank A. Gallup, Principal 2115-8
Bhington. D.C. California Street

The Misses Stone's School

Washington, D.C.

Advanced Courses in Cultural Subjects, Art, French, Music, Domes-tic Science, and Secretarial Science. Preparation for Travel. Miss Isabelle Stone, Ph. D. and Harriet Stone, M. S. 1700 Rhode Island Ave., H. W. Washington, D. C.

FAIRMONT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS 27th year. Two year JUNIOR COLLEGE and COLLEGE PREFARATORY COURSE. Also COLLEGE COURSES in Secretarial Science, Domestic Science, Music, etc. Educational advantages of National Capital. Address Fairmant School. 2107 5 Mt., Washington, D. C.

GUNSTON HALL
1908 Florida Ave., Washington, D. C.
t school for girls. Est. 1892. Preparatory and academic courses, or years gradular and college work. Music, Art. Expression, bearing the control of the

ING SMITH STUDIO SCHOOL Residential School for Young Women Music, dancing, dramatic art, languages and art; other subjects arranged. Address: Secre'ary, 1751 New Hamphirs Are., Wash., D. C.

THE MARJORIE WEBSTER SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION AND PHYSICAL EDUCATION
Two-year Normal Course, accredited. Prepares for Physical Directors. Fall Term opens September 20. year Norm Dormitories. Catalog. 1403-R Massachusetis Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C.

MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES

MISS SAYWARD'S SCHOOL

For Girls. Suburb of Philadelphia. College Preparatory and Secretarial Courses. Music. Domestic Science. Physical training. Outdoor sports. horseback riding. Swimming. Develops character, mind and body. Write Dept. It. Miss Janet Sayward, Principal, Overbrook, Principal, Overbrook, Principal,

CEDAR CREST A college with modern dormi-tories and equipment, attractive courses. Liberal Arts, A. B.; Secretarial Science, B.S.S.; House-hold Arts, B.S.; Music and Expression, A. B. New Department in Religious Education and Social Service. Box B, Allentowa, Pa. Wm. F. Curick, Litt. B, Period.



Location Favorable for Outdoor Sports and Horseback Riding Intermediate. College Preparatory, or General Courses including Music and Art Separate Junior Department. For Catalog and Views address
MISS MARY MONCRIEFFE LIVINGSTON, Principal, Box R, GARRISON, MD.



Mrs. Caskin's School

For girls and young women, in beautiful college town with fine educational atmosphere, eight miles from Philadelphia. College preparatory with aca-demic and vocational courses. Diplomas granted, Graduates enter all certificate colleges without ex-aminations. Special advantages in music. Thuel Burnham, director. Large outdoor and recreational activities. Physical training. Arts and crafts. MRS. LANGDON CASKIN. Founder and Principal Box 104. Haverford, Pa.

TARCUM SCHOL

At Bryn Mawr, ten miles from Philadelphia

A suburban school with the advan-tages of out-door recreation and the opportunities of Philadelphia's best in Music, Art and Drama,

Thorough preparation for girls going to Bryn Mawr, Vassar, Smith, Mt. Holyoke, Weilesley, and other colleges. SPECIAL COURSES IN MUSIC, ART AND SECRETARIAL STUDIES

For Catalog address the Principal Harcum School, Box R, Bryn Maur, Pa.

HEAD OF SCHOOL

MRS. EDITH HATCHER HARCUM, B.L.
MRS. L. MAY WILLIS; B.P., PRINCIPAL

An Endowed School HALL School Moderate Tuilion
For Girls Limited to 120 Girls

181st year

In Southeastern Pennsylvania, Lancaster County, the Far-Famed Garden Spot of the United States. Large Campus, Modern Equip-ment. Gymnasium, Swimming Pool, Hockey, Horseback Riding, Courses: Academic, College Preparatory, Serretarial, Music and Post-Graduate.

Separate Junior School F. W. STENGEL, D.D. Box 137 Lititz, Pennsylvania

THE MARY LYON SCHOOL College preparatory and general courses. Wildeliff, the graduate school. Saven Gables, for girls 6-12. All indoor and outdoor activities. Specify catalog desired. MR. and MRS. H. M. CRIST, Principals Box 1532

Swarthnere, Pa. ie

SOUTHERN STATES

IRGINIA COLLEGE FOR YOUNG WOMEN

ne of the leading schools in the South. Located in a Valley of Virginia, famous the world over for alth and beauty. Modern buildings and large mpus, European and American College Instructors, ective, Preparatory and College Courses, Music, Art, Expression, Domestie Science,



n college Instructors, ege Courses. Music, Art. Expression. Domestic Science. Secretarial and Library Courses. Journalism. Arth. Mattie P. Marris, Prat., Mrs. Gertrude Harris Boatwight, Vice-Pres., Box F, Roanoke, Virginia.

Fairfax Hall

For Girls. At the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains, in the famous Shenandosh Valley of Virginia. Four hours from Washington Two main line railroads. Thorough four-year college preparatory and elective courses, one-year graduate course. Music, Art, Household Science. Dramatics, Secretarial. Beautiful home-like buildings, 35 screes, Hish altitude, Lithia spring water. Our own stable of field pports. horses, modern gymnasium, Lithia swimming pools. Rate \$700. nousehold Beautiful High alti-m stable of

Catalog.

John Noble Maxwell, President. Box R. Park Station, Waynesboro, Virginia.





For Young Women 43rd year 30 states For Young Women A'rd year High School and Junior College, both accredited by Southern Association. Strong faculty, Music, Art. Expression. Home Economic, Secretarial Course, Mamificent campus of great natural beauty exhanced by artistic buildings express the enchantment and traditions of the South, Outdoor sports in bracing mountain climate (Intermont), Gymnasium, Swimming Pool. Private Baths. Select petronage. Christian infuence. Write for catalog, Address H. G. Noffsinger, President, Box 145, Bristol, Va. 30 states

Manch of Music
In the beautiful Shenandoah Valley. Courses in all branchesofmusicalart. Languages, academicsandart. Swimming pool and gymnasium. Riding and golf. New \$150,000 buildings and dormitories. Special courses for girls under 14 years. Catalog. 14th session begins Sept. 9th. Address Manch College of Music, College Park, Box R. Staunton, Virginia.

T. Anne's School
THE VIRGINIA CIRLS SCHOOL NEAR ITS UNIVERSITY
Bpiscopal. High in Blue Bldge Mys., Houlth-building Music. Art. Dramatics. High standards Address Box R. Charlottesville, Va.

Stuart Hall, Staunton, Virginia

Episcopal school for girls—Eighty-third Session. Rich in traditions of the past; alive to the needs of the present. Thorough college preparation. Outdoor sports. Address Mrs. H. N. Hills, A. B. Box R.

MARY BALDWIN COLLEGE and

MARY BALDWIN SEMINARY
For Young Ladies. Established 1842. Sissurion. Virgidal.
Ferm begins September Rich. In Shonandeah Valley. Uperplaced
climate, modern captionnit. Compact College, 4 years, A. H. Degrace
Science Adhetics. Gymnacium and Publ. Catalogs. Domentic

RANDOLPH-MACON SCHOOL

"Southern in its Atmosphere"

A preparatory school for girls, located in francus Fladmont section of Virginia, 100 miles from Richmond, Most maximum college of Virginia, 100 miles from Richmond, Most maximum college of Privacial Culture. Catalog and further information upon regiment, John C. Simpson, A. M., Privaciash, Sax R. Barrelle, Wirginia

Averett College for Young Women Founded 1859. H. S. and Jr. College Courses. Accredited. Attractive new buildings. Mod. Equipment. Gym. Swimming Poel. Music. Home Economics. Secretarial. Art. etc. Moderate Rates. Illus. Catalog and View Book. James P. Cratk. A.M., (Harvard) Pres., Box RB. Danville, Va.

MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES



For Women. Founded 1853. A College of the Cultural and Prac-Continuing the work of BEECHWOOD.

EAVER COLLEGE Courses extended, faculty enlarged, equipment increased. A Christian college of long and honorable history; a school of proved soundness in theory and practice.

Combined faculty built by years of selection. Many graduates occupy positions of responsibility. A unique policy. Every course based on student's individual

aptitude or talent. Fits for social power and individual efficiency. Diploma and degree courses in all departments. General College course, Junior College course, Music, Art, Illustration, Design, Interior Decoration, Physical Education, Kindergarten-Primary, Expression, Public School Music, Home Physical Education, kindergarten-Primary, Expression, Public School Music, Home Economics, Secretaryship. States grant teaching certificates on special diplomas. Swimming pool, athletic field, gymnasium, library, large new pipe organ. Rates moderate. Full Degree Rights. Catalog. Address Registrar, Beechwood Hall, Beaver College, Jenkintown, Pa. Suburb of Philadelphia, within two miles of city limits. BEECHWOOD HILL SCHOOL

Sub-freshman Grade

New Dormitory—every bedroom with bath attached. Living Room and Sun Parlor for every eight resident students—a unique feature. All the advantages of a large institution with the personal care and individual attention of a small school.

Affiliated with Beaver College

Strong faculty. College preparatory: training for home or good positions. Music, Art, Expression, Cooking, Sewing, Gymnasium, Swimming Pool, Athetic Grounds. Definitely fixed moderate rate. Address Beechwood Hill School, Jenkintown, Pa.

Birmingham School

A mountain school unsurpassed in beauty of location. Trains and develops girls for present-day opportunities. Progressive educational methods and superior musical advantages. College entrance examinations held at school. Artistic, modern buildings, attractively furnished. Cultured home atmosphere in which girls gain poise, self-possession and grace. Splendid gymnasium with sunlight pool. Winter sports. On main line P. R. R. Illustrated catalog on request. Box 155, Birmingham. Penna. ham, Penna.

ALVAN R. GRIER, A.M., President





in the Cumberland Valley, a little north of Dixie. Conservatory of Music splendidly equipped. Endorse Ocean City, N. J. Regular schedule of work continued. No extra charge. Moderate is of views address Frank S. Magill, A.M., Headmaster, Box R. Chambersburg, Pa.

College Preparatory and General Courses
Two years of advanced work.
MUSIC. ABT. SECRETARIAL COURSES.
Unusual program of outdoor life and sports.
Located in the Allenhenies at Hollidaysburg.
easily accessible from Alleona on the main line of
the Pennsylvania Railroad. the Pennsylvania Railroad. ELLEN C. KEATES, A.B., Prin., Hollidaysburg, Pa.

ARLINGTON Founded 1851. National Patronage. 60-acre estate 19 miles from Philadelphia

Academic Courses
High School College Preparatory

School of Physical Education

VOCATIONAL COURSES: Domestic Science, Expres-sion, Art, Music.

Opportunities for Riding, Tennis, Athletics
Modern Equipment Moderate Rates Illustrated catalog on Request

CHRISTINE F. BYE. BOX R. WEST CHESTER, PA.

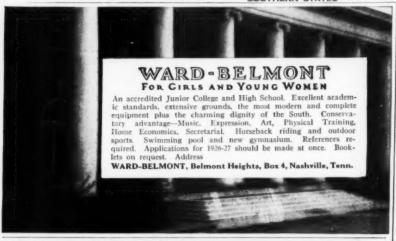
Consenial School Life
Bishopthorne girls enjoy profitable study and
all those recreations that make school life
really delightful—Biding. Trenis, Swimming
in the School's own Pool, Dramatics, Froms,
and occasional chaper

Worthwhile Courses

Worthwhile Courses

Some girls elect the College Preparatory
Course, Others take advantage of the unusual
opportunity to study Home Economics, Interior Decoration, Costume Design, Secretarial
Work, Expression, Will Hustrated catalog,
Box 247, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

SOUTHERN STATES





SULLINS COLLEGE FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN

"VIRGINIA PARK" — overlooking the ity of Bristol in the healthful moun-ain climate of "Old Virginia." Courses: Ruinta roll by the healthful moun-climate of "Old Virginia." Courses: edited College Preparatory and Jun-College; Musle, Art. Dramatics, nalism. Secretarial, Domestic Sci-Social Training. Character De-ment. Students from 40 states and an countries. References required.

similar the outdoor life. Horse-back riding. Swimming and Gymnasium. 109-acre campus with beautiful lake and water sports. Washington advantages optional. For catalogue and book of views address; E. Martin, Ph.D., Pres, Box E. Bristol, Va.







Columbia Institute

A Distinguished School for Girls and Young Women A Distinguished School followed by two years of college. Accredited. Music. Art. Secretarial and other special courses. For 91 years it has combined the charm and dignity of the South with the highest scholarship. Horseback ridius, golf, swimming. Beautiful buildings newly equipped and remodeled for coming school year. Rates. \$600. For calling deficiency Cruikshank. Pres.. Box M. Columbia.

CENTENARY COLLEGE and Conservatory

For girls and young women. Est. 1884. Junior Colleg and High School. Accredited. Music, Art, Home Eco nomics. In beautiful East Tennessee Valley. 5 buildings Athletics. Swimming. Rates \$500—\$750. Catalog. omics. In beautiful East Tennessee Valley. 5 building thletics. Swimming. Rates \$500—\$750. Catalog. Dr. J. W. Malone, Pres., Box R. Cleveland, Tenn.

SCIENCE HILL SCHOOL

college preparatory school for girls. Strong general urss. Plano, violin and voice instruction. Athletics, research riding, physical training. Box 7. POWNTER, Principal, Box 7216. Shelbyville, Kentucky.

MISS HARRIS' FLORIDA SCHOOL

Under northern management, northern faculty. Tour pupils use home text-books, Outdoor classes, ob-bathing throughout winter. Boarding and day sche gepartments. October to June. 1055 Brickell Avenue Miami, Flori Miami, Florida

GROVE PARK SCHOOL

For girls. A boarding and day school in "The Land of
the Six." Climate unsurpassed. Special courses in
Music. Paramatics. Modern Languages. Elementary and
College or College of the C

CASSIFERN A Select School Preparing Girls for Leading Colleges

In the Land of the Sky
Healthful location with superb view of mts.
Small classes, individual attention. Piano, voice,
violin, harmony, art, home economics. Physical culture, horseback riding, golf, outings at Camp Greystone. For catalog address
Jos. R. Sevier, D.D., Pres., Bex C, Hendersonville, N. C.

ANDERSON COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

Situated in the old South. Climate mild and invigorating. Outdoor sports all the year. Traditional Southern customs and Culture. 34 Acre Campus.

Standard college curriculum lead-ing to degrees. Two year courses with certificates.

Degrees in Expression, Art, House hold Arts, Violin, Piano, Voice Organ Secretarial, Physical Education

For catalog address the Registrar. Anderson, South Carolina

ASHLEY HALL

A girl's school offering a broad variety of courses, including collect preparation, and normal courses in Kindergarten-Front Training. Modern equipment. Swimning Fool. Mild climate. Address Mary V. McBee, M.A., Principal, Box R, Charleston, S. C.

EL PASO SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

College preparatory and general academic credited by standard colleges. Fine mu Mild, dry climate with daily sunshine. and exercises nearly all year. Moderate rate. Catalog. Miss Olga E. Tafel, Prin., El Pase, Tex.

SCUDDER SCHOOL OF CORAL GABLES Miami Riviera, Florida

Day and Boarding
A companion school of the famous some courses and
supervision. Children of winter
visitors accommodated. Rindergarten. Elementary, and High
Schools. College preparatory and
General Courses. Postgraduate for
Older Girls: (1) Secretarial. (2)
fare and Community Service. (4)
Kindergarten Training Course.
Music. Sports. Superb buildings
adjoining University of Miami.
Address. Mias Mary R. Holt,
Registrar, Coral Gables, Florida.





Along the beach

NATIONALLY patronized school of A limited enrollment, emphasiz-ing the two-year Junior College and four-year High School courses. Special work in Art, Music, Expression, Home Economics, Secre-tarial Training and Normal Course in Physical Education.

Ideal location on Gulf of Mexico. Healthful, delightful climate. Spacious campus with beautiful modern buildings. All sports. Swimming. Riding. For catalog write President Richard G. Cox, Box W, Gulfport, Mississippi.

Gulf Park College

A SCHOOL FOR GIRLS



COLLEGE CONSERVATORY

30 states; pieasa il life; location foo Blue Ridge Mous s North of Atlant idard A. B. cours ial advantages ic, oratory, art, ditic science, physicure. 31 building propris: swii

ng, etc. Catalog and illustrated by BRENAU Box F. Gainesville,

LUCY COBB INSTITUTE

FOR YOUNG WOMEN. A Unique School of the "Old South".

67 years. Meets Modern requirements. Standard and General
College courses, 27 years; Accredited Preparatory School; Very
Superior Mosic Faculty; other "Specials." Athletes. Fool.

W. F. Mollingworth, A.B., President. Athletes. Georgio

400 Schools!

THIS is too More Than The Greatest Number Ever published in the August Issue of Any Magazine. It includes practically every school that has places available for the school year of 1346-7.

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE 33 West 42nd Street, New York Cit

Martha Washington College

For young women. The school is located in a delightful southern clicated from the control of the

SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG WOMEN

SOUTHERN STATES

Southern Seminary A School of Character



C

For girls. In the Blue Ridge Mountains. Home life is that of a fine old life is that of a fine old southern family. College preparatory, 4 years; Seminary and Collegiate, 2 years. Music, Art, Ex-pression, Home Economics, Physical Education and Commercial courses. The school is noted for its men-tal and physical health. All sports, including horseback riding. 59th year. Catalog. Address ROBERT LEE DURHAM, President. Box 975. Buena Vista, Virginia.

"IN THE HEART OF VIRGINIA" ** Variation 1.

Junior College, Preparatory, Finishing COUNTRY CLUB PRIVILEGES—HISTORIC TOURS Attractive one-year or two-year courses for l Grads. Also H. S. & Fin. Courses. Riding Le Music, Art. Expression, Domestic Science, Secret Social Training, Golf. Swimming Taman Five Training, Golf, Swimming, Tennis. Fixed rate. Kyle Davis, A.M., 240 College Pl , Petersburg, Va

PACIFIC COAST STATES

ESTLAKE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS **Accredited College Preparation**

Junior College Lower School Courses in Music, Art, Expression, Home Economics, Domestic Science, Literature.

Ideally located. Eight acres of beautiful grounds.

New buildings. Swimming pool. All outdoor sports. Horseback Riding.

Write for illustrated catalog

Jessica S. Vance, Frederica de Laguna, Principals 331 So. Westmoreland Ave., Los Angeles, California

THE KATHARINE Branson School

A day and resident school for girls in a charming California country setting. In the healthful climate of Marin Country, an hour from San Francisco. Instruction in grammar and high school classes with special emphasis on college preparation. Faculty selected from graduates of foremost colleges. Outdoor sports throughout the year. Large playing fields, tennis court and swimming pool. Track, archery, riding. Limited enrollment makes early application advisable. For illustrated catalogue and full information write to

Miss Ratherine Branson, Headmistress (A. B. Bryn Mawr College) Address Box 305, Ross, California

Girls' Collegiate School

Glendora, California

A country school 39 miles from Los Angeles. Overlooks famous San Gabriel Valley. Charming Italian
designed buildings. Orange groves, bridle paths on
school's catate, Saddle borses. All sports. Outdoor
life a reality. 7th grade to college entrance. General, Post-graduate and Special Courses. Accredited
35th year begins Sept. 28th. Catalog and views.

Miss Parsess and Miss Densen, Principals

Cummork School FOR GIRLS
Senior High School Accredited for college entrance.
School of Expression—preparing for professional career.
Music. For catalog address Heisen A. Brooks, A.M.,
Director, 333 W. Third St. Les Angeles, Calif.

THE BISHOP'S SCHOOL

Upon the Scrippa Foundation. Bex 18, La Jolia, Calif.
Roarding and day school for girls. Forty minutes from San
Diego, Intermediate School. Preparation for Eastern Colleges.
Caroline Seely Cummins. Headmistress.
The Rt. Rev. Joseph H. Johnson, President, Bloard of Trustees.

Marlborough School for Girls Estab. 1880. Boarding and Day School. Accredited. College Preparation. Special advantages in Music, French, Art, Home Economics, etc. Outdoor life. Riding. Ada S. Blake, A.B. Principal, 5029-R West Third St., Los Angeles, Calif

Lindenwood College

50 minutes from St. Louis



For 100 years Lindenwood has maintained its standing as one of the most progressive colleges for women in the West.
Two and four year degree courses. Liberal Arts, Fine Arts, Home Economics and Business Courses. Exceptionally fine Music School. 138-acre wooded campus.

Gymnasium, swimming pool, golf course. Catalog on request. Address JOHN L. ROEMER, D. D., President, Box 1026, St. Charles, Mo.

St. Oary's an ideal school for girls, 80 miles from Chicago. Commissioned high school. Regular curriculums, Vocational courses in Music. Dramatic Art. Fine Arts. Home Economics, Commercial Subjects. Extensing Outdoor sports. Horseback riding. For catalog address: The Heigistrar.
St. Mary's Academy, Box R, Notre Dame, Indiana.

An accredited standard colege for girls. Course leadto great the college for girls. Course leading to Bachelor and Master
Degrees. Cultural and professtonal education. Missic. Sociology. Teacher training. New buildings on extensive campus.
Physical training. Outdoor sports. Horseback
riding. For catalog address: The Registrar,
St. Mary's College, Box R, Netre Dame, Indiana.

Grafton ball for Girls

A recognized Academy and Junior College Music, Art, Bramatic Art, Home Economics, Secretarial Gourses.

Besultiul grounds. A happy school life in a Christian atmosphere. 40th annual sonsion begins Sept. 21, 1930. Lorence A Home School in Wisconsin_

HILLCREST Miss Davison's School

For girls 6 to 14. Charming home life. Cultural atmosphere. Supervised study. Thoroughness in grade work. Music emphasized. Bird study, sewing, cooking, letter writing and drawing. Interpretive dancing. Outdoor games and activities. In healthful hill country. 17th year. Only normal, healthy chil-dren are accepted.

dren are accepted.

MISS SARAH M. DAVISON, Principal
Box 4-R

Beaver Dam, Wisconsin

Columbus School for Girls

College preparatory with general academic courses, Music, Art, Dramatics. Individual attention, Every athletic facility. Upper and Lover schools, Address Mrs. Charles F. W. McClure, Columbus, Ohio.

GLENDALE JUNIOR COLLEGE AND PREPARATORY

Founded 1853, Distinctive school for young woman. Home atmosphere. Suburban to Cincinnati. Pully accredited. Flat rate \$1000 with music. Address
President T. Franklin Marchall, Box M, Glendale, Ohio

OAKHURST

College Preparatory and Collegiate School for Girls. Resident French Teacher. Boarding department limited to fitteen. Languages, Music, Art. Miss Helse F, Kendrick, Principal, 723 Oak St., Wainut Hills, Gincinnati, Ohio.

HARCOURT SCHOOL for GIRLS College preparatory with general academic courses,
Music, Art, Dramatics. Enrollment limited to forty.

Principals: Miss Marian Eloise Lasher.

400 Schools!

This is the Greatest Number Ever Published in One Issue of Any Magazine

THIS great school directory is the result of six years of constructive service in guiding the children of our readers to the right schools. If you wish help in find-ing the right school, give full details and address your letter personally to

The Director, Department of Education THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE 33 West 42nd Street, New York City

HARDIN COL

FOR

Young Women

Steady aim, clear vision, and a real purpose characterize Hardin atudents. Real American education for real American grills, emphasising home and social life. Junior College, affiliated with Chicago Universities and No. Central Ass'n. Stronglids School department. Attendance atrictly limited and select. Hardin girls are happy girls—and proud of Hardin College. For catalogue, write to

logue, write to
SAMUEL J. VAUGHN, President
Box 124 Mexico, Mo.

Frances Shimer School Junior College Academy
For Girls and Young Women. Ten modern build-For Girls and Young Women. Ten modern buildings. New \$40,000 library. Campus 25 acres. College department two years with diploms. Four years academy work. Homo Economics. Music. Art. Golf. Hockey. 74th year. Term opens September \$, 1926. Catalog. Address. WM. P. McKEE, Catalog. Address. WM. P. McKEE, A.M., B.D., President library. McKEE, Catalog. Carroll, library. THE EFF

The Starrett School

for Girls Boarding and Day Students Day Students
Aendemic, college preparatory,
Advanced courses for high
school graduates. Fully accredited. Co-operative with the
University of Chicago. Prepares
for all colleges and universities.
Complete Conservatory of Music.
Art. Home Economics. Dramatic Art.
Secretarial courses. All at theletes.
Horseleack riding. Prepares fault
accretions and the control of th

Fall term begins September 22nd. For catalog and Book of views address the Principals, Mr. and Mrs. Gerard T. Smith

Box 24 . 4515 Drexel Boulevard . Chicago



ST. MARY'S SCHOOL

(Episcopal) Knoxville, Ill.
59th Year. Trains girls of all
denominations 12 to 20. Accredited to College. Music; Costume
Design; Domestic Science; Secretarial. (Demand for graduates).
All athletics. Moderate rates. Also "St. Margaret's" for girls, 6 to 12. Also Summer Camp.

6 to 12. Also Summer Camp.

Chicago Office: 1994 Stevens Bldg.

Request CATALOG desired of Dr. & Mrs. F. R. Carrington.

FERRY HALL A college preparatory cachool of the first valued courses for high school graduates. Suburban to Chicago on shore of Lake Michigan Translation, and the college fractions. Catalog. Miss. Eleiss B. Tramsis, Principal. Box 331, Lake Forest, III.

ILLINOIS WOMAN'S COLLEGE

A standard college. A.B., B.B., degrees, Pro-fessional training in Music, Art, Public Speaking, Do-mestic Science, Secretarial and Physical Education. For catalog address lillinois Woman's College, Box D, Jacksonville, Ill.

Oak Hall St. Paul's distinctive School for girls The College preparatory, caseral, demostle school for girls and Day, College preparatory, caseral, demostle schools course. Music and Granustic Winter limited. Attractive bose life, Booking Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Moore, Frincipals, Saz Holly Ave.,

COLLEGE of the SISTERS of BETHANY

EPISCOPAL

Accredited College Preparatory School, with two years' advanced work for high school graduates, General and special courses, art. expression, domestic science, Spiendid diploma course in music. Swimming. dancing, track, tenils, basketanis, Est. 1801. Catalog on request. Address Box 127, Topeka, Kanass. Mary E. Whitthey, Principals.

Goddard Seminary



An accredited school of the finest. Hew England type, proporties for college or husiness. Goddard has an envisible record of graduates in prominent positions in the world today. Small classes, excellent faculty, Small classes, excellent faculty, Small classes, excellent faculty, Small classes, excellent faculty, Small classes, excellent faculty of the control of t

Box E, BARRE, VERMONT

ZENOVIA In Lake Region of New York SEMINARY

Near Lake Owahgena, noted for health. Elevation 1250 feet. Co-educational. College preparatory. Finishing Courses in Secretarial, Household Science Music. Art and Oratory. Junior Pupils received. All athletics, winter sports. 102nd year. Catalog.

CHARLES E. HAMILTON, D.D., President Box R. Cazenovia, N. Y.

RURRANDBURTON

A GREEN MOUNTAIN SCHOOL

For Boys and Girls, 40-acro campus-whole traditions—College preparatory, general, and business courses—Moderate inclusive rate. Madison C. Bates, A.M., Principal, Manchester, Vermont

(6 hours from New York on direct line)

Dean Academy, Franklin, Massachusetts SOR Vaer. Young men and young women find bere a bornelike atmospher, thorough and efficient training in every department of a broad culture, a loral and helpful school spirit. Liberal endowment permits liberal terms, \$475 to \$475 per year. Special course in domestic course, to a catalogue, and information address.

ARTHUR W. PEIRCE, Litt. D., Headmaster

ROY CONFERENCE ACADEMY

Co-edl. 92nd Year
c. Domestic Science, Commercial Course
Gymnasium, Vermont Prep Football at
ipe Past Year, 75 Mises from Alban
D. Catalog,
p. D., Prin., Box 8, Poultrey, Vt.

Wayland Aca 1855-1926 Primarily College Prepara-tory; also 8th grade. Limited earoliment. 75 boys, 65 girls. Faculty of 15. True home school with Christian atmos-phere. 20-acro campus. 4-acre athletic field. Gymnasium, Music. Endowed. Rate \$050. Catalog. Address Box RE.

URBANA JUNIOR COLLEGE

Edwin P. Brown, Principal Beaver Dam, Wis.

A Co-educational Junior College offering two years of standard college and two years of prepar-atory work. Under Christian influence-offering courses in Bible and comparative religions. Located in Central Ohio—on three trunk lines. Liberal en-dowment permits minimum rate of \$885.

The President

GRAND RIVER INSTITUTE

96th year. An endowed co-educational, preparatory school. Supervised athletics for boys and girls. Music and Expression Department especially strong. Rate \$500.00. Earl W. Hamblin, Principal, Box L-3, Austinburs, Obio, near Ashtabula.

Tennessee Wesleyan College founded Coeducational Junior College with Preparatory Dept. Accredited. Special courses in music, art, businesse, preprofessional. Definite religious influences. Athletics, now gym. 20 acre campus, 8 buildings. Low rate. References required. Catalog. Box R, Athens, Tennessee.

ENESEE WESLEYAN

young men and y and business. C wildings. Athle GERRGE L. PUMPTON.

CUSHING ACADEMY Moderate Cost
Cushing Academy Sand Year
Cushing Academy Sand Year
Carduates in forty colleges, General course for High
Carduates for the Cardu Graduates in forty coueges, school graduates. Modern equipment, Gymnasses, New administration building. Ample grounds, Co-educational. H. S. Cowell, A. M., Pd. D., Principal, Ashbureham, Mass.

Physical Education Academic and Industrial Arts Courses



Three Separate Schools for Boys, Girls, and Young Children

What Can I Do With This Unusual Child?

The boy or girl may be alightly retarded in school work, but otherwise normal—lacking in power to concentrate—a little difficult temperamentally, though in many ways bright—too easily disturbed—too shy—too egotistical—too fun loving—too serious—or in other ways not in his right element in the usual school.

The parents of such a child will find at the DEVEREUX SCHOOLS

skilled observation and scientific treatment. Modern facilities, expert faculty, and large country estates near Philadelphia. Craft Guilds in Printing, Photography, Furniture Making, Rug Work, Tes-Room and Gift Shops supplement academic work.

For Catalog Address-DEVEREUX SCHOOLS HELENA T. DEVEREUX, Box 2R, Berwyn, PEN BERWYN, PENNSYLVANIA

THE WOODS' SCHOOL
Three Separate Schools
LITTLE FOLKS For Exceptional Children
GIRLS
Gamp with tutoring, June 18 to Sept. 18
Booklet
Mrs. Mollie Woods Hare, Principal
FOR

THE BANCROFT SCHOOL Retarded Children
Unusually complete equipment. Large staff. Resident
Physician and nurse. Winter session at Haddonfield, N. J.
Summer camp at Owls Head, Me. Est. 1895. Cutalogue.
E. A. Farriagion, M. D. and Jezin Ceulson Cooley, Directers.
Box 13, Haddonfield, New Jersey

STANDISH MANOR SCHOOL

A special school for backward girls. Individual instruc-tion. Experienced teachers. Happy home life. Health-ful location. Out-door and water sports. 35-acre es-tate. Alice M. Myers. Principal. Hazel G. Cullingford. Asy't. Principal. Hailfax, Mass.

RKINS SCHOOL requiring special training and education.
equipment on sixty-acre estate. Intimate
Experienced Staff. Medical direction.
Perkins. M.D.. Box 52, Lancaster, Mass.

development. Beautiful estate. Homelike atmosphere. Sympathetic, expert training and care. Address Miss Agnes H. Lawrence, Chestaut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.

Nervous, backward and deaf children

DOUND

schermerborn School

makes possible moderate rate. Sur I. SCHERMERHORN, Box-57 West End Station, Richmond, Va.



pournatism, household arts, citizenship. On ground in beautiful country, 25 miles from idelphia. 227 acree of woods and fields along picturesque Neshaminy Creek. All athletics. nasium. Swimming Pool. Skating Pond. End. Low rates. For catalog address GEORGE A. WALTON, A.M., Principal Box 300, George School, Pa.

Co-educational. B. A. and B. S. des Strong pre-medical and professional con Diploma course in music. Athletics. Inte ing college life. Day and boarding studen Catalog. DICKINSON SEMINARY

Coeducational. Prepares for College or life work. usiness and home economics courses. New gymnastum. rt. titled pool. Strong athletic teams. Not conducted rp. rt. files as 550. Catalog. Address John W. Long. D., Press. Box R. Williamsport. Pa.

SCHOOLS FOR SMALL CHIL MONTESSORI CHILDREN'S

Cottage plan. Co-educational. Three to twelve Exceptional clientele. Mrs. Anna Paist Ryan

All-year boarding school and Summer Camp for and girls 5 to 12. French conversation. Swimming F L. De Vitts, Principal, Bax 48-M. Morganville, N.

ROSE HAVEN SCHOOL dies from New York City Phone Dument 177

ELIZABETH OF-THE-ROSES

Y. C. Usual studie Mrs. W. B. Stoddar Phone 2173 Ring 2

WINDWARD

Group limited to twelve

(Winter school at New Rochelle, N. Y. Summer in the Catskill Mountains. Catskill Mountains.

Agnes King Inglis, Eleanor W. Foster, M. A.

New Rochelle.

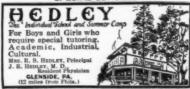
New York

BURT'S SCHOOL
FOR TINY TOTS 1-12
A Home-School for Children for 12 Years
1120 Constant Ave.
Photakill 1239
Peekskill, N. V.

Summer School at Sherwood

5027 Sheridan Road, Chicago. Begins June 28. All grades, Opportunity to make up work of get additional credita. Music. Art. Nature Study. Recreation. Day and Resident Pupils. Telephone Education 3638.

SPECIAL SCHOOLS



S your child improving? Teaching alone does not correct. Investigate

our methods and results. Dr. Devlin's School - Langhorne, Pa. PARKSIDE HOME SCHOOL

PARKSIDE HOME SCHOUL
Also nervous children, Individual instruction. Special
attention to special marks of the state of the

The Stewart Home Training School

The Stewart Home Training School
A Private Home and School for Nervous and Backward
Children. On a beautiful country estate in the famous
Blue Grass Region of Kentucky. Seven Buildings. Cottage Plan. For Illustrated catalogs of Private Private Private Control of Private Priva

2829 Forest Avenue

SUMMER CAMPS AND SCHOOLS

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL

Simsbury, Connecticut Eleventh Summer Session opens August 2 (Seven Weeks)

Preparation for Fall Exams. Instruction in Methods of Study Fifteen Instructors
All Recreation Facilities
Tennis, Swimming Pool, etc.

Raymond Richards McOrmond, A.B. Yale Headmaster

Dallas Forbes Smith, A.B. Dartmouth Director

INEOWATHA TUTORING CAMP Strengthen weak points in long vacation under strent tutors of College Preparatory subjects. Trained leadership in land and water sports, liking and trips, horseback riding. Elizabeth Bass, A.B., Director, Wilton, Maine



ne

E

S

a.

ys il.

FOR BOYS, 8 TO 13.

A Pony-Canoe Camp dedicated to true Sportsmanship. RANCH A.E. Hamilton, Winthrop, Maine

NEW ENGLAND STATES

UFFIELD

- An endowed school preparing boys for college, scientific school or business.
- Physical education, including athletic program for all, under expert direction.
- 3. Junior School in separate build-
- High standards in educational essentials at moderate cost. Literature and information on request

Rev. Brownell Gage, Ph.D., Headmaster 13 High Street, Suffield, Conn.

MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES

DE MOTTE SCHOOL A preparatory school for boys (9 to 19) who need thorough fundamental instruction, sound training and wholesome surroundings, Summer and Winter sports, Sum-mer School, Lauresse Washburn DeMotts, Nerwalk, Conn.

Kelvin School

23rd year. A limited private high school for boys. Thorough preparation for all colleges. Small groups and individual instruction. Board and Regents examinations a specialty.

6. A. L. Dionne, Headmaster

BERKELEY-IRVING A DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS

47th Year. Small classes. Thorough instruction. Prepares for college or business. Swimming pool; gramussium; playground. Outing classes. Hus calls for boys. Catalogue. 311 West 83rd St., N. Y. C.

REPTON SCHOL Meets the requirements of the young boy For boys 6 to 14. English University Mantera. Prepares for best college preparatory schools. Withoughly Barrett, Meedinaster, 60s 48, Tarrytown, N. y.

THE ARDEN SCHOOL

English masters. For Young Boys

English masters. Thorough training for Eastern proparatory schools. Facilities for all round development.

Large grounds. Catalogue on request. HAROLD K.

SINDALL, Headmaster. New Binchtron, New York.

Raymond Riordon School

Primary thru College Preparatory. Fully cer-tified. Limited enrollment. Not merely a private school. Applicants selected. Catalog.

The STORM KING School Formerly The STORE SCHOOL Established 1867
A Progressive College Preparetory School Attractive Outdoor Life. 56 smiles from New York.
Catalog and Book of Views on Request.
Alvan E. Duerr, Neadmaster, Cornwall on Hudson, N. Y.

MT. PLEASANT HALL BAY A BOARDING SCHOOL FOR JUNIOR BOYS.

Afficiency of the property of the pr MT. PLEASANT HALL

Blementary through second year high school. Music. One hour from New York City in beautiful Westchester County. Individual attention. Limited enrollment. Supervised recreation. Moderate rates.

A Special Type of Boarding School. Sound Instruction by the Tuterial Method. All field, gymnusoium and track sports.

The Manufer of Boarding School. Sound Instruction by the Tuterial Method. All field, gymnusoium and track sports.

CHESHIRE, CONN.

NEW ENGLAND STATES

September 21st

For earnest boys with college vision

Prepares for all colleges and technical schools. High standards of scholarship maintained. A school nationally known. The Worcester spirit: "To achieve the honorable." 250 boys, \$1,000,000 equipment, \$1000 a year. Illustrated catalog.

SAMUEL F. HOLMES, Headmaster GEO. D. CHUBCH, Registrar Worcester, Mass.



Monson Academy FOR BOYS

An endowed College Preparatory School in the delightful hill country of central Massachusetts, 84 miles from Boston. English plan of living in small house units under experienced masters. Su-pervised work and athletics. The Monson pervised work and athletics. The Monson Pledge regarding college entrance re-quirements is unique. Every boy and parent should know about this before deciding upon a preparatory school. For booklet address

BERTRAM A. STROHMEIER

Headmaster

Monson, Mass.

Allen - Chalmers



Every boy in the game whether on the field or in the classroom. Military training gives the Allen-Chalmers boy poise, self-assurance and good manners. Splendid field, gymnasium and swimming pool. Prepares for the leading colleges and tech nical schools with instruction in small units. Cottage system provides wholesome family life and careful supervision. Upper and lower schools. Completely equipped. Nine miles from Boston. Thomas Chalmers, Boston. Thomas Chalmers, D.D., 425 Waltham St., W. Newton, Mass.

MITCHELL SCHOOL



A school offering boys every advantage of best educational methods and modern equipment. A real interest in studies is cultivated under specially trained reacters. Just enough military training to clean genuine, bysical and moral benefits. Good fellowship and homelike atmosphere.

Every boy gets into the activities of his choice. All athletic sports, horsemanship, gyunastics, boxing and fencing, tennis and track or winter sports.

Campbell Hall, the Junior Department. Exacting parents will appreciate the watchful care given their soot's habits of study and play. Alexander H. Mitchell, Direct, Box R. Billerios, Mass. Summer Cump of Horsemanship under same management.

suburban School for Boys.

50 minutes from New York City. Separate School for Younger Boys. For catalog address R. I. Kwasnik. Dean, Stamford-on-Sound, Conn.

NEW HAMPTON
A New Hampshire School for Boys
New Administration of Famous Old School Founded
in 1821. Six Modern Buildings. New Gymnasium. In 1821. Six Modern Buildings. New Gymnasium,
Therough Preparation for College and Life.
One Year Intensive Course in Business Methods
for Boys not Going to College.

Sports and Athletics for Every Boy
Endowment makes Possible Low Tuitton of \$600.

Por Catalog Address Frederick Smith, A. M., Principal
Box 196, New Hampton, New Hampshire.

MOSES BROWN SCHOOL

A century-old school of distinctive character. Strictly college preparatory, Separate upper and lower schools. Complete ocupment. Germansium with swimming pool. Catalog. LESTER RALSTON THOMAS, Principal, Providence, R. I.

LAWRENCE ACADEMY

College preparation for boys
GROTON, MASSACHUSETTS Catalogue o ON, MASSACHUSETTS Catalogue on Reque 133d Year. New equipment. \$500.



RIDGEFIELD SCHOOL A school in the foothills of the Berkshires limited to fifty boys. Six forms. College preparatory. Two hours from New York. Splendid health record. THEODORE C. JESSUP, Headmaster, Ridgefield, Cons.

McTernan School for Young Boys

A father and mother's care in their own home.

Thorough preparation for Tuft, Hotekins, and
other preparatory schools. Summer Camp.
C. C. McTernan, 106 Columbia Birds., WATERBURY, CONN.

Modern

FORD for College

Years of Success in saving time for boys preparing for Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and Other Colleges.

For new catalog and college entrance record address

S. B. Rosenbaum, Bex 103, Milford, Connecticut

CHAUNCY HALL SCHOOL

Established 1828. Prepares boys exclusively for Massa-chusetts institute of Technology and other scientific schools Every teacher a specialist. Franklin T. Kurt, Principal 557 Boyiston Street, Boston, Mass. (Copiey Square.)

DUMMER ACADEMY

A preparatory school for a limited number of boys,
Wholesome country location, Carefully directed athelicis, Supervised study and democratic ideals, Upper
and Lower School, Moderate fee. Charles 3, Ingham,
Ph.D., Principal, South Byfield, Medicale fee.

WILLISTON An endowed school for boys whose parents lesire the best in education and care at a reasonable cost. desire the best in education and care at a reasonable cost.
Preparation for all colleges.
Junior School for young boys. Address Abchibald
V. Galbbaith, Principal, Hox B, Easthampton, Mass.

DeWitt Hebberd School Clinton Hebberd for Boxs

A College Preparatory Country Boarding School. For 25 Boys. Individual and expert tutoring methods. John B. Hebbord, A. M., Head Master, Newton, Mass.

FRENCH BOY'S SCHOOL

MACJANNET SCHOOLS

A College Preparatory School with a military system that develops manliness, obedience and honor. Business course. Graduates in 44 colleges. Junior Department, beginning with 7th grade.

Extensive campus in the hills. Well-planned recreation and athletics. Swimming pool, athletic fields. Riding school with excellent stable of horses. Catalog on application, Address

GENERAL WILLIAM VERBECK, President

Manlius, New York

EDDIE School for Boys

fist year. Midway between New York and Philadelphia. Nine miles from Princeton. Emphasis on preparation for College Entrance Board Examinations. Six Forms including two grammar grades. Boys from 30 states. Graduates in 26 colleges. Athletics for every boy. 15 modern buildings. More than half a million now being expended in new equipment, including new Alumni Athletic Field. Write for catalog. Roger W. Swetland, LL.D., Headmaster, Box 8-F, Hightstown, N. J.

DENNINGTON

Training that develops Boyhood

sanely into Manhood

Pennington has a knack of developing soundly all that is best in a boy and gives him a real, workable cultural, mental and social equipment.

Excellent record in college and life. Instructor for each 10 boys. Congenial surroundings—musical and literary organizations; fine library. All athletics—gym, 60-foot swimming pool, track, 10-acro field. Separate school for junior boys—home care. Plant recently modernized. Moderate rates—no extras. 8 miles from Princeton. Write for catalog, Francis Harvey Green. A.M., Litt D., Headmaster, Box 20, Pennington, N. J.



The HUN SCHOOL PRINCETON

Prepares for Princeton Harvard Williams Dartmouth UniverPa.

Excellent Living Accommodations and Recreational Opportunities

Superior type of instruction for older boys preparing not only to pass entrance exami-nations but to carry college work with credit. New Junior School

Applying our successful methods of instruction to younger boys, ages 10 to 16. Special Summer Session

Cornell Brown Colgate

Prepare

for

Princelo

Yale

For Illustrated Catalog Address John G. Hun, Ph.D., 101 Stockton St., Princeton, N.J.

Invites Your Personal Investigation

of her claim to excellence in EQUIPMENT SCHOOL SPIRIT LOCATION TRUCTION CHARACTER

SCHOOL SPII ACTER ATHLETICS Separate Lower School

For Catalog address

JOHN C. SHARPE, LL. D., Headmaster Box S Blairstown, N. J.

THE ORATORY SCHOOL

College preparatory school for the sons of gentlemen.

Conducted by the Oratorian Fathers. Classes taught by competent laymen. Preference given to applicants to Lower School. Apply to Headmaster,

Dept. R, Summit, New Jersey

RUTGERS PREPARATORY

On Chartered Foundation since 1766 spares boys to succeed in any college. The pleasant life in cottage dormitories brings boys and chers closely together and inspires industry and operation. Efficient student organizations despend of the control of the charter of the control of the charter Catalog.
William P. Kelly, Headmaster
New Brunswick, N. J.

Twenty-five years of successful preparation of boys for leading colleges, also for West Point and Annapolis. In historic section of Virginia, one hour by train from Washington. Small classes with closest contact between teacher and pupil. Swavely certificates are accepted by all colleges not requiring entrance examinations. Physical education and all sports on a 65-acre campus. A visit to the school is urged. Write for catalog and information.

E. SWAVELY, Headmaster, Box 57-R Manassas Virginia

The Lance School

The Lance School

A school where boys 6-14 learn initiative and to do by doing. Manual Training. Drawing. with regular subjects thoroughly taught. Athletic field. Fine home life in the home of the Headmaster. Summit. New Jersev.

Newton Academy, Box C. NEWTON. N. I. Newton Academy, A military country school for boys. 75th year. 2 hrs. from N. Y. City. Beautiful location. 1000 ft. elevation. Thorough foundation in the property of the property.

KOHUT A Boarding School for boys, emphasizing character building, sound scholarship, physical development. 19th year. On Post Road. 22 miles from N. Y. City. Address
H. J. Kugel, Prin., Harrison (Westcheater Co.), N. Y.

The MOHONK SCHOOL

A boarding school for beys from 10 years to College age, College Preparatory, Technical and Business Courses. Health and Outdoor life atressed. For catalog address Jerome F. Kidder, Box R. Mohonk Lake, New York

ADIRONDACK SCHOOL FOR BOYS

ress adack Mts., New York

RVING maintains an excellent record for thoroughly preparing boys for college or technical schools. 25 miles from New York; in the "Irving country." 89th year, 35 years under present headmaster. Ex-tensive grounds, modern oughly preparing boys for and complete equipment.

Athletic field, gymnasium, swimming pool. For catalog address



REV. JOHN M. FURMAN, L.H.D., Headmaster Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.

for Boys



FOR THE BOY WHO WANTS TO MAKE GOOD Splendid Record of Graduates in College, fechnical Schools and Life Occupations, Extensive Campus and Equipment. Gymnasium, Athletic Field, All Sports, Wholecome Influences, Good Business Courses Moderate Rates Separate Junior School with Home Care.

Rinstrated Catalog on Request
OSCAR S. KRIEBEL, D.D., Principal
Box 129, Pennsburg, Pa,



TONY BROOK CHOOL
A school Prepares Distinctively for boys for College Christian resses all-round development in a Christian enviment. Intensive work under college trained teacha Small classes. New \$100,000 administration buildg. Other modern buildings modern to the control of the cont ing. Other modern buildings on thirty-five acre campus on the beautiful north shore of Long Island. Indoor and outdoor sports. Catalog. The Principal, Box R, Stony Brook, Long Island, N, Y.

COOK ACADEMY

ool in the healthful Finger Lake Region. tian influence. Boys successful in 20 col-athletics. 53rd year. For catalog address PRINCIPAL. Box R. Montour Falls, New York,

KYLE SCHOOL

50 boys 6 to 16. Beautiful location, 22 miles from w York, 36th year. "Your school looks so homelike" islors' expression. Summer camp in the Catskills. DR. PAUL KYLE, Box 23, trington-on-hudson. New York

Harrisburg Academy

BELLEFONTE ACADEMY 121st year. Amidst hunting grounds and fishing streams. 11 teachers for 100 select boys. Champion Athletic Teams. 7 reunis. 3, mile track Golf links available. Concrete pool and slating pond. Catalog. James R. Hughes, A.M., Princeton 85, Headmaster, Box R. Beliefonte, P.

Founded 1868 KEYSTONE ACADEMY ough preparation for college in a who here. Ideally located in the healthful near Scranton. Efficient Faculty: St

Trinity House School for Boys

hool for small group of young boys preparing for secondary Individual attention. In the country near Philadelphia.

MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES



New York Military Academy

P. O. Box 11 CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK

A School of Distinction Where boys are taught self-reliance and self-control. INFANTRY CADET BAND R. O. T. C. UNIT

CAVALRY (A visit is cordially invited)



ine





Bordentown Military Institute

42nd YEAR

PURPOSE: The individual development of a say's character and scholarship for the work of the orld in college, scientific school, business or na-onal service.

nual service.

INSTRUCTION: Small classes, individual atteaon. Each boy is taught how to study.

SCHOOL LIFE. High standard of social and
oral student life. Supervised athletics, wholesome
of the student life. Supervised athletics, wholesome
dereation and drill produce sound bodies, capable
inds and cheerful dispositions. Special summer
ssion, For catalogue, address

Col. T. D. LANDON, Drawer C-28, Bordentown, N. J.

The young boys' school—7 to 15. Modified military training and discipline, just enough to inculcate habits of obedience,

cleanliness and self-reliance

WILLIAM RANNEY, A. M., PRINCIPAL OSSINING-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

WENONAH MILITARY ACADEMY

2 miles from Philadelphia. College entrance, busine and special courses. Special school for Juniors. Hors-nanship under instructor of Equitation. Catalog as WAJOR C. M. LORENCE, Supt., Box 404, Wenenah, N. J.

GETTYSBURG ACADEMY

school for 110 boys. College Preparation. Modern mellike. Beautiful location near mountains. All ath ios and sports. New swimming pool. Junior dormi y. \$475 to \$575. 100th year. Catalog. Addres Headmanter, Box K, Gettysburg, Pa.

MALVERN PREPARATORY SCHOOL

For Catholic boys. Conducted by priests of Augus-tinian Order. On Lincoln Hinhway, 24 miles from Phila. 183 acres. New buildings. Gymnasium. Lake. Super-vised athletics. Special for 8th grade boys. Catalog. Address Revsend Thomas A. Kiley, O.S.A., Malvern. Pa.

SEVERN SCHOOL A country board; no

DEVELOPMENT OF THE PROPERTY OF

11

CARSON LONG
How to learn, how to labor, how to live.

A Military febod, its Grade to College, in the mountains mickeny between New York and Pittsburgh. Individual instruction. Enjoying now its greatest years. Boz 18, New Bloomfield, Pa.



Military Training Gave This Man Courage

RECENTLY a successful business man, head of a large corporation, wrote a letter telling what military training had done for him.

It was nearly 35 years since he had gone out from "the old school" and he wrote from a rich experience in the business world. He said:

I have been trying to think just what I got from the old school that was of more worth to me than anything else, and I have come to the conclusion that I can put it in one word. It was Courage. I don't mean physical courage, though I think, too, I got some of that. I mean something bigger than that, something bigger even than moral courage. I mean the courage to face life, the courage to meet discouragement, the courage to face difficulties, the courage to go on when everything seemed to go against me, the courage to go on when everything seemed to go against me, the courage to say "no" when "no" was what I ought to say, the courage to stand by my convictions and on my principles, the courage to meet defeat, and the courage to win.

The military school offers sound training in the useful branches of knowledge. Many recent high-standing graduates of the great universities received their preparatory training in the military schools. But it also develops those virile qualities of manhood which are so necessary all through life.

Military training gives initiative and the ambition to do. The boy quickly learns that it is not enough merely to "get by." He studies and marches and drills in competition with other virile boys who are his equals and he knows he must stand or fall by his own efforts. Thus he develops self-reliance and aggressiveness.

Orderliness, precision and promptitude are of the essence of military training. They are drilled and instilled into the boy and The man who does his work without system or order or who has not been trained to do the right thing at the right time and in the right way will always labor under a great disadvantage.

The military schools are not conducted to make soldiers, but to make citizens. They invite your investigation when selecting a school for your son.

Published by The Association of Military Colleges and Schools of the United States

MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES

MOHEGAN LAKE SCHOOL

WESTCHESTER MILITARY ACADEMY

Graduates admitted to colleges without examination. Endowed. 4 modern fireproof buildings. New Gym. and Pool. Senior Upper-House. Separate school for younger boys
For catalog address: the Principals. Box R, Peckskill-on-Hudson, N.Y.



A Well Equipped, Well Organized, yet Moderately Priced School, with long experience in preparing healthy, normal, active boys for college and helping them solve their problems of education and life. salthy, normal, active boys for college and helping them solve their problems of education a
Experienced Masters. Full Program of Athletics. Junior School,
Convenient Location in Southeastern Pennsylvania.

Twelve Hundred Boys Prepared for Seventy Colleges in the Twenty-nine
Years of the Present Headmastership.

Catalog on request. E. M. HARTMAN, Pd.D., Principal, Box R, Lancaster, Pa.

MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES

WAR

A school that develops manliness and trustworthy character. Thorough preparation for all college entrance requirements. A community of ambitious boys in wholesome, home-like surroundings. Required exercise, all athletics, track and indoor swimming-pool.

EDWARD R. ROBBINS

FREDERICK H. SOMERVILLE

BOX 18, SWARTHMORE, PENNSYLVANIA

Write for information

- First: Health and Character! Square Deal

REV. A. D. THAELER, D. D., HEADMASTER

Addres NAZARETH, PA



CHESTNUT A College Preparatory Boarding School for Boys

In the Open Country, Eleven Miles North of Philadelphia.

Excellent Record in College Preparation. Complete Equipment with Chapel, Library, Dormitories, Gymnasium, Swimming Pool, Recreation Building.

Directed Physical Education. Supervision of Health. Senior and Junior Schools. Illustrated Catalog on Request, Address
T. R. HYDE, M. A., (YALE), HEADMASTER, BOX R. CHESTNUT HILL, PA



comprehensive course in Electrical Engineering. Non-Es-of underlying principles emphasized. Theory and practice laboratory.

Electrical Engineering in One Year

designed for earnest, ambitious young men of limited time and means, ludes mathematics, mechanical drawing and intensive shop work, uct motors, install wiring, test electrical machines. Graduates are ter the electrical field at once, old responsible positions throughout the world. Thoroughly equipped tories, dining hall, laboratories and shops. Prepare for your profession creating city in the world. School established 1893. Send for catalog.

Bliss men hold resp fire-proof dormitories, in the most interesting Address BLISS ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, 508 Takoma Avenue, Washington, D. C.

MILITARY ACADEMY

THE HEALTHFUL PIEDMONT REGION OF VIRGINIA "Making Four-Square Men."

Courses—College Preparatory Best Home Influences New Buildings, All Sports.

Separate School for Young Boys Member of Association of Military Colleges and Schools
Address COLONEL E. S. LIGON, President Box H BLACKST



Augusta Military Academy

A college preparatory school for ambitious boys. military training serves the purpose of developing selfreliance, virility and accuracy. Located in the proverbially healthful and beautiful Shenandoah Valley-1300 feet above sea level. Small classes under experienced teachers. pus of 250 acres. Supervised athletics, 6 coaches. Enroll-ment from 28 states and 3 foreign countries. Professor of Military Science and Tactics detailed by the War Department supervises the R. O. T. C. 60th year. Catalog.

Col. T. J. Roller or Major C. S. Roller, Jr., Principals Fort Defiance Virginia

Member of the Association of Military Colleges and Schools of the United States

"KISK

A good place for your boy

Kiski is the affectionate name given to the Kiskiminetas Springs School by those who know and love it-an institution strong in its achievement, clean and vigorous in its morals and far-reaching in its ideals.

Kiski stands for honor, loyalty, selfcontrol.

Special training for entrance into college or technical school. Each boy taught how to study, to recognize and develop his own abilities. Healthful athletic activity for every student. An excellent 9-hole golf course is one of the features here. Our football teams have a wonderful record. Baseball, tennis, swimming pool. Splendidly equipped gymnasium. 200 acres of highland overlooking river. Rate \$1000. For catalog address

DR. A. W. WILSON, President. Box 842 Kiskiminetas Springs School, Saltsburg, Pa.

SOUTHERN STATES



RANDOLPH-MACON ACADEMY BEDFORD, VA. MILITARY

for college or business swimming pool. Liberal rough preparation

UNION MILITARY ACADEMY

Central Virginia location, easily accessible. Propares for college or business with thorough military training. Strong faculty of experienced Christian masters. \$290,000 recently spent on new barracks, symmasium, etc. Complete equipment for all sports. Aided and inspected by War Dept. R. O. T. C. 29th year. Catalog. Address COL. N. J. PERKINS, President, Fork Union, Va.

Hargrave Military Academy

St. Christopher's A Church Boarding and Day School College Preparation. Upper and Lower Schools. Limited to 60. All athletics. Rate \$700. REV. C. G. CHAMBERLAYNE, Ph. D. Hond-

FISHBURNE MILITARY SCHOOL

Prepares for college and business life. Located in lue Ridge Mountains, famous for health and beauty. Illitary training inculates orderliness, promptitude, elf-reliance. Instructor for every 10 cadets. R.O.T.C. Box R. Waynesbore. Virginia

FLORIDA MILITARY ACADEMY JUNIOR SCHOOL Green Cove Springs, Florida. The college of the colly military school devoted exclusively to small the college. Experienced mistructors. Catalogue on request.

SOUTHERN STATES

STAUNTON **MILITARY ACADEMY**

Boys from 44 States last session. One of the most distinguished schools in America. Boys from 10 to 20 years old prepared for the Universities, Government Academies or Business.

ment Academies or Business.

1,600 feet above sea-level; pure, dry, bracing mountain air of the proverbially healthful and beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah. Pure mineral spring water. High moral tone. Parental discipline. Separate building and special teachers for younger boys. Military training develops obedience, health, manly carriage. Shady lawns, expensively equipped gymnasium, swimming pool, athetic park. Daily drills and exercises in open air. Boys from homes of culture and refinement only desired. Personal, individual instruction by our tuterial system. Academy sixty-five years old. Complete plant, full equipment, absolutely fireproof. Catalog free. Address.

COL. THOS. H. RUSSELL, B. S., President Kable Station, Staunton, Va. Box R.

Gulf Coast Military Academy

Right on the Mississippi Gulf Coast. Genial sunshine, salt breezes. Healthful and invigorating climate. Up-to-date equipment, high-class Boulty of college graduates. Graduates accredited Eastern Colleges. West Point and Annapolis. Athletics. Military discipline. Junior Unit R.O. T. C. Military discipline. Junior Unit R.O. T. C. Mon-Sectarian. Separate department, dormittories, and campus for boys 7 to 14. Open year Yound. Member Association Military Colleges and Schools of U. S. Write for catalog.

Gulf Coast Military Academy Route R.6 Gulfport, Miss:

Send Us The Boy And We Will Return You The MAN.

KENTUCKY MILITARY INSTITUTE

An accredited school. Eighty years of scessful preparation of boys for college a business life. In the Blue Grass country, miles from Louisville. Classical, scient and commercial courses. Also Junior school. Small classes

make personal attention possible. Supervised athletics and study periods. Only boys of highest

Col. C. B. Richmond, President, Box R, Lyndon, Ky.



FLORIDA MILITARY ACADEMY Green Cove Springs, Fla.

Oldest, largest and only accredited military school in Florida. Catalogue upon request.

MILITARY BINGHAM SCHOOL

ASHEVILLE, N. C. "The Land of the Sky"

133 years of successful training. Superb location in world-famous climate. Health record unsurpassed. Buildings one-story, brick, cottage plan for safety, sanitation and ser-



RIVERSIDE

A military academy of the highest standards, located 50 miles north of Atlanta, in the foothills of the Blue Ridge, 1400 feet above sea level, with 450 cadets from 31 states.

Thorough preparation for Universities, Government Academies or Business. Strong faculty of experienced educators. Small classes; close personal supervision; parental discipline; corrective gymnastics.

Junior unit R. O. T. C. directed by active officers of the regular army, Campus in the midst of 2000 acres of forest park; large athletic fields; lake 300 feet wide and two miles long; boating; swimming; fishing; mountain-climbing; beautiful golf course; largest gymnasium in the South. Flat rate of \$944.00 covers every possible expense including board, tuition, uniforms, laundry, books and a weekly spending

For catalogue, address

Colonel Sandy Beaver, President, Box R, Gainesville, Ga.



GEORGIA MILITARY ACADEMY

More than Quarter of a Century One of America's Leading Prep Schools. Member Association of Military Colleges and Schools of the U.S.

Six miles from Atlanta in foothills of Blue Ridge. Mild winters. About 1100 feet above sea-level. Classical. Engineering and Commercial courses. Large, able faculty and highest standards of scholarship. Graduates Certificated to Colleges and West Point. R. O. T. C. under active Army Officer. Has Junior department for boys 10 to 13 years of age. Operates Camp Highland Lake, in "The Land of the Sky," near Hendersonville, N. C., July and August.

For Catalogs, address Col. J. C. Woodward, College Park, Ga.

GREENBRIER Military School

Picturesque location in the "Old Virginia" town of Lewisburg (2300 feet elevation.) 9 miles from the Greenbrier White Sulphur, and 53 miles from the Virginia Hot Springs.

Prepares for college and business life. Experienced faculty, small classes and individual attention. Numbers limited to 300 boys. Supervised athletics for every boy, including swim-



ming instruction. Large athletic fields and gymnasium. \$400,000 in new buildings. On Atlantic and Pacific Highway, Midland and Seneca Trails. C. & O. Railway service. For catalog address. Colonel H. B. Moore, Principal. Box 21, Lewisburg, West Virginia.

Tupelo Military Institute elect preparatory school in the hills of Northern Mis-ippi. Modern courses of study Individual attention and il home environment. Junior department. Swimming gymussium, all athletics. Terms Moderate. Address W. Chagman, A.M., Ph.D., Box 33, Tupelo, Miss.

MILLERSBURG MILITARY INSTITUTE Bluegrass, 34th year. A fully ring for college or life. Small nstruction. Excellent athletic coaches. Moderate rates. Catalogue address Col. W. R. NELSON, Supt., Box 426, Millersburg, Ky. SCHOOL FOR BOYS
Proparation, Small Classes, Athletica, For Royal Company of the Proparation of the Proparati

BLUE RIDGE School for Boys

Randolph-Macon Academy



Military Training Front Royal, Va.

Front Royal, Va.

A close study of the boy's peculiarities—his temperament—his ability—his courage and his ambitions enables Randolph-Macon to prepare him for his proper place in life.

Front Royal is one of the Randolph-Macon System of Schools. Its surroundings are inspirational and of high educational advantage. Thorough preparation for College or Scientific Schools. Also prepares for business life.

Intellectual, moral and physical development combined with military training fit the boy for the needs of the time. Modern buildings, fine new gymnasium, swimming pool. Recent extensive improvements bring value of equipment over \$200,000. Spacious grounds for all outdoor sports. Terms \$500. 35th year. Catalog. CHARLES L. MELTON, A.M., Principal Front Royal, Va.

SOUTHERN STATES

ennessee Military Institute

Superior preparation for college or business, insured by an experienced faculty, special study hours, modern classrooms and laboratories. Unusually successful in training boys, with a staff that understands boys and how to teach them. Efficient military training and carefully supervised athletics develop sturdy bodies. Year-round outdoor sports. Mild, healthful climate. Gymnasium, swimming pool. Moderatecharges. Catalog.

COL. C. R. ENDSLEY, Superintendent Sweetwater, Tennessee

Branham&Hughes



plete equipment. Seventy acre campus with lake and golf course. An ideal school for training boys in moral and physical health and scholarship. R. O. T. C. under Army officers. Junior School in separate building. South of Nashville. For catalog address

COL. W. O. BATTS, Superintendent Spring Hill, Tenn.

SEWANEE Military Academy

A secondary school doing the great work for American boys that the English private schools do for the youth of England. Episcopal. Lo-cated at Sewanee, Tennessee, in an ideal boys' world of 10,000-acro mountain domain. High academic standards. Boys admitted at 14 years the standards and content of the con-lines system, neatness and order. Modern buildings. All sports, Established 1868. Catalos. Box R, Sewance, Tenn.

Member of The Association of Military Colleges and Schools of the U.S. A. Member Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools.

STARKE MILITARY HOME SCHOOL

Limited number of pupils. Supervised study. Intensive and thorough preparation. More than \$15,000.00 in scholarships won by former pupils. 40th session opens September 9, 1926.

WESTERN STATES DAKOTAH SCHOOL FOR BOYS

A school in the country for boys under 15 where each boy receives the sympathetic care of colleg-trained teachers. Dakotah boys enjoy the advantages of a well-regulated home and are always happy in their work and play. Healthful location 100 miles northwest of Chicago, Rates \$600 to \$650. Per catalog address Mr. H. K. Baltzer

Dakotah School for Boys, Bex 116, Dakota, Ill.

A Proparatory School for manly bors who are willing to do genuine work of real scholastic thoroughness. It skilled and experienced teachers, 200 students.

100-acre campus, 6 brick buildings. Best facilities in South for recreation such as golf, tennis, boating, swimming and athletic sports; 3 athletic fields, gymnasium, etc. Carefully planned health Y. M. C. A. Hible in regular curriculum. Record teday of Haylor graduates in leading universities, north, east and south, is proof of the excellence of the Baylor School. Address: The Baylor School, Station "R," Chattanooga, Tenn.



Ages 5 to 14 Making Men of Small Boys

Open 12 months in year. On the Cumberland plateau, 83 miles east of Nashville, 1200 feet elevation. Kindergarten through 8th grade. Military training adapted to young boy needs—inculcates order, promptitude, obedience, manly bearing. Man-making sports. Errollment limited to 100. Teacher for every eight boys. Supervised night-study period. Modern conveniences, mineral spring water, country environment. Real home-life for tiny boys in separate dormitory. Rates moderate. Write for catalog and particulars. Maj. Rey DeBerry, Headmaster; Cel. L. Rice, President. Bax R, Bloomington Springs, Tenn.

OLUMBIA MILITARI

Courses prepare for any college or for business. Goracre campus of Blue Grass on Main Line railway. All athletics, golf and swimming pool. R. O. T. C under army officers. Enrollment limited to 250. Best plant in the South. For catalog address

Box 504, Columbia, Tennessee

FLORIDA

University School for boys from S to 14 years old. Numbers VERY limited. Tutorial system, by experienced teachers. Boys live in refused bone under most careful and symaphethet perveited attention and discipline. References given and required. Charges 800. Col. Geo. V, Hulvey, Phin., Green Cove Springs, Fls.

Oldest Military School west of Mississippi River.

| JUNIOR AND SENIOR HIGH SCHOOLS | 12th grades) | JUNIOR COLLEGE (2 years) | Accredited, Government supervision R. O. T. C. 56-acre campus. All athletics. Indoor swimming pool with heated, filtered Catalog. COL. SANDFORD SELLERS, Box R, Lexington, Me.



The new gymnasium, one of the finest in the country

Est. 1844. High School and Junior College. Scholastic work of recognized excellence.

Develops the boy and trains him for leadership by a comprehensive system of athletic, military and general activities.

The new gymnasium, the most recent addition to Kemper's already fine equipment, gives unsurpassed opportunity for all indoor sports—swimming, basketball, track, tennis, etc.

Send for catalog. Col. T. A. JOHNSTON, Superintendent 754 Third Street, Boonville, Mo.

For Boys from 8 to 20 years of age. Member Association Military Colleges and Schools of the United States.

and Schools of the United States.

Affectionately known as M. M. A. Builds a clean
mind in a sound body, and develops initiative and
individualism. "Big Brother Plan" of government
gives close personal touch between cadets and instructors, encouraging friendships. Privilege system insures a contented student body and enthary
officers. Directed Athletics, reaching every cades.
College Preharatory, Bustiess and Music.
Faculty and equipment exceptional, Capacity taxed annually. Early enrollment
necessary. Catalog. Address

COL. E. Y. BURTON, President Box 124 Mexico, Mo.



Military School

From reveille to taps—school days earnest study and healthful outdoor sports. Prepare for college and gain a manly, erect bearing through a military training under real leaders. Strong teams that instill the spirit of true sportsmanship, Special courses for young boxs. Rate 1800. Five weeks' trip to Europe at close of school year. For catalog address Cel. Clyde R. Terry, President, Box 13, Alede, Illinois,

NARGA Military School ACCREDITED. Trains for character. 4 modernly equipped buildings. 85 miles south of Chicago. Endowed—bence moderate expense. Catalog:—COL. J. R. BITTINGER, Supt., Dept. R., ONARGA, ILL.

MILITARY ACADEMY

On Lake Maxinkuckee

On Lake M
Culver's unparalleled facilities draw students from all parts of the country. Thorough preparation for college or business. Cadets are inspired with high ideals and the aspirit to accomplish. Studies are presented so as to concarage mental inquisities of the concarage mental inquisities of the concarage mental inquisities are the continuisiasms. Culver athletics give the keenest pleasure and build store centhusiasms. Culver athletics give the keenest pleasure are all the continuities of the country of





Northwestern Military and Naval Academy

70 miles from Chicago. An Endowed College paratory School and Junior College. Its distinational advantages will interest discriminating parents appeal to the virile American boy who enjoys letters, outdoor life, etc. Beautiful, new, me buildings with every known improvement in hes lightings, amintation, etc. Fireproof. A visit to school while in session is necessary to appreciate its superior hocation, cultiment and student spirit. Catalog and information on request.

COL. R. P. DAVIDSON, Superintendent



Morgan Park

MILITARY ACAD
in country surroundings, 14 miles
rom Chicago. 80 per cent of last
rear's class entered leading colcolors. Very strong faculty—80 men
sons. West Foint system
reacher-conducted trips to
chicago's art and indusrial centers. Welloached athletics. Not
onducted for profit.
Cower school with separate building for younger
obys. Summer camp,
latalog. 53rd year.
J. H. D. Abells. Box 1826. Morgan



HORPE for BOYS

ACADEMY "ACCRED-boys under 16 years. "Character Building— on Principle." On Lake—hour north of Chicago. Individual tutorial attention. Semi-Military. Athletics. Also Summer Camp. Catalog of: THORPE Box R, LAKE FOREST, ILL

ODD For Young Boys 78th Year

One of the oldest leading schools for boys in the West. Located in the hill country of Illinois just one hour from Chicago.

20 teachers and house-mothers for 100
boys. All athletics. Our ideal, "For Every Todd
Boy a Good Citizen." Ask about Camp Tosebo. Send for
catalog. Noble Hill, Principal, Woodstock, Ill.

OHIO MILITARY organization—93rd year. College preparatory and academic. Small classes.
Lower school for younger boxs.
Athletics—Gymnasium. Swimming
pool. All indoor and outdoor sports.
From the state of college of the college of

A Clean Mind in a Sound Body Every Boy Recites Every Lesson Every Day Every Boy Recitis Every Lesson Every Day Planued for therough college preparation in an atmosphere of honor, scholarship and Christian ideals. Millitary training, 40-acre campus and nearby lakes afford every opportunity for a beneficial outdoor life and all athletics. Separate school for smaller boys in new building especially designed for this purpose. Summer school, Rev. Charles Herbert Young, S.T.D., Rector. For illustrated catalog and additional information address

The Business Office, Howe, Indiana

THE AMERICAN RUGBY

ABOVE is the victorious St. John's crew just after a grilling race. e their condition. No weakness Note their condition. No weakne there. No exhaustion. No faintness.

These lads have benefited by St. John's training. They are sturdy and resilient. They have abounding health and the endurance of iron.

But St. John's training is comprehen-

69th year

Governed by Influential Board of Trustees

It develops characters along with sturdy bodies. It is man training, and the lad who places himself in harmony with St. John's methods is equipping himself for success in after-life.

If you want to know more about St. John's methods, and about the forceful and experienced men who administer them, send for catalog.

ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY, Box 16-H, Delafield, Waukesha County, Wis.

LAKE FOREST ACADEMY, Non-Military

College Preparatory for Boys

College Preparatory for Boys

DISTINCTIVELY EDUCATIONAL—College preparation as thorough as can be found East or West. Diploma admits without examinations to ALL certificate universities. Definite preparation for entrance examinations of Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

HONOR IDEALS—Only boys of good character accepted; clean living and training in character fundamental in the school life. Genuine co-operation and real friendship between faculty and boys fostered by Student Council—non-military regime and traditional spirit. BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY LOCATION on Lake Michigan, one hour north of Chicago. Modern buildings, gymnasium, swimming pool and facilities for ALL athletics. Expert coaches. Physical training for all. Endowed—not maintained for profit. Request CAT-ALOG of: JOHN WAYNE RICHARDS, Headmaster, ALOG of: JOHN WAYNE RICHARDS, Headmaster, Box 156, Lake Ferest, Illinois.

ACADEMY FOR BOYS

70th year. Beginning with first gh record for passing college en-Athletics for every boy—swimming wment permits tuition of Dean, Box B, Elgin, Ill.

RACINE COLLEGE SCHOOL Select school for boys. Grammar and college preparate instruction. Atmosphere that of a Christian home. strictly limited. Colonel Mitchell is a graduate.

Address: Headmaster Racine College School, Racine, Wisconsin

"Western" is a thorough Preparatory School for College, and Law, Medical, Engineering Schools or Business, Graduates enter Universities WITHOUT EXAMINATION. Small classes and individual attention given in magnificent buildings, by a strong Faculty. Boys are taught "HOW TO STUDY."
"Western" is designated by the U. S. Government as "Honor School"—the highest rating given. deal training for MANLY Character and LEADERSHIP.

Joeai training for MANLY Character and LEADERISHIP.

"WESTERN'S" ideal—"A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY" is made possible by Scientific Exercises and manly sports. All are carefully supervised, and include Football. Basketball. Bowling. Baseball. Handball, Golf. Wrestling. Skating, Tennis, Track, Swimming (large pool). 48th YEAR, Moderate rates. E.ARLY APPLICATION NECESSARY. For CATALOG address:—

President, Western M. A., ALTON, ILL.





In the valley of the Great Miami River, 14 miles from Dayton. A school of high ideals and standards. A system of teaching in very small classes leads boys to reason and think—not to accumulate facts—to master a subject and apply it to life. Intense preparation for college or university entrance. The military training is an attractive, inspirational form of outdoor exercise appealing to every boy. Work and play are nicely balanced. Gym., athletic field, parade ground, 2 baseball diamonds, 2 football fields, and billiard rooms. Social ease and courtesy are developed at school functions. Modern fire-proof buildings. Excellent instruction in music. School band and orchestra. Catalog. COL. ORVON GRAFF BROWN, Pesident, Box 283

Member Association Military Colleges and Schools of the United States

SCHOOLS FOR BOYS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG MEN

New Mexico Military Institute

In the Sunshine State

A school of distinction offering exceptional High School and Junior College work under the most favorable conditions. Balanced program of academic, military and physical training. All sports, including polo and swimming. R. O. T. C. Alittude 3700 feet. Outdoor life the year round. Bracing air, dry climate. A cavalry school. Every boy rides. Moderate

J. C. TROUTMAN, Supt., Box S, Roswell, New Mexico COL.





Shattuck School

ollege preparatory school a record for sound scholar-manly character and high

dights, many deals, military training under experts detailed by U. S. War Dept. All athletics under 8 wonches — 16 buildings, 240 acres. Business course. 68th rear. Summer School, Catalog. Address.

W. Newhall, Headmaster Box R. Faribault, Minn.

VALLEY RANCH SCHOOL



COLORADO UNIVERSITY PARK Denver, Cole.
For manly boys of all ages in the healthy and invigorating air of the Rocky Mountains. Outdoor aperts the year round. New Buildings. Canon Holeran. M. A., Principal, 1984 Sc. Columbins

PACIFIC COAST STATES

PAGE

Military Academy

A big school for little boys A big school for little boys
Page stands in a class by itself as a military school for
little boys. Sound training in
the common branches comes
first. The military is adapted to
young boy needs. Parents appreciate the atmosphere of understanding and encouragement
for their little boys. This is the
largest school of its kind in
America. Write for the catalog.
a volume of western tales, by the
headmaster, at your bookstore or
by mail, \$1.75. Robert A, Gibbs,
Headmaster, 1211 Cochran Avenue, Los Angeles, California.



AN RAFAEI **Military Academy**

climate unsurpassed bigh side preparation for Eastern and these now buildings and equiband large athetic field out individual supervision tool age, also junior department years Address A. Stewar SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA

ALO ALTO Military Academy For junior boys. Primary and Grammar grades. Home-like atmosphere. Boys treated as men in the making. Swimming and other sports. Bicycle club. Open 12 onths in year. Summer Camp. Col. R. P. Kelly, Supt. Box 306-R, Pale Alte, Cal.

San Diego Army and Navy Academy
"The coming West Point of the West"
Univ. of California's highest scholastic rating. Christian
Influences. Land and water sports all year. Summer
Bession, July 1—Septa Calendra and Calendra
A. Davis, Box R. Pacific Beach Sta. San Diege, Cal.

CALIFORNIA School for boys

Non-military. Prepares for Universities. East and West. Accredited. Junior School, grades five to eight. All athletics. Christian influences. Small classes. Mr. C. M. Wood. Supt., R. D., Box R. Panadena, Cal. WEST COAST ACADEMY (Primary and Grammar Grades only). A more homelike school, offering so many advantages, cannot be found. Summer term and camp—Address: Box 907-R, Palo Alto, Calif.

Pillsbury Academy

An endowed college preparatory school for boys 80% of graduates go to college. Individual in struction. Supervised dornitories. 17 acres c. well-kept lawn and noble shade trees. 7 building Cuusual facilities for athleties, including swim ming, tennis, track and field sports. Military dril Rate 8700. 50th year. For jilustrated ca



los Alamos Ranch School

Attractive, natural outdoor life in Sante Fe National Forest. Country unsurpassed for scenic grandeur and historic interest. A saddle horse for every boy. Exhilarating, healthful climate. Scientifically planned table. Thorough scholarship under men of vision and competence. Address: A, J. Connell, Birscier, Los Atames Ranch School, Box R, Otou, New Maxico.

ST. JAMES SCHOOL For boys of the grades. 28th year. Episcopal. 180-acre estate-ideal curroundings, parential tary for discipline and physical values. High standards. All aperts. Graduates at Shattuck, Andorer, etc. National patronage. Few openings available this fall. For estating address. Farthus, Headmasster, Box C, Farribault, Minn. F. E. Jenkins, Headmasster, Box C, Farribault, Minn.

SCHOOLS OF COMMERCE

Prepares Young Men and Women for Business Life

The courses are adapted to the particular needs of the individual, and are conducted by instructors of wide experience who take a personal inferest in the advancement of each student.

Young men person training with a saving of two years' time.

Young women are given the knowless

Young women are given the knowledge that will enable them to take their places confidently in the business world. The long list of successful Peirce School graduates is our best recom-

mendation.
Foreignd Year Book address The Dean e Street west of Broad, Philade

PEIRCE SCHOOL

of Business Administration

Eastman School of Business For more than 60 years the leading American Business College. Thoro training in every business pursuit. Accounting, Banking, Civil Service, Secretarial and Teachers' coursed, Both sexes. Has trained over 60,000 successful men. Open all year. Enter any week-day, Catalog, Poughteepsie, N.Y., Box 646 Eastman THOMASVILLE BUSINESS INSTITUTE.

Rocelera Commercial and Sacretarial courses for young men and address Dept. R for catalogue.

Modern Dept. R for catalogue.

Superior Simmorrashie. Sac.

Superior Simmorrashie. Sac.

REGG REGG Superior Stemographic, Secretarial, Accounting Courses, School School Write for Free Book of Facts, Address Principal

Special ess-retarial courses prepare for ins positions.

BRYANT & STRATION
BUSINESS COLLEGE
110.000 Graduales
71 Years Old
Start in cosmopolitan Chicago,
A jub fur every
G f a S u a s s.

ssiness College, Box R. 116 S. Mich. Ave., Chicago, III

SCHOOLS OF COMMERCE



Win Success Business

Plainly, bluntly-but truthfully—the great opportunities of today are in business - that modern profession to which the brightest men and women of the age are turning.

The requirements for success in business are training, ambition and industry. If you have the ambition and industry, you can get the training in one of America's great schools of business - 300 of which have been Accredited by this Association because of their outstanding merit. If you look forward to a business career, get your education in an Accredited school. Write today for Booklet C, "The Sure Way to Success," with list of Accredited schools.

National Association Accredited Commercial Schools

1618 Mallers Bldg., Chicago

National Association of Accredited Commercial Schools 1618 Mallers Bldg., Chicago.

Send Booklet C and list of schools.

Name	 	• •	- 4	**	 	-	 **	 -			 -	-	-		
Address	 				 		 	 _	 						

COLLEGE OF FINANCE & BUSINESS

Four-Year Degree in two years
The reason is: —RIDER in 2 years gives more credit hours in major subjects of Business Administration than average University gives in 4 years. The Result is: —

Two years' expenses saved.

Two years' salary sarassd.

Also shorter courses. Secretarial, C.P.A., Understudy Industrial Leaders. Co-ell. Demand for graduates. For catalog address Director.

RIDER COLLEGE, Trenton, N. J.

Better Business Training for young men and women. Courses offered require from one to two years. Actual practice features emphasized. Individual attention and progress. Two-year Courses: Business Administration—Accounting—Salesmanship—Normal—Secretarial. Shorter Courses: General Business—Combined—Shorthand—Civil Service. Two-year courses are of college grade and approximate in credit hours the average four-year course. Programs of study are arranged to suit the student's ability and future needs. Member of National Association of Accredited Commercial Schools. Send for free booklet to I. L. Lindabury, Vice-President.

BURDETT COLLEGE. BOSTON



School of the Theatre
THRESHOLD PLAYERS

CLARE TREE MAJOE
WALTER HAMPDEW
RACHEL CHOTHERS
FRANC ELAW FERDUROS
FRANC ELAW FERDUROS conths' stock experience before graduog, fencing, voice development, panto speare, playwriting, etc. Full torm

Ath.
For catalog address, "The Director"
THEATRE, 104 W. 39th St., NEW YORK CITY

KATHARINE GIBBS SCHOOL SECRETARIAL & EXECUTIVE

Training for educated women

Residence School in 90 Marlhoro Street

NEW YORK 247 Park Avenue

PROVIDENCE 155 Angell Street broad business training, preparing for superior positions.

positions.

Two-year course including six college subjects for students not desiring college, but wishing a cultural as well as business education.

Intensive course for col-lege women. Special class rooms, special instructors and special schedule.

Secretarial Training

Secretarial and Executive training with all the advantages of a finishing school.

cursuitates ut a milisting Sci000.

Courses include English and Correspondence, Shorthand, Arithmetic, Accounts, Commercial Geography, Prench, Spanish, Library Methods, Typeurting, Economies, Curror Topice, Filing, Office Routine, Physical Training. Honeshold Arts, High School, College Preparatory, Social Welfare and Community Service, Music, Address Miss R. B. Scudder,

Scudder School 244 West 72nd Street

SCHOOL OF COMMERCE

Prepares for Private Secretarial and Business Management positions. PLACES GRADUATES.

OHN J. BROWN, LL. B., Director, 25 W. 45th St., New York

LD COLONY SCHOOL course. Resident and day students. Principals, B. LaMoreaux, A. B., Mrs. Margaret V. Fowler.

United States
Secretarial School
S27 Fifth Avanue, New York City
Secretarial & Business Training. Ask for Catalog R.
Fring Edgar Chess, Director Vanderbilt 2114

BALLARD SCHOOL

Register Now For SECRETARIAL COURSE Established 54 years 610 Lex. Ave. at 53rd St. N.Y.C., Central Branch Y.W. C. A.

OON BE A PRIVATE SECRETARY
IN 30 TO 60 DAYS

School Established 25 years Thorough and Reliable. d Street, New York.

Vandarhilt 3896

UNIVERSITIES

College of Arta and Science with special premedical, pre-persion of the College of the College of Pharmacy, Law, Commerce, Engineering, and Schools of Pharmacy, Law, Commerce, Engineering, and Simule, Disversity High Science-Stones Science of the College of the President Low Coat of Living, Total expenditure for entire school year should not exceed \$500.00. Address: Office of the President

VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY



see of Liberal Arta and Science; Teachera College; ol of Commerce; Professional Gourses in Theology, Deutistry, Medicine, Pharmacy. Chiropody and c. Training School for Nurses, with degree; special see for School and Easilth work. Position oscured does for School and Easilth work. Position oscured does for catalog stating course desired. Address Box E.

ew Ingland

George W. Chadwick Director

Year Opens September 16, 1926

Boston, Mass.

Established 1867

Pianoforte, Voice, Organ, Violin, Violoncello and all other Orchestral Instruments; Composition, Harmony, History of Music, Theory, Solfeggio, Diction, Chorus, Choir Training, Ensemble for Strings, Woodwind and Brass.

Department of Public School

A three year course leading to Conservatory Diploma.

English, Languages, Psychology and Education

Degrees of Bachelor of Music and Bachelor of School Music Granted

Operatic Department

Dramatic Department

Orchestra of Eighty-Five

Free Privileges

of lectures, concerts and recitals, the opportunities of ensemble practice and appearing before audiences with orchestral accompaniment.

Dormitories for women students.

Address RALPH L. FLANDERS, General Manager

The Williams School of Expression and Dramatic Art

GEORGE C. WILLIAMS. Pres.

Teachers', Lyceum, Dramatic and Personal Culture Courses, Rollo A. Tallott, Dean, Private instruction with each course. Advanced courses in English. Graduates eligible to teach in New York State Public Schools. Degrees, Gymnasium, Theatre, Dormitories. Cheutaugus and Lyceum Courses under direction of Edward Amherst Ott. for past twenty-fire years of the Courses. Pall Term opens partember 23rd. Catalog.

115 De Witt Park, Ithaca, N.Y.

THACA CONSERVATORY

ed with N. Y. State Board of Regents. All branches of music Regents. All branches of music taught. School of Opera, Andreas MUSIC Dippel, director. Master Courses with world-famous artists, Degrees, 12 buildings, including Dormitories, Auditorium, Grm, Studio and Administration Buildings. Year



talog.
1115 Carnegie Hall, New York.
THE FEAGIN SCHOOL

VOGUE SCHOOL DRESS DESIGN EASHION ILLUSTRATION

MERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS Founded 1884 by Franklin H. Sargent

For 42 Years America's Leading Institution

for Dramatic Art and Expression Prepares for Teaching Acting Directing

Develops Poise and Personality for use in any vocation in life NEW FALL CLASS BEGINS OCT. 26

Extension Dramatic Courses in co-operation with COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Proc Catalog describes all Courses from Room 177 "H" CARNEGIE HALL, New York

SUCCESS on the STAGE



The Packard
Theatrical Exchange has secured lucrative
engagements for
KatharineCornell,
William Farnum,
Joanne Binn,
Holbrook Binn,

The shortest road to the stage is through the

Packard Theatre Institute

rackard intensive professional preparatory courses and actually placing graduates through the Packard Theatrical Exchange in the companies of David Belacco, Charles Frohman, Inc., Lee Shubert, Henry Miller, Winthrop Ames, Edgar Sciugn, etc.

Affiliated Branch Courses in the Principal Cities

PACKARD THEATRE INSTITUTE

Address Ruth Tomlinem, Director

Suite 401-K, Earl Carroll Theatre Bidg., 785 7th Ave., N. Y.

The National School of ELOCUTION and ORATORY
The oldest chartered School of Expression in America. Degrees granted. Public Speaking. Physical Training. English. Dramatic Art. Professional and Finishing Course. Dormitories. For Ostalog, address 8. 6. SHOMMER. Ministry. 408-12 and 408-12 Castenguish. Physics Physics Physics 108-12 Castenguish. Physics Physics 108-12 Castenguish.

LELAND POWERS SCHOOL

OF THE SPOKEN WORD

Distinguished for the success of its graduates.
For catalog address, THE DIRECTOR, Upper Fenway, Boston, Mass.

INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ART

Frank Damrosch, Director. Endowed. All branches of music. Conducted only for students of real musical ability and serious purpose. Catalog on request. Dept. K, 129 Claremont Ava., Cor. 122nd 8t., New York.

CHICAGO'S FOREMOST SCHOO

Modern courses in Piano. Voice. Violin, Organ, Theory, Public School Music, Orchestral Instruments, Dramatic Art and Dancing.

Certificates, Diplomas and Degrees awarded. Superior Teachers' Training School. Eminent Faculty of 100. Master School for Artist Pupils.

Lectures, Recitals, Students' Orchestra, School for Theatre Organ Playing, Thirty Free Scholarships awarded. Excellent Dormitory Ac-commodations, Moderate Tuition Rates, Many free advantages. Send for free catalog and information. John J. Hattstaedt, President.

41st Annual Session begins September 9, 1926

AMERICAN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, 554 Kimball Hall, Chicago, Ill.

Detroit Conservatory Music

Finest Conservatory in the West
53rd Year Francis L. York, M. A. President
Gfers courses in Piano, Voice, Violin, Organ
Theory, Classic and Ballet Dancing, Oral Interpretation, etc. Numerous Lectures, Concerts and
Recitals throughout the year. Excellent Dormit
tory Accommodations. Teachers' certificates,
diplomas and degrees conferred. Many free advantages. We own our own building, located in the
center of most cultural environment.
Fall Term Opens September 13, 1926
For catalog with full information address
JAMES H. BELL, Secretary, Box 3,
5035 Woodward Ave., Datroit, Mich.

ALONE .

Supervising, Teachers' Training, Cultural and Professional Courses in Music and Dramatic Art. De-grees conferred. Accredited, Dor-mitories. Fall and Summer Terms. Catalog and information from

JOHN L. GRUBER, Manager



Cincinnati Conservatory

Complete school of music, Faculty of noted artists.

Campus and dormitories, Orehestra and chorus—School

Fanna Pinhile school music course ac-

ss and dormitories. Orchestra and chorus—School bera, Drama. Public school music course ac-d. Affiliated with University of Cincinnati. s. Diplomas. Certificates. Bertha Baur, Director. i. C. Tuthill. General Manager. For Catalogue

R. T. HOWARD, Registrar Highland & Burnet Ave., & Oak Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

University School of Music Ann Arbor

Michigan Ann Arbor

Barl V. Moore, Musical Director, Faculty of
musical experts. Courses in Voice, Plano, Organ,
Violin, Methods, etc., leading to Bachelor of Music
Degree. Chorus of 300; orchestra of 70. Corcerts and May Festival by world's leading artists
and organizations. in Hill Audiorium seating 5000,
cutting and information, address Charles A. Sink,
Secretary and Business Manager, Box 38,

SCHOOL OF SCHOOL MUSIC Grumbia School of Music Gax R. 509 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

The Schuster Martin (Accredited) Training (Inc. Platform and Classroom, Full and School of the Brama Classroom. Full and Special courses, ex-

> HATE TE noted meg

THE PROGRESSIVE SERIES
TEACHERS COLLEGE

A training school for piano teachers
A comprehensive one-year course which prepares qualified students for teaching positions. The required academic courses are given for the College by Washington University Catalog, 4523 Olive, St. Louis, Mo.

LAWRENCE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC All branches of Music. Courses for teachers and soloists. Superior Public School Music Course. Endows intellec-tual and social advantages of Lawrence College. Diploma School Course of Course of Course of Course Carl J. Waterman, Dean, Box R. Appleton, Wisconsin.

Oberlin Conservatory of Music

All branches, advanced study. 33 specialist teachers ourses lead to Mus. B. degree. Cultural and social lift Oberlin College. High School Course or equivalent re-sired. Fall semester opens Sept. 21st. Catalog. Oberlin Conservatory of Music, Oberlin. Ohio.

INDIANA COLLEGE OF MUSIC

and Fine Arts
finest school of music. Dormitory facilities.
degrees—Public School Music, Fully Ac-

INTERIOR-DECORATION



Four Months' Practical Training Course.
Also Complete Professional and Desiga
Courses. Day and Evening Sessions
start October and February. Send for
Catalog 67. Home Study Course starts
at once. Send for booklet D 8.

The N. Y. School of Interior Decoration 441 Madison Avenue · New York City
NATIONAL SCHOOL OF FINE

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF FINE
AND APPLIED ART
Felix Mahony, Pres.
Interior Decoration, Color, Costume, Commercial, Poster,
Design, Dynamic Symmetry, Life, Sketch Class, Catalog.
Design, Dynamic Symmetry, Life, Sketch Class, Catalog.
N.Y. School of Fine & Applied Art
New York-Paris
Register for January,
Register for January,
Register for January,
Address: Sec. 2239 Broadway, New York, 9 Place
des Voages, Paris.

(WAITING LISTS.)

Tho Morryland

The Maryland Institute

Baltimore, Md in Fine Arts, Teacher Training, Occupationa , Advertising and Costume Design, Interior Dec-

Courses in the Ars, reacher training, Occupations.

Therapy, Advertising and Costume Design. Interior Decoration. Mechanical Drawing, etc. Catalog on request.

Costume Design millinery, fashion illustration, moving picture and stage design: direction Emil Aivin Hartman, 4 E. 53rd 8t., N.Y. C. FASHION ACADEMY DESIGNING and MILLINERY

McDOWELL DRESSMAKING & MILLIPERY SCHOOL

Ect. 1996 71 West 65th St., New York No Branches,

LAYTON SCHOOL OF ART

Layton Art Gatlery, Milwaukee, Wis.

ares in Painting and Sculpture, Commercial Art. Teacher Train
, Interior, Costume, and Industrial Design. Fall Term begin
pt. 27, 1909. For illustrated calsing address

Valory
E. A. Brazelton
Vice-Pres.
E. H. Schwenker
Secy. Faculty of 120. The Largest and Most Distin-guished American School Offering Courses in

OPERA

STAGE ARTS DANCING MUSIC

PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC

Accredited courses leading to Certificate, Diploma and Degrees,
Scholarships—Complete Symphony Orchestra
Only conservatory in Chicago maintaining extensive dormitorles for
women and men students
Fal' term begins Sept. 13th. Dormitory reservations now. For illustrated
catalog describing this great institution and its many advantages, address
R. B. SCHWENKER, Registrar, 839 North Dearborn St., CHICAGO rses leading to Certificate, Diploma and Degrees

ned wayburn

reationally famous stare has complete courses
EVERY Type of Dancing
for Stage and Social Affairs
Private Leasons or Classes for Adults or Childre
Beginners, Advanced Pupils and Professions
Special Advanced Instruction for Tenshers **Ned Wayburn**

Ned Wayburn has just written a book
"The Art of Stage Dancing" a menual of Stagecraft - complete - authoritative - \$5. postpeid.
Is Supervise and Completely Stage Amelous Production
Write for Booklet Y or call at Mus

NED WAYBURN Studios of Stage Dancing Inc.

entertainist

1841 Broadway, (Enr. o 60h St.) Studio v.
At Columbus Circle. New York. Open all vear 'round
9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Except Sunday.
(Closed Staurdays of 6 P. M.) Phone Columbus 3300
New Classes for adult girls start Monday, Aug. 2nd.
Children's Regular Course starts Sat. Sept. 25th.

CHALIF RUSSIAN NORMAL SCHOOL of DANCING LOUIS H. CHALIF, Principal.

163-165 WEST 57TH ST., NEW YORK CITY.

Professionals, Amateurs—Teachers and Beginners,
Every Style of Stage and Balroom Dancing.

HARVEY THOMAS
Teachers' Course. Bock and Wing, Walts, Core Soft-She
S9 East Van Buren Street, Dept. R., CHICAGO, HL.
Witte for free information about our wooderful Blome-Study Course

Enroll now for the fall term of

John Murray Anderson-Robert Milton School of the Theatre and Dance

The only school in America where all branches of theatrical art are included in the curriculum Drama, opera comique and nusical comedy, sendicand costume designing, stage direction and management, play writing, daneing of all types, fencing, etc. Apply to registration offices, 128-130 East 58th St., New York.

Phone Plaza 4524

THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

FALL TERM OPENS SEPTEMBER 27th

TAWING . PAINTING . ILLUSTRATION - SCULPTURE COMMERCIAL ART - INTERIOR DECORATION - DESIGN COSTUME - PRINTING ARTS - DRAMATIC ARTS AND TEACHER TRAINING

FOR CATALOG, ADDRESS RAYMOND P. ENBIGN, DEAN THE ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO, ILL.

New Building of the St. Louis School of Fine Arts of Washington University

Gift of Wm. K. Birby, to open Sept. 20th. Courses in weaving, bookbinding, pottery and metal working in addition to regular courses. For catalog, write E. H. Wuerpel, director, Room 15. Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

COMMERCIAL ART

tter. Decur. State prof. courses. Practicing species ... Intensive prof. courses. Practicing species ... Cardinates assisted to positions. Cardinates assisted to positions. Cardinates ... LIVINGSTONE ACADEMY. 43rd 1517 Rhede Island Ave., West. Washington. D. GRAND CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ART

7012 Grand Central Terminal,

Detroit's Commercial Art School

Day and evening classes the year round. Individual instruction in all branches. Dept. 419 2539 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

ART SCHOOL

"The Oldest Professional Art School in America"
INDIVIDUAL PROGESS - STUDENT SALES BUREAU
Dept. R-C 116 So. Michigan Bivd., Chicago, III. Dept. R-C

PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS

POSSE-NISSEN SCHOOL

of Physical Education for women. 36th year, 3 year regular course. One year special in medical symmattics and Swedish massage. Phayround work. Intensitive summer courses and camp. Dormitories. Apply to Secretary, 779 Beacon St. Booton, Mass.

SAVAGE SCHOOL FOR PHYSICAL EDUCATION

President: Watson L. Savage, A.M., M.D.
308 West 50th St., N. Y. C.
Co-Educational, Offers an accredited course in the theory
and practice of Physical Education and Hygiene.
Employment Bureau for Graduates.

Physical Education, Recreation, Fall term begins Sept. 13th. Dormitory reservations now. For illustrated catalog describing this great institution and its many advantages, address R. B. SCHWENKER, Registrer, 839 North Dearborn St., CHICAGO

R. B. SCHWENKER, Registrer, 839 North Dearborn St., CHICAGO

For school information address the Department of Education, THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE, 33 West 42nd St., New York City.

THE ITHACA SCHOOL of Physical Education DB. ALBERT H. SHARPE, Dean



DB. ALDERT H. SHARFE, Dean Graduates eligible to teach anywhere in U.S. Hormal Course, including Athletic Coaching, 2 years. B.F.E. Degree, 4 years. Large Faculty, including "Jack" Mossiley, head coach 1930 Glymcite teaching and observation of Games. Coeducational. Athletic Field. Gymnasium, Dormitories. Graduates in demand. 00

Fall Term opens Sept. 23. Send for catalog. 215 DeWitt Park, Ithaca, N. Y.

NATIONAL Kindergarten COLI

A college which has for forty years successfully trained young women in teaching and understanding little children. Two and three year diploma courses and four-year degree course open to graduates from accredited high schools. Advanced courses for teachers. Fully accredited. Gradu-

graduates from accredited high schools. Advanced courses for teachers. Fully accredited. Graduates in constant demand.

The broad cultural training offered prepares young women to become efficient members of the home and the community. Advantage is taken of Chicago's splendid art galleries, its symphony orchestra, grand opera and theatres. Outstanding lectures and entertainments are attended.

New completely equipped college and dormitory buildings are located in the most desirable residential section of Evanston, North Shore suburb of Chicago. Campus of 3½ acres, two blocks from beautiful Lake Michigan offers splendid opportunities for outdoor recreation. Cultural atmosphere, splendid school spirit and good fellowship in student body of 500. Fall term September 15th. For catalog address Edna Dean Baker, President. Box 92, Evanston, III.

Kindergarten Training

Columbia Kindergarten Normal School

OBERLIN KINDERGARTEN-PRIMARY TRAINING SCHOOL

Accredited. Two year course. The papers for Kindersarten and Primary Teaching. Admission to dormitories in order of application. Mioderste state. For catalog address Miss Rose R. Dean, 125 Elm 32.

Kindergarten & Primary

TRAINING. Also for "HOME-MAKING NEEDS." Accredited. Only college with downtown Student Resi-dence. 32nd year. Demand for graduates. Catalog: CHICAGO TEACHERS COLLEGE, 705 Rush St., Chicago

NURSES' TRAINING SCHOOL

MONTEFIORE HOSPITAL

Children's Hospital School of Nursing

Widely Recognized Institution in Famous Educational Center. For Preparatory School Graduates. Advanced Credit for College Graduates. Address M138 M. L. WAKEFIELD. R.N., Director 303 Longwood Ave. Beston. Mass. The Staten Island Hospital, New York

Offers a complete course in nursing in medicine, surgery, materaity, children's and contagious diseases. Attractive nurses' home; nine hours per day; compensation from start, Address Superintsedent, States Island Hespital, New York, M. Y.

Superintendent, States Island Hossital, New York, N. Y.

Registered School of Nursing offers a 2 years and 8
months course, leading to degree of R. N. Text-books,
monthly allowance and maintenance provided. Schoolarship for advanced study awarded yearly. For information apply to Supe. of Nurses, United Hospital, Port
Chester, N. Y. Registers now for September class.

Yonkers Homeopathic Hospital & Maternity

24-year course in general nursing with special training in nursing of children. Good instructions, ideal home. Apply for Sentember class now.

Preparation for woman's noblest profession in one of the country's greatest hospitals (Closs affiliation with Believue Hospital amplifies our exceptional equipment and instruction, insuring broadest possible experience 30 months' course, Maintenance and liberat allowance while learning. Vacations. One year high school required, Ages 18-35. For booklet address Miss Mildred Constantine, Director of Nurses. 210th Street and Jerome Ave., N. Y.

Two Year Cours SARA K. LIPPINCOTT, Principal Address The Westmoreland, Washington, D. C.

HICAGO NORMAL SCHOOLof Physical Education

Trains young women for responsible posi-tions as Directors of Physical Education. Playground Supervisors, Dancing Teachers and Swimming Instructors. Two and three year accreticed Normal, Courses. Constant demand for graduates. All branches under faculty of trained specialists. Graduates from accredited High approximation of the conference of the con-trained of the conference of the con-trained of the conference of the con-trained of the c

FRANCES MUSSELMAN, Principal Bex 28, 5026 Greenwood Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

KINDERGARTEN TRAINING SCHOOL Students' Residence Mrs. MARION B. B. LANGZETTEL, Director 112 East 71st Street, New York MISS ILLMAN'S TRAINING SCHOOL

Pestalozzi-Froebel Teachers College
A KINDERGARTEN NORMAL COLLEGE
Located in Central Chicago on the Lake Front
Three Depts. H. Rindergrammer
H. Primary
Fine equipment: Central Location. Accredited. DorRegistry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, year. Opens Sept. 21. Write
Registry men lake. 3th, for Kindergarten and Primary Teachers Home

or and graduate courses. Hos A. T. ILLMAN, Prin., Bex R, 4000 Pine St., Phila Harriette Melissa Mills

Kindergarten-Primary Training School
University Credit. Students enrolled for September and February.

Exceptions of the September and February.

MISS HARRIETTE MELISSA MILLS, Principal
Five R 66 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Perry Kindergarten Normal School Founded 1898 by Annie Moseley Perry. Thorough traintened in the property of the control of the

FOR HYGIENE AND PHYSICAL EDUCATION
Three-year Degree Course
NEW HAVEN NORMAL SCHOOL OF GYMNASTICS
Two-year Diploma Course

Strong faculty. Complete indoor equipment and outdoor facilities including camp. Appointment Bureau, successful in placing graduates. 1466 Chapel Street, New Haven, Connecticut

The Sargent School of Physical Education Founded 1881 by Dr. D. A. Sargent Booklet on request

... W. SARGENT, Director, Cambridge, Mass. THE MARJORIE WEBSTER SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION AND PHYSICAL EDUCATION
Two-year Normal Course, accredited. Prepares for
Physical Directors. Fall Term opens September 20.
Dormitories. Catalog.
1407-R Massachusetts Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C.

You Can Manage a Tea Room



FORTUNES are being made in Tea Rooms and Mo Inna everywhere. You can open one in your o some profits, or manage salaries paid trained man teach you entire busines but few centra a day.

Write for 44-page Free Book "Pouring Ten for Profit," with full details. LEWIS TEA ROOM INSTITUTE Dept. E-164 Washington, D. C.



FREE R.R. Fare

to Chicago Cleveland

Detroit

Become a PROFESSIONAL **PHOTOGRAPHER**

Earn up to \$250 a week

We qualify you quickly for solemid partie
positions or for a business of your own.

And the position of for a business of your own.

Professional View of AM ER AP FREE.

Curated Business training today a great opportunities in the fas
tion of the profession of the professio

NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
. 32 12 West 33rd Street, NEW YORK CITY

Be A Dental Laboratory Expert! Earn \$50 to \$100 a Week.

Unusual offers right now to induce more men to go in Dental Laboratory work. Proper for positions up to 85 am hour, \$20 a day, \$50 to \$100 a week. I train you to open a Dental Laboratory of your own where you can make hig profits. Pascinating mechanical work, no educational requirements.

70,000 Dentists Need JOBS We will assist you to part time jobs to help you work your way thru school. Investigate this uncrewded field, Get free book and a pecial offers quick! Write book?

Described to the common of the

FREE or Boston

STUDY NURSING
Join September Class. Accredited school.
Liberal allowance. One year of High School
required. CHRIST HOSPITAL SCHOOL OF NURSING JERSEY CITY, N. J.

The Woman's Hospital of Philadelphia has vacancies for atadent nurs s with not less than two year school education. Gourse three years in Claus A hospital incorp in 1881. During first four months atudents attend school for ing Preliminary Courses in Nursing Education. For prospectus Biratrucs of Murses, C. K. Swank, 2137 Rath Callags Ava., Philadalph

THE LAKE VIEW HOSPITAL SCHOOL OF NURSING

State accredited, offers a three years' course in genursing to high school graduates over 18. Mainten and monthly allowance. For further information we Director of Nurses, 4420 Clarendon Ava.. Chicago

Washington Boulevard Hospital

Take a course in our accredited School of Nursing. Three yes sandy, eight hour darty, delightful living quarters. Requirement High School Diploma or equivalent. Free tuition, maintenanc monthly allowance. Write for Bulletin, to SUPRINYEMDENT OF NURSES, Dept. R. B., 2494 Washington Blvd. Chicago, Illiac Henrotin Hospital Young women interested in the nursing profession. The Chicago Polyellnie Training School for aurose of the Henrotin Hospital offers a 3 year course. Graduates eligible for State Registration in U. S. Comfortable home with board, laundry provided. Monthly allowance. Hear, Chicago. [Supp. of Nurses for particulars.]

****** PHYSICAL EDUCATION I

Accredited Co-educational
2 yr. diploma. J and 4 yr. B. P. E. Degree courses. Prepares girls and boys for Directors of Physical Education, Playground Supervisors, Dancing and Swimming Instructors; also Department of Athletic Coaching, High School graduates admitted. Special light year. Student body of 200. Excellent faculty, large gymnasium, swimming pool, dancing auditorium. School and women's dormitory located on beautiful North Side. Fall semester opens Sept. 20, 1926. For catalog and Book of Views, address.

AMERICAN COLLEGE of Dept. R. B. 1819 Diversey Parkway



EARN WHILE

For those who need financial assistance while in training we secure whole or part-time positions to meet their expenses.



The Field of Unusual Opportunity

Mechanical Dentistry is a human necessity. It is therefore in constant demand and always will be regardless of national, economic or industrial con-ditions. It is a great field of its own, offering rich rewards to those who select it as a vocation.

Some 2.500 more men are urgently needed right now. The work em-braces the making of gold and vulcanite plates, crowns, station-ary and removable bridgework, gold and porcelain inlays, etc.

gold and porcelain inlays, etc. Few vocations afford any such chance to profit by your skill and ingenuity as does Mechanical Dentistry. Those who engage in this professional trade earn up to \$125 a week on regular salary, and the road to financial independence is straight and sare for those who conduct a basin

s of their own.

UNRIVALED TRAINING

The Bodee School system has stood the test of 34 years of continuous teaching, unrivaled in method and experience. Recognized by Dentists throughout the country as the most ingenious and practical ever given. This should mean much to you.

Complete day course given in Evecks—night course for those who have to earn while learning. Easy payments. PARTIAL SCHOLARSHIPS GRANTED. Bodee-trained men are in great demand.

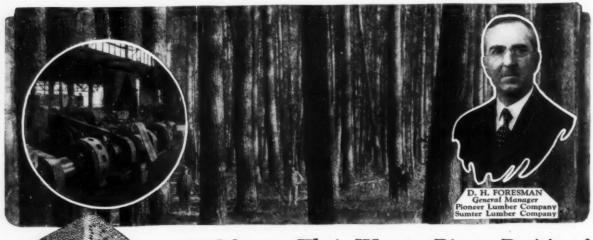
Those interested (now or later) are requested to send their Names and Addresses AT ONCE. Complete details will be sent you (free) by return mail. Don't miss this opportunity! Just ask for Bulletin 8.

BODEE DENTAL INSTITUTE

NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA BUFFALO BROOKLYN 1765 Broadway 1306 N. Broad St. 501 Washington St. 55 Court St.

PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

"We are developing our organization thru the growth of our own employes"



"The Trained Man Is Worth More-to Himself and to Us'

"Our encouragement of LaSalle "Our encouragement of LaSalle training on the part of our employes is due to our realization that men scday cannot afford to stop growing when they finish their school days, lusiness is becoming more and more complex, competition is keen, and the man who is best equipped with specialized knowledge is worth more to keep on studying and growing.

"It of the is fusigible to when the property of the state of

"LaSalle is furnishing a valuable service to business men in enabling them to train at home in their spare them to train at home in their spare time without interference with their daily work. The Sumter Lumber Company pany and the Pioneer Lumber Company appreciate the apportantly this offers of developing our organization thus the growth of our own employes."

(Signed) D. H. FORESMAN, General Manager

Pioneer Lumber Company Sumter Lumber Company

27 Men on Their Way to Bigger Positions!

F YOU owned timber tracts and lumber mills representing millions of dollars' invested capital, how would you protect that investment?

"By surrounding it with opportunity," answers D. H. Foresman, General Manager of the Pioneer Lumber Company, Elrod, Ala., and the Sumter Lumber Company, Electric Mills, Miss., known thruout the industry for their large-scale operations on some of the finest timber tracts remaining in the South—and notably for their "Nearwhite" and "Light and White" brands of shortleaf pine.

To Mr. Foresman, "opportunity" means not merely excellent living conditions—good homes, churches, schools, play-grounds, clubhouses, hospitals, for example—all of which have been created by these big lumber com-panies at the scene of their operations.

More than all these, it means for the individual the chance to get ahead-to make more money.

In accordance with this thought, these great companies encourage their employes to enroll for specialized business training with LaSalle Extension University, arrang-

ing the undertaking on a fifty-fifty basis.
Twenty-seven men (five are pictured), in several departments, have already availed themselves of this cooperative plan.

They are on their way to increased

"We are interested in each of these young men," writes Mr. Foresman, "and will ap-preciate learning at intervals how they are progressing."

The Sure Route to Promotion

Would it mean something to you for your employer to be personally interested in your advancement?

Every week we write to hundreds of employers advising them of the enrollment or progress of their employes.

Prove to your employer that you are seriously fitting yourself for greater responsibilities and your promotion will be swift and sure.

Send for These Free Books

The coupon will bring you, without obligation, full particulars of a clear and definite plan that doubled and tripled the incomes of thousands and thousands of LaSalle trained men.

With it you will receive a 64-page book setting forth the opportunities in the business field in which you most prefer to win success, together with a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One." the inspiring story of how one man, after years of wandering, found the path to responsibility and power.

If you have reached a point in life when you are ready to make a serious effort to carve for yourself a bigger place in the business world, then this moment—while you read these words—fill in, clip and mail the coupon.



LASALLE EXTENSION

FIND YOURSELF THRU LA SALLE! -

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

CHICAGO

Dept. 866-R I would welcome an outline of your salary-doubling plan, together with a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

Business Management: Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Departmental Executive positions.

Higher Accountancy Training for position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant

countant, etc.

Modern Saleamanship: Leading to
position as Sales Executive, Saleaman, Sales Coach or Trainer, SaleaPromotion Manager, Manufacturer's
Agent, Solicitor, and all positions in
retail, wholesale, or specialty selling,
Traffic Management; Foreign and
Domestic: Training for position as
Railroad or IndustrialTraffic Manager,
Rate Expert, Freigh: Solicitor, etc.

Law: Training for Bar; LL, B. Degree.

Banking and Finance.
Noders Foremanship and Production on Methods: Training for position in Shop Management, such as that of Superintendent, General Foreman, Foreman, Sub-Foreman, etc.
Personnel and Employment Manage.
Prevented Manager, Industrial Relations of Prevented Manager, Industrial Relations of Prevented Manager, Industrial Manager, Secretary, etc.

man, Foreman, Sub-Foreman, etc.
Personnel and Employment Management: Training in the position of
feronnel Manager, Industrial Relations Manager, Employment Manager,
and positions relating to Employee
Service.

Railway Station Management:
Training for position of Station Accountant, Cashier and Agent, Division Agent, etc.

Commercial Law.
Expert Bookkeeping.
Business English.
Commercial Spanish.
Effective Speaking.
C. P. A. Coaching for

Effective Speaking.
C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.





Thop as Carefully for Cocoa - - - as you would for any other article of Food...for your Table,

THE HIGH QUALITY OF

Baker's Breakfast Cocoa

is Not an Accident

It is the result of a judicious selection and blending of cocoa beans, of which there are more than thirty grades; of most careful roasting, a very delicate operation; and its further preparation by the best mechanical processes (no chemicals) which preserve the delicious natural flavor and aroma and attractive color of the beans.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.

Established 1780

Booklet of Choice Recipes Sent Free

DORCHESTER, MASS.





LENORE ULRIC
in "Lulu Belle"

Whotograph by White Studio, New York



JOAN CRAWFORD
Film Star
Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise, L.



IRMA SCHUBERT
in "Greenwich Village Follies"



NINA LEWIS
in "Greenwich Village Follies"
Photograph by Alfred Chemory Johnston, New Yor



RUTHELMA STEVENS
Photograph by G. Maillard Kenslere, B. P., New Yor



MADGE BELLAMY Film Star

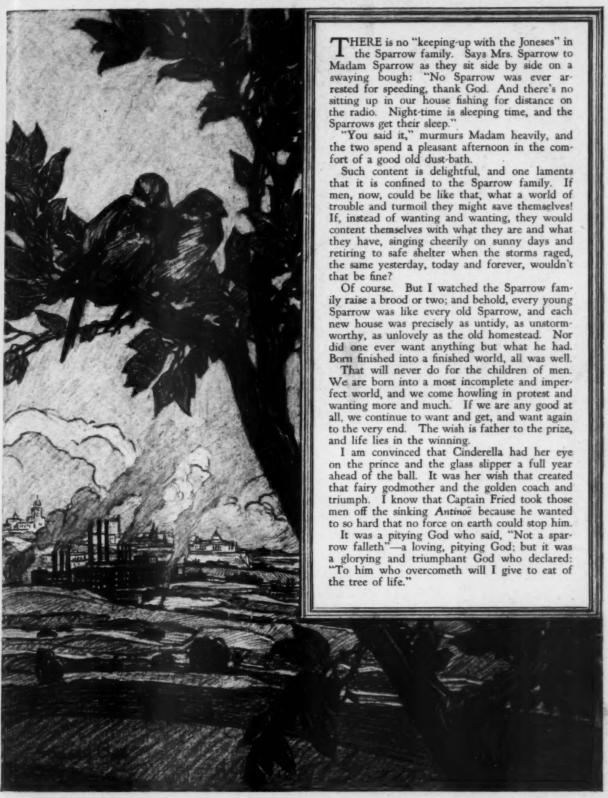


There is no parallel for the conclusive superiorities of Fisher Bodies in all price divisions. There is no parallel for the conclusive preference shown by buyers of all classes of cars for the quality assured by the symbol—

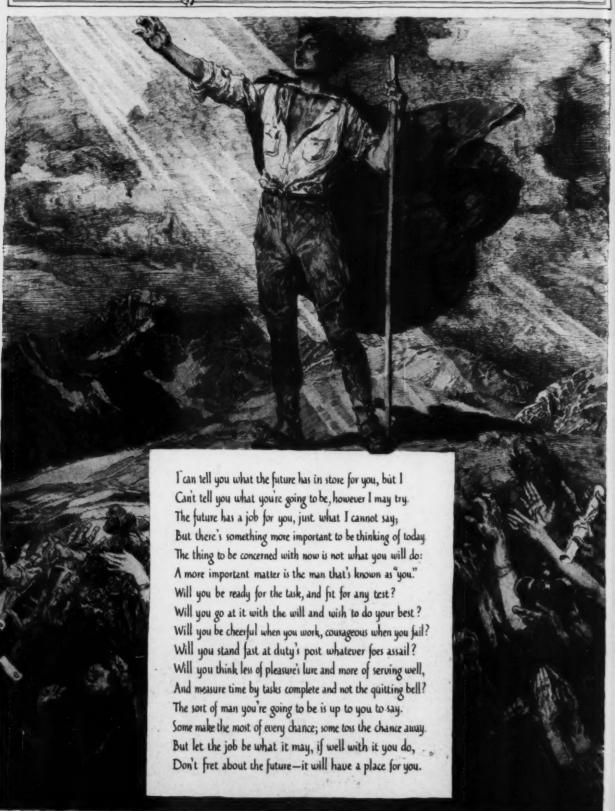
Body by Fisher

FISHER BODIES











LES POUDRES COTY

The enchanting smoothness of a woman's skin — the freshness of its texture — the delicacy of its colour — all of these lovely qualities are glorified with COTY Face Powders — a true shade for every type. Stand to remove all traces of weariness, of travel, of summer activity, COTY Eau de Toilette is exquisitely effective, leaving the skin coolly dainty and fragrant.



*ROUGE"

A booklet illustrated by CHARLES DANA GIBSON mailed upon reguest

YINC.

714 Crifth Stremuse, New York.

CANADA—35 Wild College An., Montreal

Address "Depc. R. B. 8"

L'ORIGAN PARIS - CHYPRE - EMERAUDE - STYX - LA ROSE JACQUEMINOT - JASMIN DE CORSE - L'AMBRE ANTIQUE



Proud to say— "This is Mother"

The reward that comes to many mothers—unconscious tribute from the younger generation to the woman who has retained her youth

THAT youth can longer be retained, as experts know and urge, is proved on all sides today. It is being done by women everywhere. Start now with the simple skin care printed at the right. The result in youthful charm and skin clearness will amaze you.



Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped MODERN mothers have learned not to look their part. Competing in youthful allure with daughters of debutante age, they prove that charm no longer admits the limitation of years.

That is because protective skin care has become the rule of the day. Natural ways have supplanted the often aging, artificial ways of yesterday. It's been discovered that Youth can be safeguarded.

The following rule is probably credited with more youthful complexions, past the thirties and into the forties, than any other method known. Leading beauty experts agree that skin beauty starts with cleanliness, pores that have been kept healthfully clean with softening lather of olive and palm oils as blended in Palmolive.

In fairness to yourself, try this.

Do this for one week

Mark the difference that comes

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the

evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is —for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

A COMMON-SENSE EDITORIAL

By BRUCE BARTON

Fool Speeches

IN Lancaster, Ohio, in 1828, a debating society of young men applied for the use of the schoolhouse. The school board answered:

"You are welcome to the use of the schoolhouse in which to debate all proper questions; but such things as railroads and telegraphs are impossible and rank infidelity. There is nothing in the Word of God about them. If God had designed that His intelligent creatures should travel at the frightful speed of fifteen miles an hour by steam, He would have clearly foretold it through His holy prophets. It is a device of Satan to lead immortal souls down to hell."

Three hundred years before that, when William Tyndale was giving his life's blood in the struggle to have the Scriptures published in English, a reverend mossback argued:

"Where Scriptures saith, 'No man that layeth his hand to the plow and looketh back is fit for the kingdom of God,' will not the plowman when he readeth these words be apt forthwith to cease from his plow, and then where will the sowing and the harvest be? Likewise also whereas the baker readeth, 'A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump,' will he not be forthwith too sparing in the use of leaven, to the great injury of our health?"

Such fool speeches have not by any

means been confined to ignorant bigots. John D. Archbold, hearing that vast oil-fields had been reported in the mid-continent, promised to drink all the oil ever discovered outside of Pennsylvania.

In 1907 the automobile manufacturers of the United States met in New York and discovered that they were planning to build more than two hundred and fifty thousand cars the next year. "We are ruining a good business!" they exclaimed. "The American public will never be able to buy so many." Last year those same men made more than sixteen times as many.

Mother Shipton was a witch. She prophesied that:

Carriages without horses shall go
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the earth thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye. . . .
Through hills man shall ride
And no horse be at his side.
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen. . . .
Iron upon the sea shall float
As easily as a wooden boat.

Most of Mother Shipton's prophecies have come true. Prophecies that fore-tell great achievements on the part of humanity have a habit of coming true. But how foolish the speeches of doubters and stand-patters sound a few years afterwards!

The NEW STUTZ

with SAFETY CHASSIS

The Safest Car now made even safer

WE now announce NEW STUTZ models, including seven-passenger cars, in which every window, as well as windshield, is of special safety-glass.

This eliminates the hazard of injury from flying, shattered glass, at front, sides and rear. These NEW STUTZ models are the first cars ever built regularly equipped with safetyglass all around.

The phenomenal sales of The NEW STUTZ attest the success with which this advanced automobile meets the public demand of today.

And The NEW STUTZ, with Safety Chassis, already the world's safest automobile, is now made still safer for its occupants.

No other car has this combination of safety features:

Safety-glass in windshield and all windows. Narrow, clear-vision front corner-posts.

Frame of unequalled strength and rigidity, with integral steel running-boards ("side-bumpers").

Perfect road balance; elimination of side-sway achieved by scientific frame and spring arrangement. Stabilators and long, low-rate flat springs co-ordinated for ideal action.

Unparalleled stability, gained by a radical lowering of the "center of mass" of the car. The resistance to overturn is so great that one side of the car may be raised more than three feet

higher than the other without toppling the car over. This lowering of the center of mass is made possible by The NEW STUTZ worm-gear drive, manufactured by Timken.

Hydrostatic four-wheel brakes, developed and built by Timken; greatly increased effective braking surface, with perfect equalization of braking energy at all points on each wheel. Nonleaking, no adjusting; quick, even deceleration—no discomfort to passengers, no skidding, no swerving, no side-sway.

Instant acceleration from ten to fifty miles per hour in less than eighteen seconds; an alertness that quickly pulls the car out of tight places. And speed adequate for all occasions.

The entire car has Underwriters' Class A rating on both fire and theft. It is permanently protected, at no cost to the car owner, by The Fedco Number Plate System in co-operation with the William J. Burns International Detective Agency.

See The NEW STUTZ cars with safety-glass all around as the final safety attainment in the automobile that most successfully meets modern motoring conditions.

Your local dealer is now showing these models, which in addition to their exclusive safety features have a custom-like smartness of body design and the utmost luxury of appointments.



The RED BOOK Magazine

EDGAR SISSON, Associate Editor

HERE is the first of the new group of stories Mr. Austin is writing for this magazineall of them dramas out of the richly colored life that he leads as novelist and foreign correspondent. Familiar in every European country, he brings to his fiction a quality of authority and scholarship all too rarely appearing in the tales that are told nowadays.



F. Britten Austin

Illustrated by Will Foster

E ULALIE DELIBES?" There was a peculiar inflection in Mordaunt's voice as he caught up the name I had mentioned. He looked at me over the cigar held between his fingers, and seemed to hesitate. Then he said merely, but in a tone of emphatic conviction: "An amazing woman. Probably the greatest actress of them all.'

Mordaunt-an old friend held to long absences by that diplomatic service of which he is a junior ornament-had accompanied me back to my rooms after the theater. We had been talking of the great actresses one or the other of us had seen—Eleanora Duse, Sarah Bernhardt, Mary Anderson, Ellen Terry; and of those we'd have liked to have seen-Adrienne Lécouvreur, Mrs. Siddons, Rachel and others. And then I had remembered Eulalie Délibes.

"What's become of her?" I remarked as I rose to mix another

couple of whiskies and sodas. "Say 'when.' " He said it. "She seems to have disappeared completely. But I don't recall seeing any notice of her death."

Mordaunt picked up his glass and sipped at it.
"No. I don't think she's dead," he replied, again with that peculiar suggestion of hesitancy in his tone. But he met my inquiring glance with a perfectly stolid face.

"Did you ever see her act?"
"Many times." He replaced his glass upon the table. "And" -he hesitated again-"the last drama I saw her in was without any footlights—was unrehearsed. I'm not likely to forget it."
"Fire away," I said. Mordaunt's most interesting experiences

always have to be corkscrewed out of him. "The night is still

"It isn't. It is damnably far advanced. But since I don't



feel inclined to spoil your very excellent cigar by taking it out of doors—" He smiled at me. "Quite. The least you can do is to make your company tol-

"Quite. The least you can do is to make your company tolerable to me for the next half-hour," I returned. "Get on with the yarn."

I T was just after she had seceded from the Comédie Française (Mordaunt began). You remember the fuss there was over that? And she had brought her own company to Rome for the season.

There she had an immense success. Rome went wild over her. And it was no wonder. It was not merely that her acting was a miracle of fine art—and she could play everything, from the fresh girlishness of a Molière heroine to the sensuous Byzantine magnificence of Sardou's Theodora, while her Phèdre gave you the feeling that you understood tragedy for the first time, left you lifted and purged by an ecstasy of sublime emotion; her personality was a miracle also. That is the only word

for it. It was unique in its power, in the magic spell it cast over you. She seemed not a woman but a goddess, a goddess whose being was derived from spheres beyond human attainment, a goddess who made you realize human futility. I can't express it. And beautiful! I don't know if Helen of Troy and Cleopatra were as beautiful as we imagine them, but hers was a revelation of beauty beyond imagining, a beauty that was incomparable because there was no other living woman who might be compared with her. When she came upon the stage, the audience was gripped in a peculiar hush—a hush of awe. When the curtain went down upon the last act, it was a riot. She was marvelous!

That was only one side of her life, of course—the side behind the footlights. After the performance, there was a string of extravagantly luxurious motorcars at the stage-door—most exalted personages—I wont mention names. The doorkeeper made a fortune. I—er—succumbed like the rest.

Desmarets of the French Embassy introduced me. I couldn't



compete, of course. Apart from all the exalted personages, there was a billionaire French sugar-refiner, Lenormand. He was a gross creature, at once stupid and cunning-and he was completely bewitched. He held a precarious priority in her affections by the simple expedient of outbribing everyone else. It was whispered that he had already spent millions on her, and he was quite obviously in the act of flinging away all the millions that remained to him. He didn't care. The only use he had for money was to purchase a smile from Eulalie.

(Mordaunt paused, then with a little sigh went on:)

I'm afraid we were all much in the same boat. I managed to spend three years' income in three weeks, all on the merest trifles for her-and all I received in exchange was the privilege of kissing her finger-tips-and of course a smile that made one's head dizzy. It seemed quite natural at the time. She was a goddess and all the wealth of the world was hers by right. She was Eulalie Délibes, the unique.

(Mordaunt sighed again, and gazed across my room as though

seeing her now in the smoke-wreaths that drifted in the

No. That's only the prologue. The drama-and it was something of a drama-is yet to come. I went, of course, religiously to every performance at which she appeared, and presently I became aware that the next box to mine contained a worshiper as assiduous as myself. He was an old man, but tall and straight, with a great aquiline nose, and thin tight lips above a little tuft

of pointed white beard-a head of subtle power, such a head as Bellini painted in the portraiture of pope or cardinal. He was, very vividly, an aristocrat of the genuine antique brand, consciously of a superior stuff to common mortals.

One evening I asked Antonetti-the wild-blood son of the Mar-

chese Antonetti, and another of the faithful—who he was.
"That's the Duca di San Durato," replied Antonetti. "Cold bird." Antonetti was proud of his idiomatic English. " like a hermit at his castle up in the Alban Mountains. His family claims descent from ancient Roman times. He's fabulously rich. Keep your eye on him. The Délibes has heard that he comes regularly to see her,-she hears everything, you know,-and she is wild to get an opportunity to smile at him. If she does," Antonetti laughed, "then the only thing for poor Lenormand to do is to shoot himself."

I was personally quite callous to any imaginable tragic end for the insufferable Lenormand, but I was extremely interested in the possibility of so formidable a newcomer among our little mob of



"I mean, madame, that-unless I am incorrectly informed-you are the wife, or rather

rival wooers-not that I personally ever had any chance, of course. I was merely an unnoticed doormat for the divine Eulalie to wipe her exquisite feet on. Still, (he sighed a little) I suppose I clung to some absurd fairy-story hope—just as I knew Antonetti, for all his cynicism, did himself. And Antonetti's phrase "fabulously rich" rang with disagreeable persistence in my ears. If Eulalie were already wild to bewitch him—
"Has he a wife?" I asked.
"No," said Antonetti, who knew everybody and everything.

"She died a couple of years ago. Ever since then, the old hawk has lived shut up in his castle on the mountains. Now, I suppose, this is the reaction. Heaven knows what follies he will commit

if our divine Eulalie gets hold of him!"

I glanced again at the old man leaning over the edge of his box, his opera-glasses in his hand, plainly waiting for Eulalie to come again upon the stage, and his grimly proud countenance did not look at all like that of one who committed follies. Still, one never knew. He would not be the first duke to marry an actress. And with Eulalie everything was possible-St. Anthony himself would have put home and hand at her disposal, and been brusquely refused, for Anthony, I believe, was a poor man except in his powers of imagination. Would Eulalie be content to extinguish her divine self as the Duchessa di San Durato? It would be a crime. I fervently hoped that this fabulously rich old aristocrat's intentions-if he had any-were thoroughly dishonorable.

It was perhaps a week later, a Sunday night, when he took the decisive step on which several of our young bloods had been betting, pro and con. The play had terminated in the usual frenzy

b a a ti si ti ti

of applause.

Afterward I went round, as I usually did, to the salotto attached to Eulalie's dressing-room. Only the more humble of her devotees happened to be present: Lenormand, fat, cunning, anxiously the proprietor, gloating and yet scarcely daring to gloat over our hopeless rivalry, for there was after all no certainty that Eulalie might not have a whim to reverse the rôles of King Cophetua and the beggar maid; Voltarini, one of the numberless Venetian Voltarini, who could never forgive himself for having previously ruined himself over a Russian ballet-dancer when he would so much have preferred to ruin himself for Eulalie; Desmarets; Antonetti; young Villiers; and myself. And like a goddess, so beautiful that it caught your breath to look at her, Eulalie sat and smiled at our enthusiastic flatteries. She had played the part of an empress that night, and she was still in her costume, a costume that flashed and dazzled with precious stonesall genuine. Our Eulalie prided herself on never wearing imitations, even upon the stage—it was one of her pretty little caprices. She was wearing, on a moderate computation, three of M. Lenormand's great sugar-refineries as well as the entire estates of a certain Russian grand duke. Carelessly tossed on a table beside her was the heap of magnificent bouquets that had been handed



the widow, of that Marchese di Marignano whose name you so vaguely remember."

across to her. Adjacent to them was the smaller heap we had ourselves presented—rather special ones, ours, for each of them was fastened, not with the usual wire, but with bracelets of brilliants or pearls. That was one of our trifling little extravagances for our goddess. She loved gems—any gems—greedily, and it was worth half a year's income to hear her little exclamation of delight—even if one knew, as we did know, that on second thoughts she did not consider this small stuff worth keeping, and at stated intervals turned it into good negotiable securities. One does not expect a goddess to behave like a model of the domestic virtues.

In fact, the domestic virtues were unimaginable as she sat there, a miracle of fair-haired beauty under the flashing diamonds of her tiara, her great blue-gray eyes troubling your soul to the depths when they turned toward you, her mouth making you dizzy in the thought of a kiss from it. All that was imaginable was one supreme moment of divine ecstasy—though purchased of necessity with the whole of one's possessions—and then, the world well lost. None of us, I may say, was so absurd as to expect a genuine sentiment of love from her. Goddesses cannot be expected to love insignificant mortals such as we—a momentary and benevolent caprice was the limit of our dreams.

Her vivid presence held us as by a magnet, and her light musical laugh—she was in a good mood that evening—was a champagnelike intoxication as we rivaled each other in neatly turned but ardent compliments upon her acting and herself. Behind us, old Lenormand glowered and bit his finger-nails. He was the son of a peasant, and he had no knack of saying pretty things. He kept his eloquence with his bankers. And Eulalie tortured him heartlessly by pretending to listen to us, by giving us each one in turn a melting glance from her wonderful long-lashed eyes that seemed to promise heaven—some day. In the middle of this pleasant trifling there was a tap at the door.

I think Eulalie guessed who sought admission. Perhaps she had herself discreetly arranged the affair—she was capable of it. Anyway, there was an unusual note of impatience in her voice as she repeated, at the second knock: "Entrez—mais entrez donc!"

The door opened, and revealed the manager of the theater. Behind him stood, tall, white-haired, grim and subtle, the Duca di San Durato, the blue sash of an order across his shirt-front. I thought I saw a peculiar flash of triumph in Eulalie's eyes as the pair came forward. It was gone in an instant. She sat quietly composed, a vision of more than human loveliness, with the dignity of an empress in her gorgeousness of precious stones. The manager effected the introduction. The Duke spoke in perfect French, with the manner of a grand seigneur.

"Madame, it has latterly been the desire of my life to make your acquaintance."

He bowed charmingly if a little stiffly, and lifted to his lips the finger-tips of the hand she extended. (Continued on page 126) WHILE you are reading this richly colored novel by Mr. Burt, the author, with his wife Katharine Newlin Burt, herself a novelist and playwright, and their children, is motoring leisurely through France and England. Small wonder that the schools wherein is given instruction in the principles of fiction are crowded to the doors!

The Delectable Mountain

Struthers Burt

Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

The Story So Far:

CONSIDER this strange so-modern romance of a ranchman and a chorus girl: of Stephen Londreth, born of the wealthy old Philadelphia Londreths, who had fled a narrow life of old-family conventions for the solitude and freedom of a Wyoming ranch. When his sister Molly, who had made a failure of one marriage, wished to marry a very decent French nobleman and asked her family for the conventional European dot, and was refused, Stephen journeyed back to Philadelphia in an endeavor to straighten the matter out. And on that trip, at the home of his old friend and instructor the critic Vizatelly, Stephen encountered Mercedes Garcia.

Mercedes was the daughter of a janitor and odd-job man who had lived up to his name of Wiggins except when he married the daughter of a Spanish fruit-merchant named Garcia. The Spanish girl had become a Wiggins too; but the daughter Mercedes had eventually fled the janitorial ménage; and possessing much beauty and some brains had achieved place in a New York chorus. She lived with a sister chorister—and had learned how to send men about their business. (The story continues in detail:)

STEPHEN and Vizatelly in ordinary evening dress—they had gone back to Vizatelly's apartment and changed their dinner-jackets for long tails—stood at the top of a gorgeous flight of imitation marble steps and looked down upon an imitation Louis XIV foyer—a foyer that would have pleased that pretentious monarch greatly. The foyer was crowded with men and women in fancy costume, all of them talking at the top of their voices, most of them excited because for a moment they had laid aside their ordinary appearances and selves—those dull selves that are exciting only to others. Into the foyer opened a huge glass door, the wings pushed back, and through this came and went a constant procession of figures grotesque or magnificent. Above and around these, borne upon a great steady wave of noise and perfume and warmth, hummed the rhythm of an orchestra.

Copyright, 1926, by The Consolidated Magazines Corp

a nice way to treat
Harry, here."

"Where you been?

demanded the young lady sharply. "That's

Vizatelly, a resplendent bursting creature in his dress-clothes, something about his huge head like an illuminated pumpkin on Hallowe'en, surveyed the scene critically.

"My fellow-craftsmen in herds always lower my spirits," he announced thoughtfully. "I was talking to my dentist the other day and he says it's the same way with dentists. Anything undiluted, I suppose. . . Look, Stephen, you are gazing upon the leaders of artistic thought in this great metropolis—and God knows that isn't much. If I were a young writer, I'd stick to Missouri or Arkansas, or where I belonged. That's the only way big stuff is done. Come along. I'll introduce you to some of the wrecks that were once promising men and women."

He descended the stairs like a big-breasted galleon, Stephen,

He descended the stairs like a big-breasted galleon, Stephen, lean and tall, following like a captured corsair, and in a moment they were in the thick of the crowd. Stephen was glad he was almost six feet in length, for there was a suffocating sense of bodies, of white exposed arms and necks, of grease-paint, of the hot fuzzy smell of brocades and velvets and satins, of the sharp acrid smell of silks. Almost as bad as the army, as the first day in a big town, this jostling, this unthinking, undesired contact, this pressure of personalities desperately alive to themselves oration (The Bod Book Magazino). All rights reserved.



thin and determined. The music came in gusts like wind above surf. There was a crackling brilliance of electric lights shining from behind ropes of smilax or bowers of roses, an overpowering smell of flowers and plants and scented powders. "Do—do you know," said Stephen absent-mindedly, "crowds make me sick nowadays? I wonder wh-why that is? Even a gay well-fed crowd like this. I've felt that more especially since the war. A sort of nausea."
"Exactly," agreed Vizatelly. "But you're not the only one who

"Exactly," agreed Vizatelly. "But you're not the only one who feels that way. Lots of people do. It may be a sickness or it may be the salvation of the world. Hello—there's Mercedes."

In the revolving mass before them, a girl dressed as a clown, her small body incased in white satin marked with great round spots of black, a black ruff around her neck, a peaked hat of

and blind to others. Vizatelly was very popular. Men clapped him on the back; women touched him with flowers or fans. A Pierrette, trying to wriggle through the throng, fell into Stephen's arms and lay there a moment, laughing and looking up at him. Back of her was an absurd little man dressed in skins, his sensitive small face ornamented with a pince-nez, peering out from under a wolf's head. He greeted Vizatelly with what exuberance the close quarters permitted.

"S'death!" exclaimed Vizatelly, starting back in horror. "And what are you?"

The little man was quite grave. "A Goth," he announced.
"That small sad-faced thing is a leading humorist," explained
Vizatelly, without pausing in his unhurried inevitable progress.

By now he and Stephen had entered the door to the ballroom and were standing in the comparative emptiness of a corridor formed of palms, where couples sat in chairs or on benches, and where, just beyond the broad green leaves, the great brilliant kaleidoscope swam past. Colors met, formed patterns and dissolved. Faces alert and laughing, or languid, or mysteri-ously illumined, swept into view. were seen for a moment, and then lost, the women's eyes big and bright, the men's mouths

white felt on her head, but her face unpainted save for the cruel scarlet of her lips, had stopped dancing at sight of them, leaving a bewildered partner to be jostled by the surrounding crowd-a partner who began to resemble a half-submerged bottle at the The partner was a hollow-chested tall young mercy of waves. man whose sleek light hair, staring eyes and receding chin looked odd above the swaggering green velvet of a Genoese costume. He watched the faithless clown for an angry and undecided moment, and then threw back his shoulders and walked vaguely

MERCEDES, close to Stephen and Vizatelly by this time, announced her judgment. "Tight," said the cruel scarlet lips. "Who is your charming friend?" asked Vizatelly.

"Cake-eater. One of Hazel's third best. What should I care?

He's no friend of mine.

Vizatelly grinned. "I see," he commented, "that you are in he of your ordinary sweet tempers, darling. And it has made one of your ordinary sweet tempers, darling. you more voluble than usual, hasn't it? That's a nice costume you have on. It's not original, but it's becoming, and the most

decent one I've seen yet."

"Showing my legs is no treat to me," observed the cruel lips shortly. Their owner looked from Stephen to Vizatelly. "Anyone want to dance?" The blue wide eyes crept up Vizatelly's huge frame to his smiling mouth and suddenly flashed with a new anger. "Don't you laugh at his, to dance. Will you, or wont you?"
"Wont," decided Vizatelly cheerfully.
"You?" "Don't you laugh at me, you big oof! I asked you

Stephen, his chin sunk between the wings of his collar, his green eyes vastly amused, started, nodded, and took his hands

out of his pockets.

The girl seized one of them and drew Stephen into the tangled weaving of the devotees. Impersonally, as if he was merely the necessary machinery for expressing a desire on her part, she arranged her arm and his to suit her, and swayed into the rhythm of the fox-trot.

After a while she said: "Your coat smells nice and clean after all these fancy costumes. That nitwit's velvet rubbed my nose."
"Ga-gasoline," suggested Stephen. "I've just had this suit.

cleaned. I haven't had it on since last winter in California. They danced a few moments in silence. Suddenly Mercedes said:

"Why do men always laugh when girls are mad?

"Viz-Vizatelly always laughs, and I o-only laughed with pleasure to see you show some emotion. . . . I didn't think you had any. Besides, I usually laugh when people are angry. It's funny.

Don't you ever get mad?"

"Yes, but only about once every three years. . . . Then it

leaves me sick for a couple of days.

"Gee, but you're a big strong man, aren't you? Fierce."

Stephen Lalf paused. "Don't y-you be funny," he advised,
"or I'll leave you in the middle of the floor the way you left that green fellow. I'm no New Yorker. When you ask me direct questions, I answer them directly."

'Do you? Go on. Keep dancing."

Stephen was not a practiced dancer, but he had the thin legs and thin hips and sense of time of a rider, and he found this girl singularly easy to dance with. Beneath his hand, against his body, her litheness rippled in response to his every intention.

Y-you're strong," he said, "aren't you?"

"Am I?"

"Yes; and unlike most professional dancers, you dance well ordinarily."

You've heard it twice already."

"Have I' With the Common Common

"Have I? Where do you come from?" "Philadelphia originally-Wyoming now." "Where's that?"

"Don't be silly. You know perfectly well."

"No, I don't. I know it's a State, and I know it's out West, but I don't know where it is. What's it like?"

"Mou-mountains, where I live. Big snow-capped mountains." "Mountains—" She looked away speculatively. "I think I'd like mountains. I've never seen any. I like the ocean. Animals too?

"Lots of them."

She sighed.

"Hazel hates them. I can't even keep a dog. Did you ever hear of the Bronx Zoo?"

Stephen laughed. "It's my favorite resort when I'm in New

He felt a little movement run along her arm.

"You go there often?"

"Whenever I get a chance. I was there yesterday afternoon."
"You were? Thunder!" Stephen felt a quickening of inter-"You were? "You're the first actress I've ever met who'd rather talk about animals than herself. And I've met lots of them-actresses.

"I'm not an actress."

"Ju-just four months ago," began Stephen drowsily, "I stalked up the wind into a bunch of elk. I was within five yards of some of them. I wasn't shooting; I didn't want to hurt any of them. It was the stillest sunniest day I've ever seen—still as water in a bowl.

A hand reached out and caught the girl's shoulder. It seemed to Stephen that the music broke upon him again with renewed loudness. He stopped. A tall, very lovely, very flamboyant young lady with red hair, clad in a bronze-sequined dress supposed to be Persian, the sheerness of which was startlingly generous to anyone who cared to look, was beside them; and back of the young lady, peering gloomily over her shoulder, was the youthful gentleman of the receding chin and the green Genoese costume.

"I'll have trouble with that fellow," thought Stephen to himself, "if I see too damned much of him."

"Where you been?" demanded the young lady sharply. "That's a nice way to treat Harry, here. That your idea of a party?

Stephen's companion seemed to be meditating a sharp retort, but instead allowed the disinterested, languidly insolent expression she ordinarily wore to drop down over her face. "Who's Harry?" she asked.

"Don't be silly—Harry. Harry, here."
"Harry's nothing in my life. Can't I dance with anyone else?" "Not all night.

"Who's been dancing all night?"

"You have. Well, come along, anyhow. We're going to get

supper."

The girl looked up at Stephen, the blue eyes smiling provocatively. "Dance with me again?" she asked. "All right." And then, in a clear loud voice that all could hear, "—when I've poisoned Harry.'

Chapter Six

VIZATELLY had collected a heterogeneous party for supper: an aged authoress disguised as Catherine of Russia-an inappropriate disguise, considering the wearer's blameless life and books; a playwright who was pleasant and witty but who seldom heard the wit of others, a trait not unknown amongst playwrights; a younger authoress whose blonde stern good looks concealed a heart equally stern, and who, gossip said, supported a worthless husband sternly adored; and an illustrator, or rather illustratress, for it was a lady, whose cover-designs of babies in every sort of snarled discomfort were the delight of editors who went home and beat their own children.

Everyone except the aged authoress, who made no concealment of the fact, and Stephen and Vizatelly, were graciously pretend-ing they were not famous. At various other small tables six or

seven hundred people were doing the same.

The aged authoress arose, and without asking anyone's permission, leaned over and extinguished the two candles under their shades of silver filigree work. The consequent darkness was slightly melancholy. "There," she said, sitting down again and sighing contentedly, "that's better. I always blow out candles. I think we've all reached the age where we prefer them that way, haven't we?

The two other women showed symptoms of annoyance.

Stephen turned to the blonde stern authoress on his right. His first glimpse of the illustratress had been too disheartening. Undoubtedly she was the kinder of the two, but it was a kindness he could not bear to encourage. Her fat, silly, complacent face was modeled on the lines of one of her own imaginary infants, but lacking the grave dignity of infancy unpricked by pins.

He and the blonde authoress, however, did not get on well to-gether. They did not get on well at all. She did not seem to like Stephen's simple, cordial, broken but fundamentally intelli-gent and intellectually curious method of conversation. Stephen felt that she regarded him as an impetuous, savage child, one of those things that in a better regulated world would be exposed to die on mountain-tops-a world run by stern blonde women who killed all but superbrilliant males, although here and there, as in



"I don't believe you understand me," he stuttered. "I'm d-doing my best to ask you to marry me."

the present instance, unknown to the rest of the sisterhood, would be a few wretched creatures hidden away in caves and kept as pets.

He was glad when supper was over and Catherine of Russia announced the fact by rising and saying: "Let's get back to the ballroom. I've had all I want to eat."

The playwright breathed piously through his nose. "Thank God, then," he observed, "you will be spared another day to write another book."

His victim narrowed her eyelids. "Your wit doesn't improve as you grow older, does it?" she decided. "I thought you were failing when I saw your last play." She moved off, followed by the blonde authoress, who had given Stephen but the scantiest good-by.

"Now," said the playwright, "we can have a good time." He moved to the other side of the painter of babies. "I like illustrators best, anyhow."

"Does oo?"

Vizatelly, left to himself, across the table, ate Catherine of Russia's untouched ice, sighed contentedly, lit a cigarette and finished a small cup of coffee. "There's compensation in everything, Stephen," he remarked. "Wait for me a moment, will you? I want to see a man over there."

He made his ponderous way across the room until he was lost in the maze of tables and lights. The illustratress and the playwright were engrossed in each other. Stephen felt sleepy and dry-throated, as he always did at the end of a party. He turned his head at a sound back of him.

his head at a sound back of him.

"Well, Charles," the girl he had been dancing with an hour before was asking in her soft, rather breathless voice, "may I sit down?"

"All the world's fu-nny tonight, isn't it?" said Stephen, half rising. "My name's Stephen."

"You mustn't mind my girlish fun."
She pulled out the chair Vizatelly had left vacant, and sinking

into it, leaned her elbows on the table and reached out a languid hand for a cigarette from the open box in front of her.

"Tired?"

Stephen smiled. "Bo-bored and sleepy."

"So am I. I'm getting kind of scared about myself. I think I must be sick. I didn't use to be this way."

She smiled brilliantly as if to deny her own statement.

"Per-perhaps you're just growing up. You've escaped from Harry again?"

"That nut!"

The other languid hand removed from its socket a candle the playwright had relit sometime earlier, and the girl lowered her face above the shade. Stephen saw the back of a head with boyishly cut hair and a hint of a slender neck.

The candle was returned to its socket, and the girl sat erect, inhaling thoughtfully. "Gee," she said, "you and me—I mean, I—we're cheerful guys, aren't we?"

Stephen, leaning back in his chair, one arm out along the table, studied Ler with minute attention. He saw a girl with black curly bobbed hair, clearly outlined dark eyebrows, dark blue eyes, a short nose, sensitive and intelligent, somewhat prominent cheek-bones, a faint touch of color on them, and an oval face that fell away to a delicately modeled chin. Covering the nose and cheek-bones and chin was a skin soft and clear, on whose whiteness, on either side of the bridge of the nose, were a few evenly spaced freckles. The mouth, under its burden of lip-stick, was thin and curved, the upper lip a trifle fuller than the lower, giving a suspicion of temper, and the corners accentuated so that there were shadows suggesting thoughtfulness. blue eyes, when they were not excessively grave or preoccupied, lifted with a dancing, mocking humor.

"Appealing," thought Stephen. "I'd hate to have her angry with me. I'd hate to see her cry, too. If she only wouldn't talk! Or talk plainly—not that damned lingo. If she'd only drop that guard of hers—"

And then he stopped, his thoughts suddenly confused, for the girl, as if she had completely forgotten his presence, was staring absent-mindedly through him, and on his part, he was looking into a pair of eyes that, momentarily devoid of all self-consciousness, were so wide, so terribly defenseless, that they seemed to encompass him, shutting out all else and forming a corridor straight down into another's personality. Very seldom does this happen; there are too many veils, too few moments when people are not aware of themselves; and when it does happen, it is an extraordinary and alarming event. Pitiful—all eyes really seen are pitiful; beautiful, for most eyes really seen are beautiful.

Stephen fe't himself hypnotized by the translucent layers of blue that formed the irises, the small multicolored brilliant rays that shot through them, the little baffling opening of the pupil, where, as if beyond moted sunlight at first dazzling but transparent to the accustomed eye, was dimness on dimness until one suspected a mystery so infinite in its smallness that it touched a mystery gigantic 'n its bigness. Stephen sighed, and abruptly the spell was broken. Self-consciousness crept back where none had been, and the girl's rapt, absorbed gaze took note of Stephen's inspection and narrowed uneasily and slid past. Stephen saw once more a pretty, slightly impertinent-looking child with bobbed hair.

On her part, Mercedes, in that moment, had also been acutely aware of another person's appearance. With a new distinctness she had seen a long brown face with a straight, humorous mouth, lean, freshly colored cheeks under their sunburn, with wrinkles coming down on either side of the nose, smooth, short chestnut hair brushed back, and a pair of eyes, sometimes hazel, sometimes green, and by no means as cold as she had at first thought them. . . . Not cold enough, she decided—at least, not just then. A vivid, interested face.

She made an effort and spoke with drawling insolence, tapping the ash of her cigarette on the edge of a glass.



"I hope you'll know me the next time you see me—George."
Stephen was astonished at the snarling vehemence of his reply.

He leaned across the table.

"For—for God's sake," he demanded, "can't you talk like a human being? You did when I danced with you. My name isn't

The girl drew back. "If you don't like—" she began sharply, and then her eyelids fell. "Oh, well—I'm sorry. I wont do it again. Why is George such a bad name,"—her lips twisted mischievously,—"Charles?"



But the latter mood was only temporary, for the shadows at the corners of her mouth deepened, and she looked tired and discouraged.

Stephen was contrite. "I—I'm sorry, too," he stammered. "I'd no business—" He paused and sat back in his chair, depressed by the frequency with which people misunderstood each other, with the impossibility, considering his background and hers, of ever reaching any degree of friendship with this girl whom already he found himself liking. His eyes sought the other end of the room and lost themselves in the haze of innumerable candles. The fingers of one outspread hand drummed softly on the table.

He looked at the girl again. She had not changed her position and she had again apparently forgotten his presence. He wondered what she was thinking about. The round, still childish chin was sunk upon the wide black ruff of tulle. Moths,

chance of touching their minds or spirits, for there was no mind or spirit to touch. Little soft moths with hard and brittle wings. No possible contact, except physically. Something like the scampering feet of a mouse, startling and staccato, seemed to run across Stephen's heart and be gone. Physically! hadn't thought of that. As a matter of fact, he approached women less that way than most men. He approached them too seldom that way for his own popularity, especially women like this girl. They expected the excitement of such an approach, and they were disappointed at its ab-Well, they sence. would have to get on without it where he was concerned. He hadn't the time or the taste for philandering, not that sort of disposition. With him, gestures meant everything, or else he did not make them. His green eyes narrowed. He had been staring unchecked at this girl too long. Her face would be too clear a part of his memories. The freckles on either side of the small nose seemed to him suddenly in timate and close, delicate blotches he had always known and pos-

girls like these. A brief fluttering in the incandescence, and then blackness. They thought about nothing. There was no

sessed; he felt as if he had already kissed, sharply and cruelly, the thin scarlet mouth.

Once more the scampering feet of the mouse made themselves felt, but this time they did not vanish. Why not, Stephen asked himself. He was a mature man, entirely alone in the world—and more, a mature man tired of most of the people he knew. He would never marry. Joan, Molly, his mother—the women of his own class, never. It was too difficult finding the right one, and probably you wouldn't want her when you found her. The women out in the country where he lived? Just as bad. Give them a little money, and their one desire was for cities. Besides, they talked. He wanted some one who would ask no questions and expect none in return. Some one with a slight knowledge of life and perhaps a trifle conquered by it, enough conquered, at all events, to keep quiet.

But some one it would have to be. For a long while now he had known half-consciously that he would have to have some sort of woman more or less permanently in his life, a woman to think about—different from the casual and spasmodic adventures of his youth-even if he only saw this woman on occasions. But they could be long occasions. He was back this time for three months or so, and his ranches nowadays almost ran themselves.

And why not this girl? Probably she was accustomed to such arrangements, even if she had never made one herself. He could make her fairly happy, look after her, help her. He would be kinder to her than most men, and all without the tiresome entanglements of marriage-absurd even to contemplate in this case, anyhow. And beneath her ragged slang, this girl was sweeter than anyone he had met in ages. Why not?

A SHIVER of resolution ran through him, a cold excitement of dominance and conquest. He did not know of how many elements this was compounded: of loneliness, of desire long balked, of the cruelty of class traditions, of hurt feelings at a present lack of attention, of the misty ghosts that inhabited his father's house he had just left. Very greatly the last-ghosts that had disgusted and wounded him in the conversation about Molly, ghosts that all his life had made him feel young and incompetent, ghosts that had always-almost always-turned him aside from the hot and impetuous and sizable moment. He would show them. He would make this girl notice him poignantly, even if she cried about it afterward; he would show the blood in his veins whether it could continue to force him to stammer and hesitate before anything crucial. And some intuition told him that this girl would listen without anger to anything he might propose.

He raised his head with the relief of a decision made, and

leaned across the table.

"Mercedes—that's your name, isn't it?" He was calm, but underneath this calmness he was trembling. He was not accomplished at this sort of thing.

"Yes-that's my name."

She looked up, surprised. He took her hand deliberately. What an astonishingly small hand it was, so delicately fingered for a person apparently so self-reliant. Also it was cold.

"I—I'm stupid at this business." Half of his mind was still thinking about the hand. "I—I don't know where to begin."

"Begin what?"

"Begin— Let me take you home now, will you? I want to talk to you. I—I want— Mercedes, look at me."

The hand stirred restlessly in his.

He was looking directly into her eyes again, and this time he saw no lack of self in their depths, rather a self that seemed collecting itself from vague and scattered sources, to concentrate, startled and alarmed, into a small and naked and shivering figure. He hesitated, suddenly sick. But he would go through with it. He wouldn't stop now.

HE cut short the twisted facetious sentence the red lips were trying to form to protect themselves. "It's you I want," he finished breathlessly. "That's what I'm trying to say.

The hand moved convulsively and then lay still as if with some sort of weary surrender.

"Now?

"Yes."

"Because you really like me?"

"For long?"

"As long as you want."

Her averted eyes were covered by her long lashes. She raised them suddenly.

"All right. . . . You- Yes. . . . All right."

Her eyes were staring at him speculatively.

"There's not much sense to things."

Something seemed to fall away from Stephen as if a heavy cloak had dropped from his shoulders, leaving him sensitive to unseen drafts; as if, the fierce surging in his veins having ebbed, they had been left empty. He felt diminished. Somewhere in his subconsciousness there was a vague unrest, a sorrow not unfamiliar to him that, had he analyzed it, he would have discovered was a vague sorrow for humanity in general. He remembered these symptoms from previous occasions, but under different circumstances and with less excuse. He had never got the better of anyone without feeling this sense of loss. At the last moment victory, unshared, always seemed to him not orth while. But he would go on with it. He would not stop now. "You care for me a little, don't you?" he asked, his tongue

dry in his mouth.

He waited a moment. "Shall we go?"

"All right."

She threw back her head and smiled at him, but back of her smile he could see nothing except a dumb and dogged sort

of acquiescence.

The lights swam in Stephen's brain. He felt his heart leap with a great thud-there were no scampering feet of mice now; and when he spoke, his lips twisted themselves in an effort toward precision, his voice sounding to him like the voice of some one else.

"I don-don't believe you understand me," he stuttered. "I'm

d-doing my best to ask you to marry me.'

It seemed to him that the lights wavered and broke into a shiver of incredulous laughter, in which, framed by this impossible combination of sight and sound, the face of Mercedes. white and immobile, stared at him.

Chapter Seven

STEPHEN set out in a roundabout way for Panama and "Mexico probably" the next day, much to the astonishment of Vizatelly, who, although he disapproved of Stephen's intention regarding Mercedes and had spent the small hours of the night telling Stephen so, none the less could not associate this trip with romance. But despite years of intimacy, Vizatelly did not know Stephen completely. The combination of rashness and wariness that was Stephen invariably liked to stand off for a while and have a look at the rashness begun. Then, if everything was all right,-or not too bad,-the original impulse toward audacity, reinforced by any number of cool conclusions, was put through with a calm convinced obstinacy. times made Stephen a dangerous man. In his fighting youth, whenever it had been possible, he had always hit a man the third day or so after he had become angry with him.

A complex psychological process to describe, but a fairly simple and not uncommon one in reality. Stephen was entirely capable of throwing his cap over the mill, but before he went any farther, he was always impelled to go around and have a look at the place where the cap had fallen. One is never quite sure, with men of this kind, whether a particular rashness is a deliberate attempt to overcome prudence, or subsequent prudence is a deliber-

ate attempt to make up for rashness.

And so Stephen's half-formed intention to go to Panama and "probably Mexico" had suddenly seemed to him the happiest solution possible. His departure had not been a flight but a

retreat in order-a strategic retreat.

Mercedes, far uptown, sound asleep in her little brass-trimmed bed, was unaware that the nine o'clock train to Philadelphia was carrying away a young man who, despite his astonishing and somewhat annoying calm of the night before, was now in the throes of a curious mixture of desire, joy and perturbation. For one thing, she had no conception of what her final kiss, her only kiss, had accomplished. For another, it would never have occurred to her that this impeccable, sunburned, apparently hard and cynical, somewhat frightening person named Stephen, could by any manner of means be afraid of her or find himself in any state of overexcitement. Her main impression was of a pair of amused green eyes.

She was quite wrong, for this person named Stephen was discovering himself in a more difficult situation than any he had ever been in before, and he had been in some none too easy. The situation was one that would have been handled with comparative ease by most of his ancestors, who had merely to call upon certain dogmas to tell them what to do; but Stephen was his ancestors minus dogma. Stephen, subconsciously, and sometimes consciously, envied his ancestors. Here is what any one of them would have done in the present instance: A man of good birth, with a fortune, had had the misfortune to fall in love with a chorus girl-well, not altogether in love, perhaps, (to some extent a trick had been played upon him by his sense of decency), but enough in love so that for a while he could think of nothing else. Good—entirely simple. Two things to do: go away and forget the girl, or else make her your mistress. The 'seventies, the 'eighties, the 'nineties of the last century, and even the early nineteen hun- (Continued on page 148) She was making acquaintances more wildly than ever, "He's a gigolo," the aunt said.

Illustrated by Lester Ralph

Grandma
and the
igolo

By Homer Croy

WHEN Homer Croy had finished "West of the Water Tower,"—published anonymously but later disclosed to have been written by him,—he fled to the Riviera, and there, with E. Phillips Oppenheim, was initiated into the hectic life of Monte Carlo. He managed to escape with this story.

GRANDMA took a last look about her room in Ed's—her sonin-law's—house, and trembled at the immensity and daredeviltry of the thought which had laid hold of her. Going to the chiffonier, she reached back into its orderly depths (Grandma could not keep a chiffonier in any other condition) and pulled out a pearl-handled pistol and looked at it with longing, eager, excited eyes.

She had won it in a raffle during the war, but Norman—another son-in-law, with whom she had been living at the time—had told her that she must not carry it. (Somebody was always telling Grandma that she must not do something.) Often she had taken the beautiful object out and looked at its shining barrel and glistening, graceful handle; but yielding to the will of some one else, she had never carried it. Grandma had never had much excitement in her life, and often she had yearned for the

thrill of feeling that she was doing something daring. She stood for a moment holding the fascinating piece, her heart fluttering, her hand trembling, and with a sudden, determined movement she thrust it into the bag that Alice, her daughter-in-law, had given her, and then left the room quickly. It was a tremendous thing, a mighty thing—in fact, a turning-point; and not a soul in all the house suspected that anything unusual had happened to Grandma.

Grandma Ives was sixty-two years old, but she didn't look it. In spite of the large family she had presented to the world, she appeared remarkably young. Sometimes one of her daughters, or one of her daughters-in-law, said that she didn't have a gray hair in her head. But Grandma only smiled, because her eyes were as good as anybody's.

Grandma (everybody called her Grandma) had married at nineteen and had at once been plunged into housekeeping and into a round of fighting croup, whooping cough, measles, mumps and the million plagues that the devils of childhood have let loose upon an ill-conditioned world. And these half-dozen children had married, with the facility and promptness that characterizes some families, and one and all had started in to do something for the census on their own account. Grandma's husband had died long ago, and for years Grandma had lived with first one son-in-law and then with another, year in and year out. She was supposed merely to "visit." but in reality she knitted and darned—as they knew she would—and helped discipline the children. Grandma had to see that her granddaughters didn't stay out late, that they went to the dances with the right kind of young men, that they

didn't sit in cars parked along the roadside at night, and so on. This was because Grandma was sweet and patient, they said, and had never had a bad thought in her life. Grandma had always been so good. It was inconceivable that she should be anything else. She had been like that for three generations.

But it simply shows how little people really know about each other, because not one of the daughters or daughters-in-law knew what was going on in Grandma's mind. They knew that she was going to Paris-that was all. And it had come as a great shock to them. Why, Grandma never went anywhere-except to Ed's or Alice's or Paul's. And then all of a sudden out of a clear sky, Grandma had said that she was going abroad. If a stroke of lightning had knocked over the chimney, they wouldn't have been more surprised. Most of the daughters and daughters-in-law had been to Europe, but Grandma had never been any farther than Orient Point. They wanted to know which one should take her, and the lightning knocked down another chimney-Grandma said that she was going alone.

WHAT was really at the bottom of it was that Grandma want-VV ed to have a good time for once in her life. She was tired of rescuing people from what they shouldn't do. Not two months ago she had found her granddaughter, without her corsets, starting to a dance with a wild young man, and in the most kind and friendly way in the world Grandma had made that child-that is, she looked upon her as a child-put on her proper clothes and promise to come straight back after the dance. Inside of a month the granddaughter had given up the wild young man, and it was all due to Grandma. Not another person in the house knew about That was but a sample of the things Grandma had been doing

all her kind, helpful, repressed life.

It was the spirit of the age for people to do as they wished. Psychologists said that it was America throwing off its Puritan influence; others said that it was due to the War; some said it was the rising tide of godlessness which was sweeping the world; others said that people were never more moral in all time than at present, and that they were simply doing the things openly which they had always done under cover, and that the world was more wholesome than ever before in its history. Anyway, Grandma was like that—jumbled up but wanting to do something. And now the act of putting the pistol into the bag which Alice had given her, was the removal of the last repression. Grandma was now going to do exactly what she wanted to do, and it made no difference what Norman, or Ed, or Alice, or Paul, or Mae or Viola said.

All the daughters and sons-in-law were waiting when she came downstairs, and two automobile loads of them were going to drive to New York from Freehold, New Jersey, where they lived, to see her onto the ship. There were kisses, hugs, shouts-and possibly a tear-from those who remained behind when Grandma rolled away in Charley's big car.

"I'm going to see the captain myself," said Norman, who was probably the bossiest of all her relatives, when they arrived at

the dock, "and tell him to look after you."
"If you do, I wont go," said Grandma. "I don't want to be looked after."

It was almost as tremendous as the hiding of the pistol. year before-in fact, three months before-such an answer would have been inconceivable.

I T was a wonderful trip across: she met new people; she laughed and talked, and nobody treated her as if she was old. And each day Grandma grew younger. She bought an instruction book on bridge and started in to master the game; her daughters and grandchildren had always said that she was too old to learn.

"I want to go off and do just whatever I want to do," she thought. And way down deep in Grandma's secret heart was the hope that it would be something—well, exciting. "I'd like to hope that it would be something-well, exciting. "I'd like to gamble, for one thing," she told herself. "And I'd like to meet some nice man-lots of times ladies much older than I-" she thought guiltily, in a still more secret heart. "Then I could have a home again," she added wistfully.

A miracle happened in Grandma's life. She was walking the deck with another old—elderly, that is—lady (nobody is really old any more) when the elderly lady, who had been across many times, casually waved her hand at what looked like a thick, low

cloud off to the right.
"That's France," she said, as one might say: "There's the post-

Grandma's heart turned over-France, wonderful, romantic France. And possibly on the whole ship of some thousand-odd

souls there wasn't one other so excited as the rather plump-faced, blue-eyed, elderly lady pretending it wasn't anything special.

"Yes," said Grandma, "that's the shore.

She passed the Customs officers at Cherbourg and was waiting in the boat-shed when, to her amazement, a man she had never seen before stepped up to her and said: "I beg your pardon, but is this Grandma Ives?

Why, yes," said Grandma, before she could think.

And then the man explained who he was. He was the European representative for Norman's firm. He had received a cable from Norman, and had come to meet her and to watch over her and take care of her all the time that she was in Paris.

"The cable said just to ask for 'Grandma Ives,' " he explained. "My wife and I have a nice little hotel picked out for you, where they specialize in—well, in elderly people traveling alone."
"I'm not going there," said Grandma to herself, but she hadn't

lived sixty-odd years for nothing. "It is very kind of you," she said aloud. "I'd love to look at it."

Grandma stayed one night and then moved to Claridge's on the Champs-Elysées.

"This is more like it," she said.

Grandma started in on that greatest of thrills, buying new clothes-and the even bigger thrill, trying to get them at wholesale prices. Every woman she talked to knew a place upstairs over some kind of shop where you could get them at wholesale prices, if you would promise never to tell anybody. They swapped addresses, and Grandma got clothes never beheld in Freehold.

Grandma liked to sit in the brilliant hotel lobby, as she called it-foyer as they called it-and look at the strange, interesting

people and listen to the music.

"I wonder which are dukes and duchesses, and which ones are counts and countesses," she said to herself.

ONE day she was amazed to see one of them approaching her -a rather thin woman with horn-rimmed glasses.

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger, "but I thought I would speak to you—you have such a sweet, kindly face. I am in trouble, and I just felt that you were the one I should call on. It's about my niece. She's over there now talking to that Argen-

The woman indicated a tall, good-looking, big-eyed girl of twenty or twenty-one engaged in an animated conversation with a sleek, black-haired, slightly greasy-looking individual, possibly two or three years older than herself. The girl's name, the aunt explained, was Lolita Harris. The girl had had an affair with a young man back in the Middle West, where they were from, and her father-the mother was dead-had sent Lolita to Europe in charge of her aunt to get her mind off the young man; and the girl, still incensed with her father, was making acquaintances more wildly than ever.
"He's a gigolo," the aunt said.

"A what?" repeated Grandma.

"A dancing-man. That's the French slang for them, I believe. The fashionable hotels and restaurants employ them to dance with ladies who haven't any other partners. They get paid for it."

And Grandma understood that these sleek dancing-men were

of a low order and always in pursuit of adventure. Sometimes they rode home in taxies with unattended women, after the cafés and night resorts closed-and sometimes diamonds and jewelry were missed. The police had many stories about them.

"She gets her head turned so easily-it's one of the penalties of being a pretty girl," her aunt continued. "And this man flatters She has been going out with him nights-after the dance places close-and I can't do anything with her. I have threatened to cable her father to order her to come home, but she doesn't listen to what I say. I think somebody else could have influence with her—that's the reason I spoke to you. I want you to rescue her."

It was what Grandma had been doing all her life-rescuing

people; and now it had followed her to Paris.
"I'm awfully sorry," she said, "but I'm afraid I can't do it. You see, I don't know your niece; I don't know the situation back home-and I never heard of a-what-you-call-'em, before. You'll have to handle it the best way you can."

And with that Grandma walked off. She was through with such

She was going to lead her own life.

Sometimes, after that, Grandma saw the aunt in the lounge with a worried expression on her face, and Grandma's heart tugged at her, and she felt ashamed, but she steeled herself. She had done all the rescue work that she was going to do.

She heard how differently France regarded certain things from



Count d'Esterel laid a hand on her shoulder. "Excuse me, but I think you should play a system."

the way America did. In every apartment-house couples were living together who were not married; sometimes, after the family had grown large, they would decide, for the sake of the children, to get married—and the children would attend the wedding. Such things stirred Grandma; they were wicked, but after all, wasn't America too prudish? She decided it was. She went to Montmartre—she saw Heaven and she looked down into Hell; she ate among coffins, and she saw ghosts walk and listened to songs that it was fortunate she couldn't understand. Other people flirted and made acquaintances at adjoining tables and danced with strange partners, but when people, glancing covetously around the room, saw Grandma's chubby, genial, smiling face they smiled too—in a most friendly way—and their seeking eyes passed on. Once, Grandma even dropped her handkerchief. An elderly

man moved toward it slowly, retrieved it, handed it to her, and before she could thank him, moved briskly to the table of a young girl who had given him the most shadowy and fluttering of glances.

"Why can't something like that happen to me?" was Grandma's secret thought.

She went into a famous ladies' bar, not a thousand kilometers from the Opera, and putting on her glasses, stared through a nightmare of smoke.

"I'm thankful that I look younger with them on," she thought, "-most people don't."

Women lounged and sprawled and disposed of drinks with the celerity of experienced men.

No one noticed her; the hum of the conversation rose and fell, and there was a constant glancing toward the men's bar across

the hall. Grandma ate a few potato chips, topped off professionally with some cloves and coffee beans, left the rest of her cocktail unconsumed and then went out, without a

soul having spoken to her.
"Is that all it is?" she said to herself as she signaled a taxi. Everybody else in Paris except herself seemed to be adventuring-at least having thrills and doing things that they wouldn't dare do in America. On all sides she saw evidence of it, heard sly words, and now and then mysterious tele-phone calls. Once she heard a door being beaten on in the middle of the night and a man's voice demanding to be let in. That was all. The next day she found that a man from Maryville, Missouri, had got home late, and his wife wouldn't let him in because he was intoxicated.

Certainly if there was a place in Paris which was wicked, it was the Folies Bergère. She had always heard that. Putting on her most daring gown, she went; it was naughtythere was no doubt about it-but no worse than certain musical shows she had seen in New York. It was long, very long, lasting until after midnight. Grandma closed her eyes, just to rest a moment, and nodded off. In fact, she slept three times, and when it was over, got into a taxi and paid an exorbitant night rate to be taken to her hotel.

She heard of a night place, not so far from Porte Sainte Denis, where tourists went to be shocked, but tourist women had to be accompanied by escorts. "I wouldn't have anybody in the world know that I would go, for anything," she thought guiltily. And more than ever she yearned to go. She was able to make the acquaintance of a man in her hotel foyer under the name of Mrs. Brown. So many women who "figured" in the newspapers went under the name of Mrs. Brown. At last she proposed that they go to see the night place she had set her heart on. The man was shocked-it was the last thing in the world he would have thought that Mrs. Brown would be interested in. And so they went, but the guard at the door, giving a surprised glance at Grand-ma's face under her hat, held up a restraining hand. He was sorry, but the place was complet. Maybe some other

"I just know it would have been awfully wicked,"

thought Grandma.

Grandma went every place she could-and met the most charming people, who treated her with the greatest consideration. Sometimes she would hear people laughing or whispering, but when she came up, they turned the conversation, or asked if she had seen the Louvre.

'No, I haven't," said Grandma shortly, although she had seen it

until her feet ached.

Grandma decided that she wanted to see Monte Carlo. "Paris is pretty tame," she said. Monte Carlo would be lively; how delightfully wicked it must be! One of the men told her just

how bad it was.

"The public never hears the real truth about Monte Carlo." "For instance, you never hear about its suicides. They never get into the papers, because the management has it fixed up with the correspondents down there. Every season people shoot themselves or swallow poison, or throw themselves off the cliffs, and it never gets into the papers. If it does get into the papers, the people have killed themselves for some other reason-not because of losses at Monte. Why, they have private guards, who are paid, if they think anybody has killed himself, to rush upespecially if the person has been losing heavily-and make a search of his pockets, and if they find no funds in the dead man's pockets, to stuff some in. They dash away, and then pretty soon the police come along and find the dead man with money. of course, it isn't a death from gaming too heavily." The man laughed sardonically. "That's the way they cover up things."
But it didn't keep Grandma from wanting to go, as the man

intended. Indeed, it made her all the more anxious to see that

famous place.

"I just know something'll happen to me there," she said, with

pleased anticipation.

Grandma tried to buy a second-class ticket, as she had spent more money than she had expected. "Things don't seem to cost much in Paris, yet the money gets away," she said. But when she lined up at the ticket office, all the second-class tickets were taken for days in advance, as is always the case during the 'season," and so she was forced to buy a first-class ticket on the luxurious rapide; but the train had not pulled out of the station before she was glad she had done so. The last person to come into Grandma's compartment was a man about her own age, a



most distinguished-looking French gentleman, wearing a small pointed Van Dyke, as Grandma hoped he would. A valet put his bags into the net-rack overhead and then disappeared to a cheaper seat. Grandma felt a strange elation-never in America had she known anybody who traveled with a personal valet. With a quick glance over the other passengers, the French gentleman settled himself into his place, and taking out a paper-backed book, began to read. He had obliterated the other people in the compartment at one glance-there was not a soul in it worth wasting time on. Grandma felt instinctively that the new passenger was of a higher station in life than any of the others present, but she resented his escape to his book.

"If I could talk to him, I'd show him he's not the only person in the world," she thought.

It was evidently a good book, by the way the man buried his The conductor came around for the tickets, and the Frenchman fished in his pocket and automatically handed his out, his eyes hardly leaving the page.

The train rushed into the most charming countryside Grandma had ever seen in her life, but in spite of the beauties of nature, Grandma's eyes wandered back to the studious gentle-

The aisle door was flung open and a new train-man appeared and shouted something which Grandma couldn't make out, at the same time fluttering a small bunch of tickets. He was saying, "Premier service, premier service," but his squeaks meant nothing to Grandma. Obediently her hand went into her bag and out came her tickets again, but the man thrust them back and began to explain something in rapid excited French. Grandma gazed at him with the quiet gaze she always had when anybody talked French to her.

What did you say?" asked Grandma, and the train-man waved his hands and shouted more loudly than ever, as people always do to be helpful to a person who can't speak their language.

One or two of the other passengers tried to help Grandma, but they were French or Spaniards or South Americans and could speak no English. The confusion grew. At last the distinguishedlooking man calmly put down his book.



"He wants to know if you want a ticket to go into the dining-

"Oh, thank you so much," said Grandma. "How much does it cost?

The faint tracing of a smile broke over the man's face.

"Nothing. It's merely a way of reserving a seat. Do you want to go to the first sitting, or to a later one?"
"Well, I'm pretty hungry," said Grandma. "Make it the first."

He made the arrangements and was just burying his nose in the book again, when Grandma said:

"It's awfully kind of you. It's the first time I have traveled on a train for any distance in France.'

"All Continental trains have that system," he replied briefly. "Tve never traveled on the Continent before," said Grandma with the air of having traveled everywhere else. She would make up for the dreadful mistake of trying to buy a dining-car ticket. America is different—I've been over most of that.'

As a matter of fact, Grandma hadn't. She had spent most of her life in and around New Jersey. Once she had gone out to

Detroit to see her son-in-law Charley, when he had lived there for a brief time, and once she had spent a whole month with Viola and Viola's husband when they lived in Buffalo.

"Niagara Falls is lovely," she said. "Have you ever seen Niagara Falls?"

The man said he hadn't.

Grandma began to talk enthusiastically about them.

"Detroit is nice, too," she added.

A bit later she said, "The Grand Cañon is wonderful," and her heart beat excitedly. That was taking chances.

But the man preferred his book; even the Grand Cañon didn't bring him out of it. When the train-man came through ringing the bell, Grandma went into the dining-car and was given a seat. A few moments later the man came in, and the steward looked around for a place for him, and Grandma's heart leaped, for the steward brought him to the small table for two and placed him opposite her.

"I hope you don't mind it," said the man, "—the trains are so crowded at this season." (Continued on page 120)



There was an old woman Who lived near a track, And who fed all the fledglings That came to her shack She loved them and cuffed them,

> And they strove to repay her With tips on the races. -Legends of Latonia.

ON the famous "Five Corners" that marked the heart of the little village of Latonia, the lovely, familiar figures had begun to cluster like so many early robins, twittering and chirping with the joy of the home-coming.

And taught them their places,

Soon the bugle's call to post would herald the opening spring flight of the bang-tails. Soon the old-timers like "Biscuit Billy" "Sunday-school John" would preëmpt the creaking rockers on the porch of the Hotel De Ryle. Soon, at twilight, the village streets would be crowded with the picturesque gypsies of the turf, conducting i.eated post-mortems on the races just concluded, and solemnly assuring each other: "With a good snug ride and a bust at the barrier, he couldn't 'a' missed. Yeh, you said it, brother! Well, I'm gonna follow him from now till the snow

Nowhere was the bustle of anticipation more apparent than at the two-story frame building that marked the establishment of

"Mother Slap," whose responsibilities in life were not unlike those of the famous old woman who lived in a shoe.

Charles Sarka

Blue-eyed and billowy-bosomed, Mother Slap conducted a boarding-place for jockeys. All summer long her establishment was overrun with the little "hard boots" of the turf. To her side flocked the orphaned sons of the saddle and spurs, the future Tod Sloans of the sport of kings. The ambition of every fledgling rider and stable-boy was to be enrolled among Mother Slap's protégés. Her fifty-cent dinners were the best in Latonia; furthermore, penniless patrons of tender years had discovered that at Mother Slap's they could "eat today and pay next year." Her popularity was unparalleled.

Played by her small patrons as a "hot favorite," Mother Slap always finished out of the money. She was kept from the poorhouse by horsemen like "Baltimore" Ryan, who guaranteed the bills of likely youngsters that they picked up in various parts of the country and sent on to Mother Slap for safekeeping. These star boarders helped to maintain those who were merely charity satellites. Mother Slap displayed no favoritism; nor did her charges draw any lines so far as she was concerned. They all made themselves thoroughly at home; and they all teased her and plagued her and loved her, and tried to give her winners in lieu of paying their bills. She could say with Job: "My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle."

Each fall, when Get-away Day marked the end of the season,



Mother Slap heaved a sigh of relief, nailed up a sign, "Closed Forever," and announced to the wide, wide world that she was

going out of business.

"May I never lay eyes on a mother's son of you again!" she told them. "Good riddance to bad rubbish! You're a lot of ungrateful scamps, and I'm thankful to be rid of you. Now, don't try any blarney on me. Well, then, just one hug apiece! But remember, you'll have to find some other place next spring.

I wont be here when you come back!"

Mother Slap's annual ultimatum was like that of Red McKelligan, who was famous for his retirements from the turf. Each winter Red disposed of his horses, fired his help and sold off everything down to the last rub-rag. Never again would he rig a thoroughbred for the barrier! Never more would he scan a dope-sheet or an entry-list! It was a sucker's game, and he was through with it, forever and ever, amen! But in the spring of the year, when the first carload of thoroughbreds was shipped in from the South, and the feed-wagons began rumbling through the streets, Red McKelligan surrendered to the inevitable and went around announcing that he "must have horses."

Mother Slap's resolutions began to melt in March, and by the middle of April her establishment was undergoing a feverish overhauling that climaxed in the withdrawal of the "Closed Forever" notice, and the display in its place of a banner reading: "Welcome Home." Each year the banner grew a little and it's a wow!"

Mother Slap beamed. For these moments she lived. "God bless you!" she applauded. "Aint it lucky I didn't have my hair bobbed? Into the house now, all of you, till I assign stable quarters."

Laughing and joking, they tumbled contentedly into the famil-

iar nest. No matter where they had been, or what they had seen and done, it was good to be back again at Mother Slap's. of them were orphans, and they took a secret delight in toying with the only maternal apron-strings they had ever known.

Upstairs were seven rooms, each supplied with two or more cots. By the simple expedient of drawing numbers from a hat, Mother Slap's family settled the question of "post positions. Each boy took the room and cot whose number he drew, and this settled definitely the question of stable-mates.

By evening the house was filled with hard boots, some of them seasoned jockeys, but most mere apprentice riders with fame

and fortune still to be won.

Mother Slap presided at the home-coming dinner, served at one long table that ran the length of the dining-room. Here she had an opportunity to look over her brood and to count noses. She spotted a vacant chair and paused in the midst of a discourse on table-manners.

"O-ho, I thought there was somebody missin'! Where's Darlington's boy? Where's Bill Tucker? I've been looking for that little imp of mischief all day. He should have come in with you, Heinie Schaefer. Where's my Billy? Don't look at me so dumb-like! Where's that other lad of mine, Heinie? Answer me this minute, or I'll cuff you good!"

But Heinie remained speechless. Whether it was because his mouth was full of mashed potatoes or his mental faculties were paralyzed, Mother Slap could not determine. No other boy came

to Heinie's rescue, and this was strange, for they were usually quick to take the pace away. Some looked at the vacant chair; others kept their eyes on their plates. There was complete silence, the pathetic hush of helplessness. Mother Slap wet her lips. Her florid face whitened.

"Speak up, lads! Did the poor boy get in trouble? He wasn't

-ruled off?

"Whip" Farrell, money rider for the Ryan stables, finally broke the suspense. "Billy's dead, Ma. Checked out in the last race at Jefferson Park. Got jammed against the rail in a pup dash, and the whole damn' field run over him. Aw, listen, Ma-don't take on, now! That's part of the game. We're all sorry as hell, but what's the use of squawking? The kid's gone."

None knew better than Mother Slap that this was indeed part

of the game. It had happened before. She knew it would happen again. But Billy Tucker had been the favorite of her flock. A Gaelic wail of distress rang through the room. Tears came, preceding sobs that shook her generous frame. None knew

how to comfort her.

The home-coming dinner was finished in awkward silence. One by one, Mother Slap's boarders left the table. They gathered on the sidewalk in front of the house, and before long recovered the light-hearted philosophy of irrepressible youth.

But for Mother Slap, toiling late into the night and then plodding upstairs to her lonely room, there appeared to be no balm in Gilead. Her thoughts were all of the boy who had not returned to her, the one who would never ride again.

"God rest his soul!" she prayed. "And the Saints forgive me for the times I was unkind to him. My own game boy he was, and now there's a hole in my heart that'll never be filled-never. never, never! May the devil lambast me if I ever adopt another The loss is too hard on me!'

BUT of course that was another of Mother Slap's resolutions destined to be broken. The very next day she inherited still another addition to her family, the youngest and smallest of them all, and almost immediately the heart-mending process began.

He came up the street at noon, attired in a frayed green sweater, a cap that was many sizes too large for him and knee pants from which the seat was missing. He was dragging a bull pup, and judging from the omnivorous antics of his canine companion, had the journey lasted much longer, the youngster would have arrived at Mother Slap's in a barrel.

"Heaven help us!" said Mother Slap, as she read the letter of introduction presented by her tiny visitor. "Ryan's come down to robbin' the cradle at last! Will you look what he sends me clear from California with the mother's milk not dry on its

chin yet!"

There was some justification for Mother Slap's bewilderment. This latest applicant for family privileges was no larger than Tom Thumb. Brown eyes, large and trustful, were set in a baby countenance, and the effect of immaturity was heightened by what appeared to be a Buster Brown haircut, but was in reality only the result of tonsorial neglect. But what the midget lacked in stature he made up in confidence.

"My name's Jackie O'Day," he told Mother Slap. "This is my His name is Hannah, and he can fight like everything, he dog. His name is Hannah, and he can fight like everything, he can. He bit the brakeman and killed two cats and tore my pants. See? Guess you'd better tell Mr. Ryan to send me some more clothes. He's my boss and he owns the best horses in the world, he does. I've signed on to ride for him, I have!"
"Ride what?" demanded Mother Slap, recovering her vocal

"Faith, you aint big enough to ride a mouse, you little

whipper-snapper.

Jackie drew himself up haughtily. "Huh?" he commented. "Who says I aint? I been gallopin' nags since I was eight years I had an uncle that owned some trotters, and he gave me the air 'cause I made 'em run. I don't like cold-bloods, anyway. I like to shove 'em, I do. Gee whiz, lady, you ought to see me in action! When I send 'em, they go!"

Mother Slap began to chuckle. The chuckle expanded into a roar. She held her sides and rocked with laughter. "You don't tell me!" she rippled. "And you've been workin' horses since you was eight? And how many centuries ago was that, may I ask?"

He hesitated and then achieved brave mendacity. "I'm sixteen, I am.

"Are you, now?" she commented. "You're small for your size, aren't you? Faith, if you're sixteen, I must be a mere lass of I suppose you mean sixteen months? Don't be fibbin' to your mother, or I'll have to punish you. Look me in the eye, and tell me how old you are.

Thus driven to the wall, the midget shifted uneasily from one small foot to the other. "Aw," he pleaded, "I can't remember said you was a sport, he did. He said you had swell eats and would treat a guy right. He said you'd be a mother to me, he did. And I'm darn' hungry. So's Hannah, Mr. Ryan gave me some money and I lost it. We aint put on the nose-bags for t-two whole d-days!" His lips quivered suspiciously. He sat down on the porch and folded a small arm over a middle region that was undoubtedly very empty.

He could have taken no swifter route to Mother Slap's heart. Down on her knees she dropped, to enfold him in a welcome embrace. "Why, you poor little hungry lamb! Come to your mother and I'll feed you till you bust. Twas not Ryan that sent you, but the angels in heaven! I'll take you right to my bosom.

You poor innocent baby! God love you!'

UP the sidewalk came Heinie Schaefer, Whip Farrell and a and redoubled his efforts to escape. This was not the sort of Latonia entry he had planned. His sense of dignity was outraged. This was presuming on too short acquaintance. "Hey!" he pleaded. "Leggo me! Gee whiz!

I aint no baby! "Hey, Hannah-I'm sixteen, I am!" He appealed to his dog.

here, Hannah!"

The bull pup charged in, breaking Mother Slap's hold. Jackie fled down the steps, panting and crimson-faced. He paused on the sidewalk.

"Doggone it, how d'ye get that way?" Just for that, I aint going to stay at your old place! I'm going to sleep in a barn. See if I don't! Come on, Hannah. Gee whiz!

He headed down the street, the pup nipping at his heels, and bottomless trousers revealing a considerable portion of his anatomy. From the rear he looked like a miniature Gunga Din.

'Come back here!" commanded Mother Slap. stir out of the house till I feed your face and mend them

By way of answer he wheeled around just long enough to apply an irreverent thumb to his nose. Then he bolted. was a tactical error. Mother Slap's authority was unquestioned in Latonia.

"After him, boys!" she ordered. "Bring him back to me till I paddle him good. Don't let him get away now, or I'll hang the last one of you."

Nothing loath, they joined joyously in the chase, but he had good furlong lead and plenty of early foot. Also there was Hannah to be reckoned with.

As old man McKelligan later expressed it: "There never was so much excitement in the town since Ten Broeck beat Molly Mc-

Carty, and that was in '86.'

Jackie O'Day led his field over every back yard in Latonia and down every alley. The farther he went, the longer and noisier grew the stream of boys and dogs that followed in his wake. town resounded to canine yelping and the joyous advice of the hard-boot fraternity: "Cut him off, Heinie! Run him into the rail, Jock! Whip horse in the lead, boys-take out and go round! Holy mackerel, I thought they didn't have jumpin' races in Kentucky!

THIS last protest came from Heinie Schaefer, who was following closest to the pace. Heinie, the best finisher in America, was overhauling the fugitive in the home stretch. Jackie, panting and almost clothesless, flung himself over one last barrier, and discovered too late he was in Mother Slap's back yard. The first lady of Latonia flagged him down with a broom. Heinie Schaefer closed on him from the rear. The tiny fugitive collapsed, sitting down abruptly on a basketful of wash. Other boys came piling into the vard.

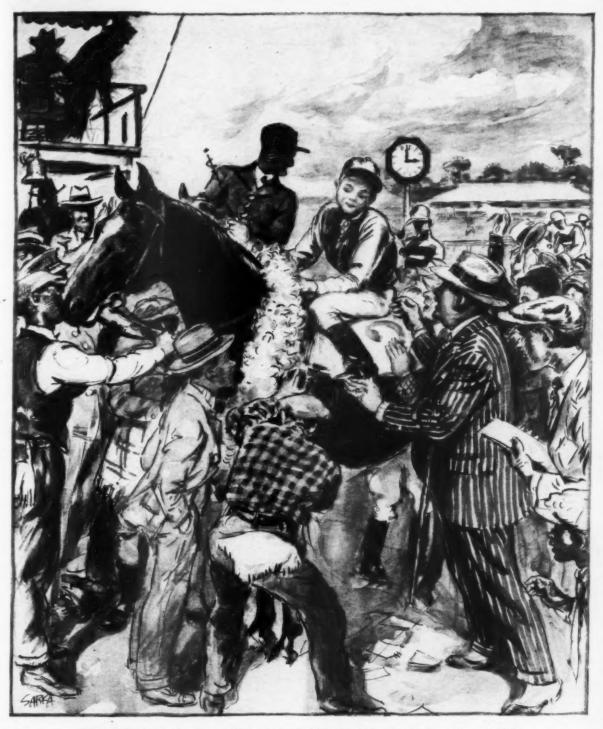
Panting and coughing, with the spume of exhaustion still on his lips, Jackie O'Day spread himself over Mother Slap's clean

He surveyed his pursuers disdainfully.

"Huh!" he gasped. "I beat you to the wire, anyway! Thought couldn't set a pace, didn't you? Well, I finished in front, I did! Believe me, when I get out in the lead, I stay there, I do! I know where the winner's circle is, and—"

"Well, you aint in no winner's circle now," shouted Mother "Get out of that basket! Holy Michael, he's ruined a day's work! Take your dirty little boots off them sheets! Let me at him, boys, while I take him in hand."

Gently but firmly she grasped Jackie by one ear and led him into the house. An hour later he had been fed, bathed, spanked



Baltimore Ryan's volcanic outburst: "Hell and seven hundred dollars! Look at that stirrup! Leggo, Jackie."

and put to bed. Then she set about devising a new wardrobe. In this task she was interrupted by Heinie Schaefer, who came in to tell her that Hannah had scattered the balance of the laundry all over the back yard and done infinitely more damage than his master.

Mother Slap emitted a war-whoop. "Give me the hose and the broom," she commanded. "I'll show that little beast what it means to misbehave. "I'll put him on the schoolin'-list for a month o' Sundays!"

Mother Slap's schooling-list was as famous as that conducted on the back-stretch each morning by Starter Kennedy for the benefit of young and fractious thoroughbreds. And just as equine bad actors learned docility at the hands of Marse Kennedy, so too did Mother Slap's erring protégés discover the advisability of mending their habits. It was a chastened and disconsolate bull pup that curled up for the night under the back steps, probably wondering how its master was faring.

back steps, probably wondering how its master was faring.

Jackie would have been as discouraged as his pup had not Whip Farrell, his roommate, said to him just before the lights were extinguished: "Take it easy, Jock. Ma treats us all the same way. You may have got away to a bum start, but in this game the purse is paid off at the wire."

That magic word "Jock" was healing ointment to Jackie's

That magic word "Jock" was healing ointment to Jackie's wounded feelings. It was the recognition he craved, and coming as it did from the great Whip Farrell, first-string rider for Baltimore Ryan, it was doubly precious. He turned over and went to sleep contentedly.

Thus did Jackie O'Day make his début in Latonia, and it was

successful to the extent that everybody in the village had been made aware of his advent. In a month he was the most important member of the household, a diminutive center of attraction around which events began to shape themselves. Mother Slap adored him; the older boys delighted in tormenting him; the entire village watched him with amused interest.

Wherein lies the eternal appeal of a small boy and his dog?

Never mind! Jackie and Hannah were true stable companions and running mates, eager for anything that promised progress on the path of life. Mornings they did their road-work together; noontimes they sat on the porch at Mother Slap's, waiting for the dinner barrier to go up; and in the purple dusk of evening they strolled down the street, mingling bravely with the rag-tag

and bob-tail of the sporting world.

No one took him seriously, and therein lay the canker that gnawed persistently at the heart of little Jackie O'Day. Ambition was the largest part of him, and many times the door of disappointment was slammed in his small face. He expected to get his riding license at once. He expected to have owners and trainers trying to outbid one another for his services. He would have accepted a mount on Man o' War with superb nonchalance.

But none of these things happened.

"I like to shove 'em, I do!" he persisted. "I like to boot 'em under the wire! What's the matter with giving me a chance?" But the only man who displayed any special interest in Jackie

O'Day was Pete Murphy, the truant officer.
"The one entry you'll have around here," said Pete, "is in the public-school handicap. Don't let me catch you hangin' around the track outside of school hours. Go get your leg-up on a geography book and learn what's the capital city of Roosia. Then come and tell me!"

He was an unwilling pupil in the village school, interested in nothing outside of horseflesh. He spent half his class hours on the dunce stool, and the rest of the time surreptitiously reading form-charts and racing news concealed in the covers of his schoolbooks. For punishment he was kept after class and condemned to write on the blackboard: "Love your teacher, love your school, and learn to keep the Golden Rule."

While Hannah whimpered in the yard, pleading for him to come out and play, Jackie could hear every now and then the distant roar from the grandstand that proclaimed the triumph of a boy and a horse. He was impelled to desperate measures.

The early morning workouts became the goal of his hopes. He tumbled out of bed at dawn, and joined the army of swipes and exercise-boys who gathered on the back-stretch for the pre-breakfast activities of the bang-tail brethren. Hannah trotted inquisitively at his side, apparently as eager as his master to be accepted in this picturesque stratum of life. But they were brushed aside.

Again and again the youngster appealed to Jiggs Bradley, who trained for Baltimore Ryan. "How about a job, Mister? I can do anything, I can! Better let me take out a nag this morning. I can send em fine, Mister, I can!"

But Jiggs only laughed.

IT was Jupiter Pluvius who gave little Jackie O'Day his place in the scheme of things. Late spring rains descended, converting the track into a sea of slop. The early-morning workouts assumed a different aspect. Fast track horses went into retirement, and out came the veteran campaigners, the "mud beetles" of the Many were tender-footed, and a soft track was their dish.

Star jockeys remained under shelter. So did the professional exercise-boys who had but one suit of clothes to their wardrobe. Micky Hogan expressed the philosophy of the back-stretch: "What d'ye think I am, goofy? This suit set me back fifteen dollars, and I'll only get two bucks for ruinin' it! Fat chance!"

Overnight the "mud-bugs" sprouted like mushrooms. These were the youngsters in knee pants like Jackie O'Day, to whom clothes meant nothing in comparison with a chance to ride. Every racetrack has its ambitious infant brood, but even the old-timers at Latonia had never seen so tiny a prodigy as Mother

Slap's midget.

"Up you go!" chuckled Jiggs Bradley, boosting the youngster to the back of Corporal Joe, an aged, battle-scarred campaigner with "dicky" legs and a sulky disposition. It had been a good many seasons since Corporal Joe had won anything better than an argument over oats. He was used principally as a working mate for the four-year-old North Star, pride of the Ryan stables. Jiggs didn't much care what happened to the Corporal. Sometimes it pleased the trainer's fancy to have a little fun at the expense of the tiny tads who bothered him.

"Here's your big chance, Jock!" he told the midget, passing the wink to bystanders. "I'm gonna shoot with this stake-horse in the Sweepstakes. Gonna couple him up with North Star. Show your stuff now, and if he's ready for the question, I'll !et you run for the bacon. Breeze him to the quarter-pole, and then bust him. Can you swim?"
"Yes sir."

"Awright! Make for shore if you fall off, and don't come

Jackie did not reply. His eyes were large and fervent. He believed every word the trainer had said. He pulled his cap around, peak backward, took a double wrap in the reins, and urged his mount toward the dark shadows of the stretch. A swift gleam of puzzled surprise lighted Jiggs' eyes. The midget's seat was firm, his balance perfect, the small hands firm and dex-terous. "Well, what d'ye know about that?" grunted the trainer.

A minute later Corporal Joe was splashing heavily along the inner rail, a jealous bull pup racing furiously at his heels, and a jubilant midget clinging to his shoulders like a burr.

Jiggs, watching through field-glasses, saw that his instructions were being faithfully obeyed. Corporal Joe moved to the quar-"broke" and came on smartly. The ancient gelding seemed to be stepping to town with unusual alacrity.

"Hell's fire!" complained Jiggs. "The kid's so small I can't tell whether he's on or off. Guess he's spilled, all right, or the Corporal wouldn't be moving that fast. . . . Sumpin's in the saddle, but it looks like a dab o' mud to me. Nope, by golly, it's the bug. Now I know what they mean by a bouncin' baby boy! Hot dog, look at that kid bounce! The only thing that weights him down is forty pounds o' mud! Well, if that aint a kick! Flag him down, Tony, or he'll go round again. Them bugs hate to quit. Don't say nothin', you birds, and I'll string this kid along."

HALF an hour later Mother Slap encountered a chocolate-coated apparition gliding up the back stairs of her establishment. In general proportions it resembled Jackie O'Day. were confirmed when she beheld Hannah skulking along in the rear. Boy and dog were coated, fore and aft, top and bottom,

with repeated layers of Kentucky mud.

"Heaven help us!" sighed Mother Slap. "Stand where you are till I get the hose. In the name of all the Saints, what

devilment is this?

The plastered midget was inflated with pride. "Huh! I been workin', I have! I'm a mud-bug now."

Mother Slap could not restrain her laughter.

"That's the truest word you ever said, darlin'. And the muddiest little bug o' them all! Stand still now, till I hose you off and see if you're all there. Now come into the basement and unpeel. Get over by the furnace. You'll have to wear a blanket for the rest of the day. And so you've got a job at last, have you? Now my troubles will commence. You'll be tryin' to tout me onto a winner like all the rest, and I'm only a jump ahead of the sheriff now."

His face brightened. "Do you need money, Ma? Say, listen, I know something, I do! I'm going to make a whole lot of money for everybody. Mr. Jiggs Bradley told me not to tell anybody, but he's going to send me to the post on Corporal Joe in the Sweepstakes. And I'm going to win it, I am! I'll bet Mr. Ryan'll be glad he sent me here. I betcha you'll be proud of me, and-

But Mother Slap, knowing from experience the heart-pangs that men like Jiggs Bradley had caused to other and less sensitive boys.

interrupted gently:

"Jackie darlin', you mustn't let them kid you. Corporal Joe isn't stake-horse, and you haven't got a license to ride. Anyway, Whip Farrell has come on here specially to ride North Star for Mr. Rvan in the Sweepstakes. He'll be a hot favorite. Maybe

But Jackie was sure of his own destiny. "You don't understand, Ma. Jiggs introduced me to Mr. Kennedy, the starter, and they're going to get me a special apprentice license, they are. And Corporal Joe is going to be coupled with North Star in a stable entry. Whip Farrell is going right out in front and set a pace that will kill off all the contenders, and then I'm going to come up from behind in the stretch and run over 'em all! It's supposed to be a secret, Jiggs says, and so I aint tellin' anybody but you."

いのかかかかのかのかかかん

Mother Slap had no heart for the task of disillusionment. His boyish faith was too sincere, his confidence too disarming. Some one else would have to break his heart, not she.

Not too much blame should be placed (Continued on page 114)



Merwin

PERFECTORES STEETERS SPECES SPECES



Jack Jocelyn, Faith's Father



Realized in Pictures by James Montgomery Flagg

Charlie Jackson. the Circus Press Agent



Faith Jocelyn

FAITH JOCELYN puzzled much about her father, whom she knew only as an interesting-looking grayish man, always away-in Havana, South America, everywhere. Twice a year her Aunt Ellen, with whom she lived, took her to meet him at luncheon. At their last meeting one Joe, a young man with scarred face, had been present.

Synopsis:

のえんなるの

我在在你不不不不在你不不是不不不不不不

Just after Faith's graduation from a private school, her Aunt Ellen died suddenly. The evening of the funeral, with Grace Dealing, a school friend, Faith searched the dead woman's apartment for her father's address. Only after Grace had gone did Faith come upon a typewritten paper headed, "LONGMAINE'S WORLD-EMBRACING SHOWS," with, below, a compact list of cities and dates. She stared. Her father traveled with the circus! Then her startled gaze rested on one line. Longmaine's would be, the next day, not four hours' ride away. She'd go there. So, in the morning, she caught a westbound train—and there found

"Well!" he cried. "Hello! Going to see your dad, eh?
So'm I." Later, abruptly, he asked: "Look here! How much do you know?'

She couldn't answer that. "Well," said he, mysteriously, just stick with me. I'll handle it.

When they had disembarked, he looked at her with a "Get this right, kid. You can't see Jack sinister smile. until after the matinée. Keep your mouth shut, and you'll

make no trouble. Leave everything to me.".... They stood at the edge of the lot. The parade was breaking up after its return from the streets.
"I don't come on the lot much," said Joe, queerly. "But

I'll meet you after the performance right over there, at the end of the banners. It'll be your one chance." He looked about. "See that tall fellow? That's Frank Watson-Blanco, you know, the star clown. -Hey, Frank! Thought you wouldn't mind passing a good-looking girl in,

Frank. Meet Miss Johnson."
"That's not my name!" cried Faith. Joe, with a mock bow and a, "See you later," strode away. "It's Faith Jocelyn. I've come to find my father," the girl went on. She felt the blue eyes taking her in. She liked this man.

Frank Watson (Blanco, the Clown)

Grace Dealing

"If you'll wait here," he said, shyly, "we'll find seats." In a surprisingly short time he was back in street dress.

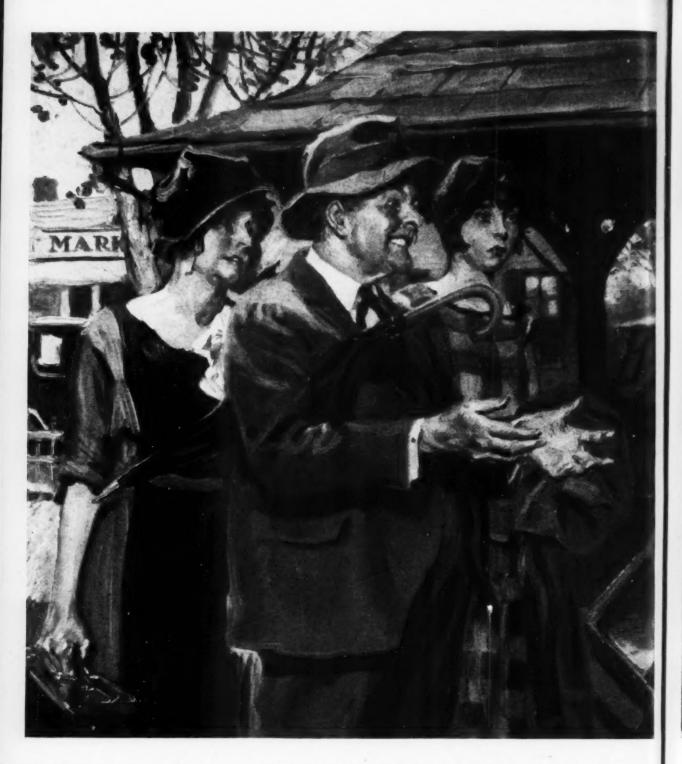
He seemed a big, shy boy. And so, when they were seated, Faith surprised herself by telling him eagerly of her school life, of Aunt Ellen's death and her ensuing predicament. When he left to dress, he said gently: "If you should have any-well, trouble-look me up.

Faith watched him with deep interest during the performance. Later, outside, she met Joe again. "It's just a chance," said he. "If you see him, don't speak or move."

The crowd streamed past. Faith felt Joe's hand grip her chance," said he.

arm. Her eyes rested on a big, red-faced man with a diamond in his shirt-front. Then she saw her father, moving with a leisurely dignity. She started forward, only to be jerked back. She heard Joe's harsh whisper: "Want to land him in prison?" The progress of the big man was checked momentarily by a group of others pushing through, John Jocelyn among them. Mr. Redface came on again; then a friend spoke quickly, and he looked down, diamond was gone. He cried out profanely.

"That's that," said Joe. "You wont see your dad tonight."
"But I must!" she breathed. "What has he to—"
"Simple enough." Joe smiled in his queer way. "He's got the rock. He's off in his car by now. He'll turn up tomorrow at the new stand." (Now turn the page and read on:)



W.RENCHING her arm from Joe's grasp, Faith hurried blindly away. She knew, even then, that she mustn't run. They'd suspect her of the robbery. She might even implicate her father—almost certainly, if they learned her name. Even in her bewilderment she sensed that. Somehow she caught a packed street-car.

But the man she knew as Joe caught it too, and clung on the step. At the railway station she learned that there was no New York train until late at night. And then—she found herself cornered by Joe.

"Let's clear up all this nonsense," said he, in guarded tones.

"I'm working for your dad. Understand? He's our big boss. Does the fine work. We're crooks, yes. Me and Jim Reilly and the rest. But it's time you got it into your head that you're one

of us."
"No! No!"
"Haven't you always lived off it? I tell you, you're in. And it's time you learned a few things. Come over here. I want to show you something."

Faith was capable of decision and action; but her mind, crushed by the shock of these tragic swift events, hadn't yet recovered its native resiliency. She permitted him to lead her



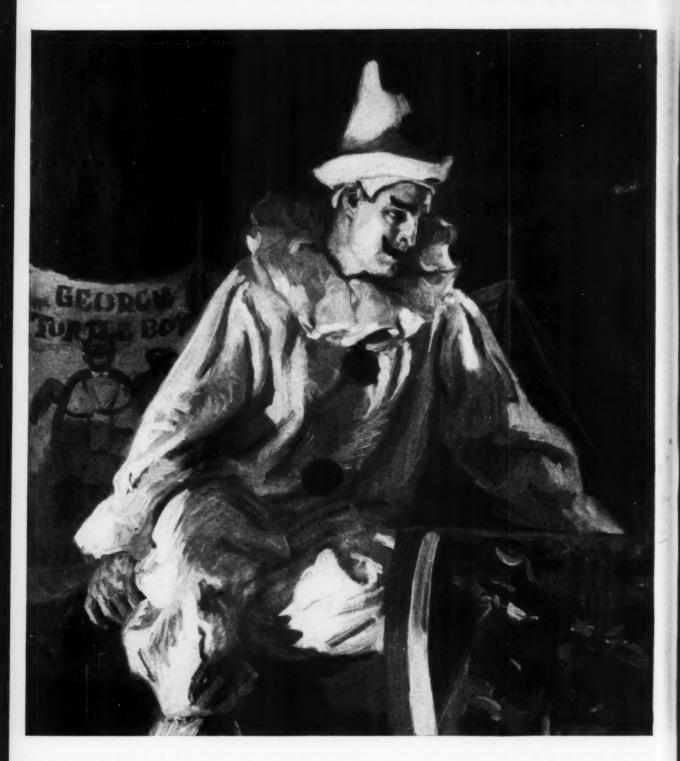
to the ticket-window, where a score of jaded excursionists were crowding into line.

A typical country family had crowded through to the window, ather and mother laden with parcels, five children clinging about. The man, clumsily embracing his parcels, held a roll of bills by his left shoulder while laying down the price of the tickets. With amazing deftness Joe snatched the roll, crushed it into Faith's hand, then turned and ran. Dazed, standing there, she saw a young man in a Panama hat who smiled at her in a knowing manner, then coolly turned away.

There was hue and cry. A policeman caught Joe on the plat-

form. Indignantly he asserted his innocence, demanded a search, form. Indignantly he asserted his innocence, demanded a search, turned his pockets out, even took off his shoes. He had but a small sum of money. No one had seen him in the act. So they let him go. Farther down the platform then, Faith saw that distressed family. All but the father were crying. Confusedly, impulsively, she hurried toward them and held out the roll, saying, with a nervous sob: "I found the money."

Thankfully they took it, and then the train came and carried them away. She had wandered out to the street when Joe overtook her. He was tensely quiet; the ugly scar on his cheek flamed red.



"THERE'S one thing," said Joe curtly: "Charley Jackson, of Longmaine's press-department, saw you take the roll. And he didn't see you give it back. Maybe now you'll try to tell me you aren't in with me."

"Don't speak to me!"

"But that's just what I've got to do, my dear." His angry yet admiring look made her shudder. "I've got to get it into your head that you can't go round handing money back and telling your right name to people. Not where Jack Jocelyn's gang is work-

ing!"
She quickened her step, but he kept pace. "The thing to do is

to take you straight to your dad." Now she listened. "He'll tell you quick enough where you stand! Meet me after the performance tonight, and I'll get a car and drive you there. Same place by the banners.

She didn't succeed in shaking him off until they were back on the circus lot. Straightway, then, she found Frank Watson. He was a little late, but took her to supper in a roomy tent. Crowded in, however, at a long table with performers, clowns and freaks, personal talk was impossible; so, after supper, he led her outside and left her while he put on his make-up for the evening performance.



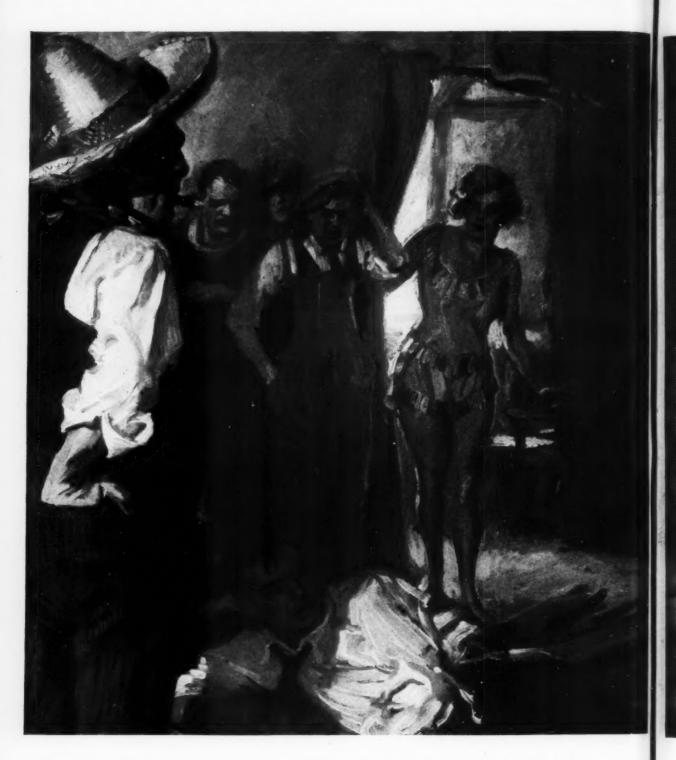
"You are in trouble," said he gently as he rejoined her in the shadow.

"Yes." Again she felt true quality in the man. And he a clown! It was puzzling. She hadn't yet grasped that he was a recognized highly paid artist, as widely known in winter vaudeville as in this circus world. But for some reason her heart trusted those sober blue eyes.

"We might sit up here." He chuckled. They were standing by the red-and-gilt band-wagon. She climbed to one of the high seats, and he followed. It was quiet here on the lot—like a settled place. "It's that man Joe." She found difficulty in talking coherently. "He says he'll drive me to find my father. Tonight, after the performance. I don't know what to do. I don't trust him. But I must see my father before—" She'd be crying in a minute. "There's nobody else." Now the tears came. "Nobody to advise me. Do you think, Mr. Watson, that it would be—safe—to go with him?"

"So Joe wants to drive you off tonight!"

She nodded. He sat thinking; then, with a simple, "Wait here," swung himself to the ground and strode away. Faith followed him.



FAITH picked her way amid the paraphernalia of the performers. Men were carrying bales of hay toward the menagerie tent. She heard animals stirring. A lion roared. Coatless bandmen were polishing brass instruments. Two pretty women sat contentedly sewing by a canvas wall, their faces rosy in the light of the setting sun. Perhaps her face was rosy too!

Then she saw men running—men and boys. All toward a spot behind the tall advertising signs that inclosed most of the lot.

Yes, there they were, a compact circle of them, crowding in, swaying this way, and that with a rush, tumbling suddenly out as if impelled by turbulent forces at the center. Faith had to stop for breath. Then she saw Frank's blond head jerking about in a curious way above the surrounding heads.

Other women had come; she pressed in with them. From the higher ground directly under the signboards she could see into that frenzied circle. Frank and Joe were savagely fighting. Frank had a puffed eye; and his mouth bled. But he was merci-lessly beating Joe down. Joe's scar was a purple line. A terrific blow felled him, and he lay whining in the dirt.
Frank stood over him. "You get it now, don't you?" said he.

"You're to let that girl alone."

The crowd was breaking up, leaving Faith alone on the higher



ground. She couldn't hear what they said. She couldn't move. "But look-a-here, now, Frank," whined the prostrate Joe, "honest to God, how was I to be expected to know she was your

"If you give me much more of that, Joe, I think I'll kill you. At least you wouldn't be bothering any more decent girls. There are a few. You don't know it, but there are."

"But that's just it, Frank," protested Joe. "Honest, now! She aint decent!"

Frank saw the girl then and waved her off, calling: "Please wait somewhere else!"

"All right,"—Joe, on a shaky elbow,—"there she is. Now you just wait. Here's Charley Jackson. Ask him. Ask him! Charley, you saw me frisk a roll at the depot tonight. Tell him, did I give it to the girl? And did she take it? Or didn't she?"

The man in the Panama hesitated: "Tough luck, Frank. I'm

Frank looked at him, then up at Faith. "Oh!" he said finally—just, "Oh!" And he left her there. (Next month Samuel Merwin's dramatic story of this daughter of the circus comes to a vivid climax which will be tellingly realized in pictures by James Montagnery Flags.) Montgomery Flagg.)

Why Men oin Clubs

By

Michael Arlen

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

THERE is a lady in London about whom many stories are told. Her name is Ann Chester. Calm and beautiful, she has tasted the earth. That has made her sad. but she regrets nothing. She refuses to grow bitter. Disillusion becomes her; disenchantment adorns her: and she is more beautiful with the passing years. She believes in God, and puts her faith in the tears of the angels, which in due course will wash the world clean of prejudice and persecution. She is weak. and cannot live without love. She

is brave, for she will always ignore experience. She listens to her heart, and smiles at herself. But sometimes she weeps, for

she is very human.

They tell this tale of the days when gentlemen wore silk hats at noon. It is since then that Mrs. Chester has attained resignation. At that time she lived in a small house in a quiet street. At one end of the street were the trees of Hyde Park, and at the other end an old brown church. The reverend gentleman who officiated there was a great friend to Mrs. Chester and would often call on her. He did not exhort her to repent and pray for salvation, for the Church of England tries to please; but he did allow himself an occasional expression of regret at the natural way in which the charming lady would fall in love with men whom she knew very slightly. Nor did it lessen his regret when she pointed out that she grew tired of them when she came to know them better. Nevertheless they were dear friends. And there were afternoons when she did him the honor to confide in him, and thus the good man's eyes were opened to the real nature of women. In short, Mrs: Chester initiated the dear old man into that delicious melancholy of thought which is the outcome of memories of faded things.

One afternon he was distressed to find her weeping. Wrapped in deep black, she sat in a high-backed chair of an ancient pattern, and wept. Her tender eyes sought his through a mist of inconsolable tears. Her hands, white and slender and spiritual, lay helplessly interlocked in her lap. The reverend gentleman was distressed beyond measure, and did his best to assuage her

grief. He said:

"To weep from the heart is a rare and precious gift. The tears of mankind are more acceptable to the Lord than their laughter. They are also very consoling. My dear lady, you will soon be all the better for your weeping."
"Never, never!" sighed Ann Chester. "Dear Mr. Vernon, I

am in a terrible state! Please help yourself."

The Reverend Percy Vernon was partial to cucumber sandwiches, and there were always some for tea when he called on his friend. He delicately took one, and said:

"If, my dear lady, your grief is caused by reflection on your

"It isn't!" snapped Mrs. Chester. "On the contrary, I find my sins delightful. It is my mistakes that trouble me so."

Mr. Michael Arlen, back in London, is writing a new group of stories for you, of which this is the first. No writer of the present day has achieved greater popular success than he. All his five books are selling widely; his plays "The Green Hat" and "These Charming People" were concurrently among the past season's greatest successes; and one hears, moreover, that he has done two original stories directly for the films.

she wept. The good man grew alarmed at her excessive grief. Ha pressed her to have a cup of tea and a cucumber sandwich. She

"I will tell you a story. And, dear Mr. Vernon, you must not in-terrupt me. I am in no state to be interrupted. Not even a revelation from on high could distract me from my melancholy-

"God bless my soul!" said the reverend gentleman.

"One afternoon not long ago." said Mrs. Chester with flashing

eyes, "a young lady called on me. She insisted on seeing me. Her business, she told my servant, was of grave importance. I was persuaded to see the young lady by the maid's description of her. Nor had she exaggerated the beauty and the chic of my visitor. At a glance, however, I realized that the poor young thing was in some great distress. Also, her beauty was familiar. I recognized her as an actress of the musical-comedy stage. She said:

"'Give me back my Geoffrey!"

"I begged her to sit down and calm herself, but she did not heed me. Her beautiful gray eyes were both imperious and entreating. It was all *most* uncomfortable. And as she would not sit down, I had to speak to her severely. I said:

"'This is some ridiculous mistake!'

"'It is he who has made the mistake,' said my charming visitor, 'in preferring you to me.'

"I remained calm. She said: 'He is mine, and you have taken him from me.

"'But I don't even know the man!' I protested. 'Whom, my

dear Miss Venables, are you talking about "She was surprised at my recognizing her by name. I told her that her beauty was much talked of. However, she would not be soothed. Her lover appeared to obsess her in proportion to the degree he neglected her, which was apparently very marked. That contradiction often happens, and is due to the fact that women take love seriously. And a beautiful woman takes love most seriously of all, for she chooses her lover or her husband from a wide selection of men, and a decent pride urges her to

stand by her choice, sometimes in the face of great difficulties. "For nothing, my dear Mr. Vernon, can be gained by concealing the fact that a woman's beauty is no guarantee of her husband's fidelity. A sermon from you on that text would be deeply appreciated by the ladies of this neighborhood. I would gladly give you the requisite data. You would be most distressed. present lack of chivalry in men after they have what is called got what they want' is of a nature to appall a sensitive mind. A woman nowadays has to be a philosopher about such things.

"Miss Venables, however, appeared to have derived no benefit whatsoever from the teachings of the prophets, which exhort us to resignation. She said: 'But if you think I am going to let him go without a fight, you are very much mistaken. He and I



"On the contrary," snapped Mrs. Chester, "I find my sins delightful. It is my mistakes that trouble me so."

have been engaged to be married for a year. I adore him. And he adored me until you came along and fascinated him. But Geoffrey is very young; and like all very young men, he is easily fascinated by a much older woman. But I am going to get him back. I merely came here to appeal to your better nature and save us both trouble.'

"I admit that I lost patience. I said: 'Really, this is too ridiculous! I don't even know whom you are talking about.'

"'Geoffrey Holmes.'

rew He She And. inbe be tion me the go. hing me. of my ung iar age.

not and uld

visken

my

old

uld

ion

ed.

ove

and

to ies.

eal-

us-

ply

dly

The led

nd.

igs.

efit

us

let

dI

"'But I've never even met the young man!' I protested.
"'Liar!' said Miss Venables.

"Liar!' said Miss Venables.
"I beg your pardon?' I said.
"Liar!' said Miss Venables.

"What, my dear Mr. Vernon, could I do? Could I order the poor creature out of the house? Had I done so, she would not have gone. And I had thoughtlessly taken a chair remote from the bell that would summon my household. I had therefore to stoop to a touch of sarcasm. I said:

"'Would you mind telling me, Miss Venables, if you have arrived at your quite surprising attitude toward me owing (a) to some confession on this Mr. Holmes' part, (b) through your own

observation, or (c),' I said, 'by the unnatural suspicions of a deranged mind? I remember, as a matter of fact, that I have met the young man. I met him once at a party. A tall, fair boy. He seemed to me a nice, old-fashioned boy who liked dancing and drinking. But,' I said, and said firmly, 'I have never seen him since.'

"Her beautiful eyes suddenly filled with tears. So lovely, so young, so distraught and, I was positive, so pure! I was about to try to comfort her when she stammered through her tears:

"'For pity's sake, give him back to me! I love him.'
"I could not resist saying sincerely that I respected her for that. It did her credit, her love for Mr. Holmes, who was so obviously unworthy of her fidelity. Such love is rare, dear Mr. Vernon, and should command your respect in particular, since unrequited love comes from God, even as satisfied love too often sends people to the devil.

"'He is my life,' sobbed the beautiful young lady. 'He is the very breath of my life, for I assure you I cannot live without

him.'

"She told me the story of herself and the misguided but attractive Mr. Holmes. They had been engaged a year. For her,



it had been a year of joy. He too had appeared to be enjoying himself with a lack of restraint which one would have thought un-English if one had ever thought that the English were a restrained race. Throughout, Mr. Holmes had behaved in an exemplary, an idyllic, manner. He must have been a very hardworking boy. Every night he called for Miss Venables at the theater and took her to supper, was up the next day in time to take luncheon with her, and spent the afternoons playing bridge at his club; but he treated her throughout with such honesty that he never concealed from her his losses, and with such modesty that he never confided in her as to his winnings. They were to have been married as soon as he could get some work, for Mr. Holmes' pride forbade him to live on his wife so long as he could borrow from his fiancée. Their future enchanted them. They were in-

credibly happy. Then one day she had noticed a change in him. He was cold, casual, critical. She suspected the worst, but forced herself to have faith. However, his coldness became intolerable, and when one day she taxed him with his neglect, his answer was wanting both in information and charm. They had a violent quarrel.

"'And as he was about to leave me forever,' sobbed Miss Venables, 'I snatched this from his inner breast-pocket. Take

it back, and may God forgive you!'

"Naturally, dear Mr. Vernon, I had to take the thing. It was one of those small leather folding frames in which, I have always understood, people of an ardent temperament carry their precious photographs of their fiancées or what-nots. In this case I, apparently, was but a what-not. The photograph was undeniably



"I was about to try to comfort her when she stammered: 'For pity's sake, give him back to me! I love him."

unposted but opened, was certainly addressed to my name at this address. Curiosity compelled me to glance at its contents. But nothing, my dear Mr. Vernon, is less interesting than a love-letter that has already been read by some one else.

" 'Miss Venables, if I were you, I would not marry your Mr. Holmes without first subjecting him to a severe medical examination. He is obviously far from sane. Care for your future children, to say nothing of love for your country, must dictate to you the necessity of immediately consulting a body of alienists on Mr. Holmes' mental condition.

"I spoke sincerely and kindly. She stared at me with wide. unbelieving eyes, and stammered: "You're denying it

"I said wearily: 'I can't even trouble to deny it, Miss Vena-bles. The whole thing is too idiotic.'

"'It's hurt me a lot,' said Miss Vena-

bles darkly.
"'I am sorry.' rose. 'Miss Venables, I said, 'another explanation has oc-

curred to me of Mr. Holmes' singular aberration. I do not think it can have been an aberration. I think it must have been a plot. I am positive it was a plot. I beg you not to be too hasty in suspecting Mr. Holmes' mental condition. He is dangerously sane. You have no doubt been thoughtless in your treatment of him. Actresses, and especially beautiful actresses, are subject to temptations. Men pester them. You made Mr. Holmes frantic with jealousy. Your eyes confess your fault, Miss Venables. You received, or could not avoid, attentions from other men. Mr. Holmes was furious. You teased him. Am I not right, Miss Venables? Whereupon Mr. Holmes laid a trap for you, into which you have fallen-to my discomfort, if I may say so. Mr. Holmes, finding a photograph of me in some friend's flat-you will allow me to have friends, (Continued on page 146)

one of me. It had been taken some years ago, and was not unflattering.

"'Your Mr. Holmes,' I said as kindly as I could, 'must be mad. That is all, Miss Venables.'

"'You're not denying,' she sobbed, 'that that's your photo!'
"'Photograph,' I said sharply, for I cannot bear these silly abbreviations, which sound like faded animal noises. But I do deny, Miss Venables, that I gave it to him. I deny that most emphatically.

The extraordinary creature suddenly waved something at me.

Her eyes menaced me through her tears.

"'And do you deny,' she said, 'that this letter is addressed to you?' "She hurled it at me. The letter, which was crumpled, stamped,

Illustrated by Edward Rvan

Miss Dale knows the world of the motion pictures a bit better than most of those who write about them. Her own experiences in California's leading industry have been followed by marked success as a film critic, and so one may properly take this tale as a faithful reflection of innumerable girls who seek the rainbow's end in Hollywood.

But I have decided to price." merely bend men to my will and to "use them for my own ends."
As the saying is. After I am a star and this record is printed I hope it will show other girls to do likewise. They will know then that virtue has its own reward as they say, even in Hollywood. I will remain ever cold and hauty and I plan to be merely calculating, besides, in my "use" of men, and will simply laugh at them after-wards. This is my pholosophy of "life."

Mar. 2: I have been thinking of the "old days" in Escanaba all day, and as I have been thinking over the "old days" I do not believe even Avery knew I have a phiolosophy of life. I am afraid he thought I was like all these other girls who fall under the fearful lure of stardom. I told him frankly I am not that kind. But he said in his small town way, "That is what you think," but after all what could one expect from a boy which has worked practially all his life you might say in the hardwear dep't at McCabes. I fear he does not know what "the soul of an artist" is like.

When I used to show my temperment in the "old days" he would say, "Got a chip on your shoulder?" or make some other mis-understanding coment. I only hope when he reads these words when they are published at last he will see he was dealing with an artistic temperment and let it slip out of his fingers.

My mother and father have never understood me either.
They think I came out here for a "vacation" with the two
(\$200) hundred dollars I have saved. I did not take the trouble to undecieve them. If I had of, they would not of let me come. They are so "old fashioned" and do not understand that "youth will have its way" as the saying is. My father thinks Avery is a wonderful boy because he is second in the hardwear dep't. and my mother thinks so too because Avery is always bringing her a new kind of egg-beater or something. Neither realizes I have a soul above egg-beaters or something. But I will always be very good to my parents like Mary Pickford, for after all, they did bring me into the world and when I am a star at last, I will invite them to come and live in my palatil residance, or perhaps it would be better to build them a nice bungalow such as I have



MARCH 1: Now that I am in Hollywood at last, I am going tα keep a "diary." Not that I expect to write in it every day, but I will write enough so that when I am a star, I can have something to look back upon the "old days" upon, and some day I will let them publish this and it will be an insperation for other girls who are struggling up the ladder even as I was. It will prove to them that it is not necessary to "pay the price" to be a success in the movie game, for from the first they will see that I was never that kind of a girl.

I suppose there are many who come here very innocent. But I am not one of those kind. I know "life." For many, many years I have hardly missed a picture at the Bijou Rose. I have learned that all men are beasts in sheeps' clothing as the saying is, except maybe Avery, and he has not enough sense to even be a beast. Of course "the movies" do not tell on themselves, but I know. How do I know? Ah, "Diary," there are some things just born in a person like a hairlip or a natural curl. I was simply born with a knowledge of men-that is all. I certainly know that a beautiful girl who wants to be a star must "pay the

seen today. Then they could have Aunt Nellie and all the other relatives come to see them and I would not have to see them for of course I will be busy with my ments. But I would never go to the wild parties that go on here, but of course the kind I will go to might seem wild to my Perhaps I family. will get Avery some kind of a position at the "studios" for "old times sake" for I will never let it be said I forget old friends.

I have planned to dress for street wear like Gloria Swanson does in her pictures. That is after I am a star. Just now it is not possible. Of course I am going to be a "vamp," for I believe one should adopt the kind of career I am most fitted for. That is my phiolosophy of life, and another is to show the world that one can be a star without "pay-ing the price" but by bending men to my will and always repulsing them.

Tomorrow I am going to a studio.

March 5: Well, what an exciting three days it has been since last I wrote in this "diary" and now I must set to work so that the record of my career will be all here when I am a star and they want to publish it. I will call it "The Rise of Iris June," for that is the name I have thought up to use for myself, I having read a book about some one named Iris March who also knew "life" but I think June is a prettier name than March and certainly much prettier than my own name of Hazel Wicks, which my parents are responsible for and which I have never felt expressed me.

Well, how long ago it all seems since I left Escanaba. As I look back now, it does not seem I am the same girl who worked down at McCabes and enjoyed the innocent "pleasures" of a small town. Well, one "lives and learns" as the saying is, and there is nothing like proffesional life to broaden you, especially when one has a phiolosophy of life like I, and knows how to use men for her own ends. When this is all printed at last and the world knows all at last of Iris June, I want it to be all plain from the beginning that from the beginning she had always determined it was not necessary to "pay the price" and that from the beginning I succeeded by using men and not giving in to their wicked "wiles."

Well, at the very first studio that I went to I was given a position or as we say in the proffesion, a part. I sat at a table



supposed to be in a "wild cabaret" and even if my back was to the camera it was a "taste of life" and I feel all the bigger and broader for such an "experience."

Well I will write down all of my experiences from the time I went to what we call "the casting office" in the profession and where I told the man at the little window I had come to join the movie game.

"Lafeyet we are here," he said to some one I could not see in the office. It seems all nationalities are represented in the movie game, including the French. I hope I will not meet any of them, for I could never be a part of the wild free life of those who come from bell France.

Well, after I told the man what I had come for and he had told this other person who was probably the president, he gave me a "leer" and asked me if I had a wardrobe. I told him I had and that furthermore it had been honestly come by. "Well, maybe that will not hurt it," he said then and he gave me another

I gave him a cold hauty look and he gave me a card and told me to report at one o'clock p. m. and I swear that was all that passed between us and it just goes to show that a good girl can get into the movie game without giving a "quarter" which is what is called a figerative expression and means something else besides "the coin of the realm."

Well, a girl in the dressing-room at the next mirror tried to be friends with me and said she would help me "make up." I merely gave her a cold hauty look as she seemed to me to be a common person. Her underwear was georgette crepe. But after a while I thought I might as well let her as I saw my com-

pact-powder and lip-stick would not do.

Well, a gentleman down on the "set" as we say in the proffesion told each one just where to sit at which table, and as I thought he was the director I smiled at him because it is part of my phylosaphy of life to bend these men to my "will" and certainly not because I was interested in him or thought he was Though he pretended not to notice I could see he noticed. But I soon discovered that the gentleman who I had thought was a chauffeur because of his leggins was the real director and I was sorry I had "wasted my sweetness" as the saying is, on his assistant. I suppose someday when I am a star this lowly assistant will tell it around how he gave me my first position in front of the camera, and will remember that smile But it is part of my phiosophy of life to be always nice to underlings and when he sees these words printed at last he will know there was nothing personal in the smile I gave him.

Well, the gentleman in leggins whispered to one of his assistents and he whispered to some one else and he called through a megaphone such as they use for basket-ball games in Escanaba, and the music began to play and this gentleman called that this was a wild party at a cabaret and that we were all to put pep and abandon into it. At the table with me was a young actor who looked very French and abandoned, and I told him he could kiss me after things got started. For from the first you see I was willing to do anything for my "career" except to "pay the price," and this young Frenchman acted very embarresed, which I could see was only pretense, for he gave me a "leer" and said "Do you want me to get fired?" I then asked him where his home was, always being interested in broadening my "knowledge" and he said "Bute," which is a place I have heard of. I think it is in southern France. (Note, look up Bute on map.)

Well, it was all very exciting, and just as I was getting "in" to my part the Frenchman got up, and I said "Where are you going?" and he said, "Home of course. Don't you know when they have finished?" I merely gave him a cold hauty look. Then I took off my make-up and came away and bought a suit of georgette underwear with my first check. . .

March 10: Things have been very quiet at the studios lately. and I can see very easy that what they need in pictures is "new blood." Wrote to Avery that he should watch for my first picture at the Bijou Rose. I did not mention the name of it because I could not find out what it is. Mamma said in a letter this morning Avery had taken Millie Strong twice to the Bijou Rose since I have been away and I only hope he takes her to see my picture and then he can sit and compair the two of us and perhaps he will realize then how he let an artistic

Mar. 12: "The studios" are still very quiet. I suppose enough for me to get a "part" but I am thankful to say I am not that kind of a girl. I saw that assistant director on the street today and thought it might be just as well to nod to him and so I did, following the nod up by the light question as to whether he could not get me another part. "Who are you?" he said wearily to hide his eagerness. "Lucy Lovely" I said, for that is the name I have decided to use. "I worked on your set the is the name I have decided to use. "I worked on your set the other day," I said. He made believe he did not remember, choosing to forget the "leer" he had given me that other day.
"I would do anything to get a part," I said softly, but I did not mean what he thought I meant. "I will have them call you if there is anything," he said in that weary voice which did not fool me for a second. And it did not come to me until afterwards that he did not have my telephone number, and I suppose he is telephoning frantically all over Hollywood, and it serves him right for thinking I am like those other girls so crazy to get a "part" they give their telephone numbers to anyone whom asks for them. . . .

March 15: Well, I did not go around to the "casting offices" as they say in the proffesion today, as I did not feel so well. Had a letter from Mamma and she said Avery had taken Millie Strong to the Elks ball which just goes to show that men are all alike, as I had a letter from Avery too and he did not mention the ball. Millie is such a queer girl. I could never understand what some of the boys in Escanaba see in her, but I was always very nice to her and I suppose she will be telling how nice I used to be to her someday when I am a "star," not realizing I was merely sorry for her all the time.

The maid here at the boarding-house who makes my bed tried to be nice with me today. I suppose she would like to have me get her into the movie game. It seems she came from Madison Wis and tried to get into pictures when she first came here. I could see at once she wasn't a good "type" as they say on the "lots," but she pretended she could not make a good enough living at it, which when you consider Norma Talmadge and those is simply riduculous. "I get my twelve a week reg-ular now," she said corsely. And "If you are up against it, kid," she said, "you look sort of low this morning, I know where you can get a job in a hardwear dep't." But I told her I was certainly not "up against" it. What coarse language these small-town girls use! And even if I was "up against as she said, I would most certainly not go into





I just looked at her evenly and said I was not like the girls who are willing to do anything to get into pictures.

any hardwear dep't. where I would be reminded of Avery every time I sold a dishpan.

Mar. 16: Met the girl I allowed to help me with make-up at the Super-Pinnicle studios when I went to the "casting office," and she remembered me at once. I suppose that is what comes of having a "personality" or something about one that makes me unforgetable. She said, "Well, if it is not the kid from Iowa's wild open spaces." But I reminded her Escanaba was in Mich. "Well, anyhow the camera camps are as dead as a star with a scandal," she said. "But thank God," she said, "I got a tip today they are going to need a mob for a cabaret in Caro Egypt beginning Monday at Supreme-Apex, and if you get there early maybe you can be atmosphere too."

"Who gave you the tip as you call it," I said evenly, but I liked to believe the worst as I could see at a glance she was one who would do anything to get a "part." "Why, the casting director," she said. "Did you think they kept it a secret when they make a picture in Hollywood?" I said evenly: "Well,

I think a lot of things about Hollywood and the people who are in it," I said evenly. And I could see she understood that I understood her even though she tried to look surprised as if she did not understand what I understood. And so I went on.

But I went over to Supreme-Apex just to see for myself what sort of a man this "casting director" was whom had so easily gotten his "coils" around this foolish girl and made her have such a common look, for as my mother always says, a man can tell what kind of a woman a woman is by looking at her. I thought it would be a good thing for this "casting director" to see for once a girl who was ambitious and yet would not give a "quarter" to such as him, but I would lead him on just enough to "use" him for my own ends and then laugh at him.

But the person in the casting office was a lady with gray hair. At least she said she was the "casting director," but I do not know. You can never tell anything by looking at a person. She may be merely part of the plot out here, and how do I know but what she might have invited me into some private

office with the promise of letting me meet a director and then what might have happened? I have seen too many motion pictures where "innocence was trapped" not to keep my eyes open as the saying is. However, she did not invite me to do anything, only told me there was to be a cabaret scene there next Monday, and it does seem to me a person might make a good living out here just by going from one cabaret scene to another. Anyway, what this casting director lady told me just goes to show one does not have to "belittle themselves" as that girl did, to get real information out of people.

I HAD lunch at the drug-store where I have been going, enjoying the novelty of it all. There are many strange Bohemian foods out here such as "hot tomolys" which are delicately served in a straw package and taste like hash after you have forgotten and peppered it too often. Well, sometimes I have to laugh when I think of some of the dinners I used to enjoy in the "old days" before I became a proffesionl such as Mamma's hot biscuits with the butter melting, and her Washington pie with whip cream. I suppose after a while these Bohemian menues out here get so popular with one one forgets those common foods like Washington pie with whip cream and has only a hearty laugh when one remembers. It is just as well that "hot tomolys" are not too filling, for of course in this new "life" I must think of my figure now. I sometimes think it might have been better if I had had more than \$200 when I came here.

Mar. 17: Well, it is only two more days until Monday and then I suppose I will have to fly to the "studios" again and go back to work, this time at the Supreme-Apex "plant," and luxiourous idleness will be forgotten as I play my part in the wild cabaret "scene in Caro, Egypt." Well, it had been a good little rest between pictures, and I am probably all the better for it, but like the stars I will be glad to get back into "harness."

Having nothing to do this afternoon, and it being a sort of holiday as I just happened to remember that a year ago tonight Avery and I went to a St. Patrick's day party, I took a stroll and to my surprise found myself in a hardwear dep't. I had to laugh for it made me think of Avery and of how Mamma said in her last letter he and Millie Strong had been to church "together." I had to laugh. I suppose going to church is an "exciting engagement" in Escanaba, but living in this Bohemian "atmosphere" and with all these wild cabarets, one's ideas of such things changes, and so I had to laugh. No matter how quiet the streets are, here at night you can feel "life" reeking from the windows of brightly lighted houses, and you know a terrible party of some kind is going on inside. Well it is not for me to regulate such peoples' lives. All I can say is that I would not be such as them even if I was invited.

Last night when I was walking along a seemingly quiet street and feeling the "life" reeking from the windows, I suddenly felt some one following me. While my heart beat faster something made me walk slower, and sure enough this man caught up with me. It is so strange how men take every little thing as a sign of encouragement. Of course I know a lot of "big directors" go out at night looking for "types," and this man seemed very distinguished looking when I looked at him under a street lamp. He returned my look with a "leer" and it came over me all at once what should I do if he insisted I go to one of those wild parties with him pretending it was to see whether I was the "type" he wanted. I suppose some girls might have gone if they were lonesome, but my phiosophy of "life" would of never let me do such a thing even if this man had of been the biggest director in the movie game and had kept on insisting. That is the kind of girl I am. But this man I am writing about merely walked on after giving me his "leer," which just goes to show a good girl can go anywhere and be perfectly safe.

MAR. 18: Wrote Avery about the egg-beater I had seen yesterday in the hardwear dep't. Paid my room rent. It is just terrible the way expenses keep mounting up. This room is certainly not what I was used to in Escanaba with my lovely birds-eye mapel dresser and all. When I am a star I wonder what will become of my birds-eye mapel dresser. I would not like to give it away but of course it will not fit in with the other things I will be having in my "boudoir." But I will not throw it away or give it away for "old times sake" as the saying is.

saying is. Mar. 19: Went over to the Supreme-Apex "plant," as we say in the proffesion today. This was the day the gray-haired casting lady gave me her word she would give me a part. But when I got to her little window, she said, "Too late. Sorry." But it

was very clear she was not sorry at all. I suspect it was her idea to discourage my ambition as perhaps some of her own family were put into my part instead. There were a lot of things I might of said but as she banged her little window shut, I decided merely to give her a cold hauty look and of course if I had wanted to be like the hundred other girls who got "parts" today, I suppose it would have been alright. But I am not one of those kind, that is all. Only it is hard to know virtue has no "reward" but dissapointment in the movie game. When I am a star, if it should happen to be with the Supreme-Apex people, I would make it my first duty to discharge that woman. For how does she know to what lengths a girl might go to when she has been solomely promised a part like I was and then is simply thrust aside? But thank heaven I am not that kind.

Mar. 25: Had a letter from Avery. He says it is right warm in Escanaba. I suppose McCabes have all their spring things out. Well, it is very warm here, not to say hot. I will have to see about getting some light clothes, but maybe I will wait for it would be foolish to get inexpensive things which I would not be found dead in when I get high-paying parts at last. But of course in the meantime I will have to have something. It was rather nice when I was at McCabes to get a discount and all. Avery said he had supper at Mammas the night before and she had Washington cream pie. It is just as well they do not have that here, because I have to think of my figure now that I am a proffesionnal. I have given up tomolys at the drugstore as I find soup is just as filling.

Things still very dull in the motion picture industry.

Mar. 28: I have decided to use Cynthia Avery as my screen name just to show Avery how little he had always meant to me. Mamma said he and Millie Strong went to the Rotary dinner and I suppose the next thing I hear is that they are married. As if that would make any difference to me! I am glad to say I have my "career," and men mean less than anything in my life, except that I will "use" them, but sometimes it seems a little hard to get acquainted with them. But when Avery and Millie Strong are married at last, I hope when they go to the Bijou Rose together to see me in my latest picture he will remember the dear old days" which can never return, and Millie will wonder how I came to use that name and he will have to explain. No. Avery, it is true I have no legal "right" to your name, but you can think of me living in my lonely palatial residance with everything that money can buy but not having the one thing that makes life worth living. Success makes us cruel, as I read of Nita Naldi saying, but I will always remember "A" very kindly and not forget the "dear dead days." Studios had nothing to offer me again today.

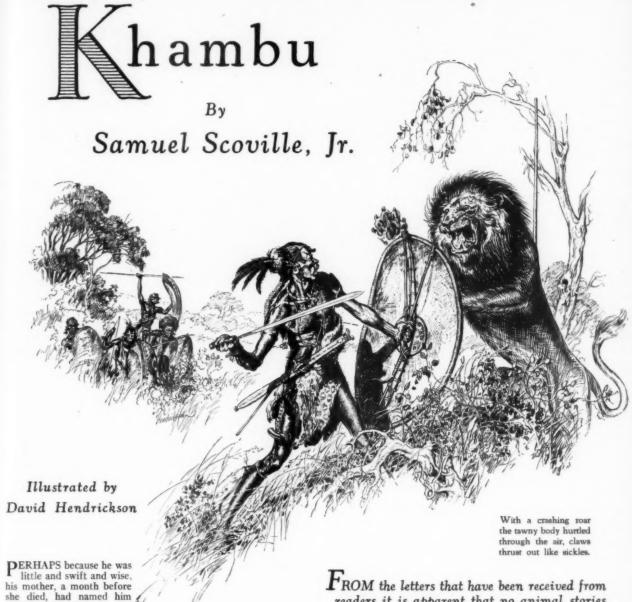
APRIL 2nd: This is the most important day of my life! And just to think that even this morning all that I knew about L. Mortimer Cecil was that he was one of the biggest directors in pictures! And tonight how different it all is. I am so excited I can hardly write. There comes a time in a woman's life when she must make "the great decision," and as I am one who can make a decision and never change my mind, all I can say is that I hope I will never be judged, but what if I am? As soon as L. Mortimer Cecil and I looked into each other's eyes across the cabaret table, we knew! And there is no sense in asking anyone to help me out with my decision for they would certainly say no.

L. Mortimer Cecil has asked me to come to his house tonight. Oh diary, it looks as if you would never be printed after all, for there are those who would never understand artistic temperments like mine and his, and how everything must be put aside for "ambition," and I am one ready to do anything for my public.

I must write down everything even if it will be for my own eyes "forever," and how all this wonderful day started. Then I must do a few things such as ironing out my dress which I will wear. Ah me! I suppose this will be the last time I will do such "menial" things, for in my new life I will have a maid to do such "menial" things and probably never will wear anything twice even georgette underwear, but perhaps I can give the old ones away for Christmas presents, georgette doing up so well when it is of good quality.

Well, this wonderful day started this morning. I went to the

Well, this wonderful day started this morning. I went to the Ultra-Acme "plant" and asked for work, and they told me L. Mortimer Cecil was doing a cabaret scene and I could be "atmosphere," and of course I did not consider that unusual for everyone has considered me a good "type" for atmosphere in cabarets. But little did I know to what (Continued on page 110)



his mother, a month before she died, had named him "Khambu," which is the Masai name for the swift, small mouse of the veld.

Lochan, the "Lion," an

Lochan, the Lion, an Induna who commanded an impi of the Masai tribe, was his father, and Khambu firmly believed that there was no other man in the world equal to him, with his proud, fearless face and splendid body.

When the Induna led his company in the ceremonial dances before Ghamba, the Great One, who ruled the Masai mightily, Khambu would hide himself among the bushes beyond the circle of blazing fires, and when his father swung into the ring, girdled with leopard skin and wearing black eagle plumes in his piled-up hair, the little boy's heart would nearly burst with pride. As the wooden drums sobbed and boomed, and the koodoo horns blared, the Mouse shouted "Bayete!" with the others, that royal salute which only the king may hear; but while a thousand voices thundered "Ghamba" after the sacred word, from the shelter of his bush, Khambu piped "Lochan," although no one heard him save the Southern stars which flared above him in the black-velvet sky.

Then came the day of the lion hunt. A grim lord of slaughter, black-maned and in his prime, had killed one of the king's heifers. Word was brought to Ghamba the next morning as he sat drinking pombo before the royal hut.

ing pombo before the royal hut.
"Who guards the village today?" he demanded in a voice which clanged like the closing of an iron door.

FROM the letters that have been received from readers it is apparent that no animal stories ever published in this magazine have been better liked than Mr. Scoville's. Here, then, is another, and quite the best—so far. It will not be at all difficult to recognize the American hunter who plays a protecting part in the tale.

"Lochan," a dozen voices answered, and a moment later the Induna appeared, fully armed as befitted a Masai warrior on duty. Above a long shield of rhinoceros-hide he bore the terrible spear of his tribe, and in his belt was thrust another shorter stabbing spear. Although he bowed respectfully, Ghamba noted with disapproval a certain fearless swing and swagger to his carriage, and that he met the mad glare of the Great One's eyes unflinchingly. Warriors who looked their sovereign in the eye were apt to come to a sudden and evil end among the Masai.

"Take thy impi and bring me back before night the head and hide of that tawny dog who has dared kill one of my white heifers," the Great One commanded. Lochan bowed low and departed in swift silence, but found time for a word with the Mouse, who was preparing the Induna's breakfast, as he had so often seen his mother do in the days that were gone.

"I go, my son, to hunt the lion," he said slowly. "If so be

that I do not return, do thou journey to thy mother's people, They will care for my Mouse for her sake. the Induna allowed his great arm to rest for an instant across the tiny shoulders of the boy who stood before him listening gravely.

"May I not come with thee?" said Khambu at last, nodding

his small round head to show that he understood.

"No," returned his father. "A lion-hunt is no place for a Stay thou here until I return or thou hearest that I am

dead." And he strode away to head his impi.

"Yet will I be there," remarked Khambu to himself disobe-Wherefore it happened that as the hundred men of diently. Lochan's company beat back and forth across the veld in everwidening circles, with the torn carcass of the white heifer as a center, Khambu was ever behind them, quiet and quick as his namesake.

OTHER men were there, too, watching the lion-hunt—a safari and its white chief, who, as his head-man told Lochan, had been for seven years king of a far country across the seas. was ruddy and bespectacled, with keen blue eyes and a tawny mustache, and whenever he spoke, he showed his white, even teeth as if he were going to bite. Lochan gave him but a passing glance-that day he was more interested in lions than in kings.

Suddenly, as a segment of the circle of beaters approached a donga, there came from its bush-choked depths a murderous The lion was there, and serving notice of death on any-

one who dared to molest him.

In a moment the little ravine was surrounded by a ring of Masai warriors, while before them all the Induna himself strode forward, his long shield on his left arm, while in his right hand he brandished a throwing-spear with a four-foot, double-edged head and solid iron shaft.

"Come forth, O black-maned one! It is a chief who calls," he shouted; and suddenly the lion was before him like a tawny death created out of thin air. Motionless, scowling, with eyes that smoldered under his heavy brows, he faced the man. Then lowering his head until his black mane framed his face in darkness, his lips curled back, showing teeth like white daggers.

At the moment that the great beast's tense muscles quivered for a spring, there was a flash of white flame in the air, and a yard of steel shot clear through the crouching figure. With a crashing roar the tawny body hurtled through the air, its claws thrust out like black sickles, but even as the great bulk hung above him, Lochan leaped to one side and drove his stabbing-spear deep into the beast's body.

With a dreadful yelling snarl the lion reared up and gripped the long shield with his claws. For an instant his flaming eyes glared over its edge directly into those of the man. Then the weight of the beast forced the man to the ground. As he fell, Lochan covered himself with the long shield, drawing his head

and legs in beneath it like a turtle.

For an instant the lion bit and clawed vainly at the tough hide. At last, hooking his black claws beneath the buckler, he tore it like a leaf from the grip of the man. Then, even as the great beast sprang forward to bury his teeth in his opponent's defenseless body, the end came. His mouth gaped wide, his fierce eyes glazed, and with a deep sigh like that of a dying man, he fell forward dead, half-crushing the man with his weight. As the Induna sprang up, panting and dabbled with blood, the eagle-feathers quivering in his hair, a little voice piped shrilly from behind a bush.

"Bayete! Lochan the Lion!" With a roar, the impi took up the word, and the royal salute rolled like thunder across

As the sound died down, the white chief stepped forward from his place back of the Masai circle where he had watched the duel between the man and the beast.

"Bully!" he exclaimed. "Come hunt with me, and I'll make

your fortune!"

"I serve Ghamba and none other," answered Lochan when the

message had been translated to him.

As he stood there, one foot on the grinning head of the dead lion, with the congratulations of the white chief and the deep shouts of his impi still ringing in his ears, he looked like a bronze statue of victory. Yet in his heart was a deadly coldness. Among the Masai, men who receive the royal salute do not as a rule live long or die pleasantly, and out of a corner of his eye he had seen a malicious leer on the sinister face of one whom he knew as a spy of the king's, three or four of whom were to be found in every impi.

That night when he returned bearing the head and hide of the dead lion as trophies to the Great One, Ghamba received him

"Word has been brought to me of thy courage," he said "It will be our pleasure to arrange a fitting reward smoothly. "It will be our please for thee." And he smiled darkly.

The Induna's heart sank, for Ghamba, that huge, swart devil, never smiled save when he planned a killing.

HE next day Lochan sat before his hut with Khambu after the evening meal. As the light waned, the brassy glare of the veld softened first to dim gold and then to misty violet, and the great mountains which ringed the plain seemed to come closer in the dusk.

"Our life is like a bird which flies into a hut from the dark. hovers for a moment in the light, and then goes out again into the night," he said; and the Mouse looked up at him under-

standingly

"It behooves a man to die bravely," he went on slowly. "It may be that such shall live again." As he stopped speaking, the silence was slowly broken by the hollow boom of the drums, while high above their thudding notes sounded the shrill screams

"My time is come; the witch-finders are out," he said, as he slipped his shield on his left arm and gripped his spear in

his other hand.

"Stay thou here, and in the morning as soon as it is light, go thou to thy mother's people, nor forget the father who loved thee dearly, dearly." And he was gone.

Once again the fires blazed around the royal hut, before which, on a litter, lay the huge bulk of the king. Impi after impi joined the great circle which ringed the plain around. Suddenly Ghamba stood up, and there was a silence abrupt as a

For a moment his huge figure faced the waiting people, and he looked down upon them from eyes as stony as those of some deadly idol. Then his words clanged across the crowded ranks

before him like the tolling of a bell of doom.

"There is an evil wizard among us," boomed his voice. hath plotted against the life of your king. Tonight my witch-finders shall search him out—shall search him out." And he sank back again upon his litter.

Even as the tones of his deep voice died away, there sprang into the great circle with shrieking yells a number of appalling

figures of women.

Some were young, others in the prime of life, but all of them had faces of inhuman cruelty. From the livid white clay with which their foreheads and cheeks were coated, their eyes glittered like those of a black mamba about to strike, and necklaces made of human finger-bones rattled and clicked ominously as they leaped forward.

Like hounds on a hot trail, they ran to and fro, and as they came nearer and nearer to the living ring around the square, the men, seasoned warriors though they were, shrank back from the

mad glare of their serpent eyes.

Suddenly the leader of the pack halted and sniffed like a point-Then in a stillness more terrible than the thunder of the drums, with straining neck, and eyes fixed and staring, she crept forward step by step toward where Lochan stood at the head of his impi. Although the dread figure came closer and closer with a slow, deadly certainty, the proud face of the Induna showed no sign of fear.

WHEN the hag was within a yard of him, she stopped and in a great voice suddenly shouted, "Death to the wizard!" and hurled her clenched fist toward him. At the gesture a black and green boomslang, a six-foot tree-snake, which she had carried coiled unseen about her right arm, struck savagely at the Induna's face. With a motion swifter even than the stroke of the snake, Lochan swerved to one side, and as the slim body flashed by him, cut it in two with a slash of his razor-edged spear.

In the firelight the hag's face showed like that of a devil

incarnate.

"Kill, kill!" she screamed through a mouth which gaped foursquare like the sculptured faces of the Furies on a Grecian frieze. "He hath plotted against the life of the king and hath slain the sacred snake!"

At a signal from Ghamba, four of his giant guards stepped forward.

"I am no wizard, but a true man; if I die, no man's life is safe," was all that the Induna said as they led him away.



Again it was night in the jungle. The stars flared like splendid jewels, and under the light of the setting moon the vines showed as a dim green web spangled with luminous white flowers. A tiny owl wailed through the dark, and the bush-babies cried among the trees like lost children. Suddenly all other sounds were stilled as the deep staccato cough of a hunting leopard pierced the air.

bu

him

said

ard vil,

ter of let, me rk, ato er-'It he as, ms

> A moment later six shadowy figures slipped by, and the moonlight filtering through the thick boughs fell upon the sinister face of the witch-finder. Behind her, gagged and bound, came the Induna, guarded by four of the king's killers, who hurried him forward, for it is not well to be abroad when the leopard hunts.

> Behind the little company came another figure, small and silent and unseen. Ever since Ghamba had delivered the Induna up to his four killers and the witch-finder, to be done to death with such lingering torments as she could devise, Khambu had shadowed the sextet, and that night had trailed them through the jungle where death lurked in the dark.

At last the hag halted before an abandoned game-pit, which once had been masked by light branches and grass, but which now lay like a black pool across the trail.

At a signal from the witch-finder, the four led the doomed man to its edge, and for a moment the Induna and the woman stood face to face. Although the man was gagged so cruelly that a thin stream of blood trickled from either corner of his mouth, yet he met the gaze of the hag unflinchingly, and it was her serpent eyes that wavered and looked away.

As if angered at her weakness, she turned furiously upon the guards, her necklace of human bones rattling as she moved.
"Why gape at me, misbegotten dogs!" she cried. "Cast the

warlock down to his death!'

At her words the executioners gripped the Induna by his fettered arms and thrust him over the edge of the pit, which yawned like a grave at his feet. Landing uninjured on the soft earthen floor ten feet below, he looked up to see the face of the witch-finder staring down at him in the dim light.

Doubly came her whisper. "Before I go, I

"Wait there for Death," came her whisper. "Before I go, I will lay a path for him." And from beneath her robe, she drew an earthen pot filled with wild honey and smeared it along the ground in lines which radiated out from the pit like the spokes of a wheel. The four men behind her glanced furtively at each other, and a look of something very like horror showed for a moment on their ruthless faces.

There are many kinds of death among the Masai of which it is not well to speak. The Torture of the Rat, and the Punishment of the Parrot, must surely have been invented by devils from hell—yet none of them involve so horrible an ending as that which the witch-finder had prepared for the trapped Lion of her tribe.

(Continued on page 106)

ides By Julian Street Illustrated by C. D. Williams

WITH steadily increasing power this really great American novel of old days and new draws toward its impressive climax. Even as Mr. Street's "Rita Coventry" first showed his importance as an author, and as his prize-winning short story "Mr. Bisbee's Princess" demonstrated his rapid auctorial advance, so "Tides" is now making manifest a mature writing genius of the first rank.

The Story So Far:

TO the quiet old-time Chicago suburb of Oakland unrest and change had come-and the shadow of scandal.

For one fateful day Luke Holden (regarded by his neighbors as a political infidel because he was a Democrat) brought the real-estate man Shire out to Oakland, and Shire saw his chance; moreover Holden met Shire's handsome daughter Florence that day; and though he had a wife and little girl of his own, a flame was kindled. Shire and Holden called on Zenas Wheelock, a piowas kindled. Shire and Arouer tanker to be a considered and perhaps the most prominent citizen in Oakland; and after they had gone the fine old patriarch shook his head. "I'm after they had gone, the fine old patriarch shook his head. afraid," he said to his spinster daughter Martha (her fiancé, along with Zenas' son Lyman, had been killed in the Custer Massacre), "I'm afraid we're in for a bad spell."

The bad spell began to develop. Shire bought land and built-not the "mansion" he promised, but a block of garish closepacked houses. Luke Holden was seen more and more in the company of Florence Shire, and tongues wagged. And even to Zenas grandson Alan, son of the bookworm widower Harris Wheelock, trouble came: An attractive boy from New York, Ray Norcross, had plainly made an impression on Blanche Holden. After Ray had gone, Blanche was caught in school writing a letter to him, and punished for it. To show his sympathy Alan sold his treasured cigarette-pictures and with the proceeds bought for Blanche a little silver "friendship ring."

A climax came at the housewarming which Shire gave with much ostentation and champagne. Holden conspicuously neglected his wife Nannie for the company of Florence Shire at that gaudy party. And even when Nannie was taken seriously ill, he allowed her to go home without him. And—next morning Mrs. Holden died.

A scant year later Florence Shire and Holden were married. Blanche stayed with her beloved friends the Wheelocks for a time; but when her half-brother was born, she proved all too useful as a nursemaid, for the second Mrs. Holden was eager to resume the gayeties of life. It was not long afterward that Holden found himself in financial difficulties, and went to Shire The real-estate man advised him to develop or sell a piece of land between Holden's house and the Wheelocks', sold to Holden cheaply by Zenas Wheelock in order that Nannie might have a garden, with the verbal agreement that it was not to be

Shortly thereafter Blanche was told that her father and stepmother were going for a trip to Florida, taking the baby with them, and that she was to stay with the Shires. Without avail she protested at the latter part of this arrangement; and only when she saw workmen tearing up her mother's garden and ex-cavating for a new building did she understand it: her father had betrayed her mother's memory and his unwritten agreement with Zenas Wheelock.

Blanche had become more and more unhappy that winter with the Shires-and Ray Norcross' impetuous wooing of her was made thus the easier by her longing for escape. Only when Martha Wheelock showed Blanche's letter to Alan, did he learn that his boyhood sweetheart had married Ray and gone to New York to

Thereafter Alan spent many of his evenings with Leta Purnell; and there was an episodic dalliance with one Sophie Schoen, a pretty girl who sat beside Alan at the business college for which he had forsaken the university. After his graduation from business college he was given a place in the office of the Wheelocks' neighbor Colonel Burchard, and did well there. And he accompanied Colonel Burchard on a business trip to New York-where he several times saw Blanche and her husband Ray.

Soon afterward Zenas' neighbor Captain Murphy of the Police Department came to see him late one night. In spite of the hour the old man accompanied Captain Murphy to Napier Place, where was located Zenas' original Chicago home-now surrounded by the Red Light district. Here the old man found that when his former respectable tenant Mrs. Boddy had terminated her lease, Harris Wheelock—who had charge of the property—had allowed her to be replaced by the notorious Josie and her young women. Alan followed his grandfather, and was present when Josie accepted the old man's offer of money to get out next day. As they were leaving, he saw on the stairway his one-time casual sweetheart Sophie. (The story continues in detail:)

T was no longer snowing when the three men left Josie's door and turned into Napier Place, but the temperature had dropped, and the slush on the sidewalks was congealing under an

icy wind from the lake.
"What do you say we take a hack, Mr. Wheelock?" proposed the sturdy captain of police as, rounding the first corner, they encountered the gale; and Alan, remembering that his grandfather had sat for an hour in Josie's overheated parlor without removing his overcoat, quickly seconded the suggestion-but to

'You two ride if you like," the old man answered. "I'll walk." And there was a note of apology in his tone as he explained: "I feel the need of air.'

Nevertheless upon reaching the railway station he seemed glad to stand by the heater, and when presently they took their seats in the suburban train, Alan noticed with alarm that he was trembling. He felt a trifle chilly, he admitted, but he'd be all right when he got home. He leaned back and closed his eyes as if to discourage further talk upon the subject, and Alan turned to Captain Murphy.

"I've been waiting," he said, "for a chance to ask you how all this happened to break loose tonight."

"Reform wave," explained the policeman dryly, and he went on to tell Alan that a group of citizens, shocked by the open reign of vice, had been investigating the titles to properties in the Napier Place district, and were planning to publish a roll of dishonor Copyright, 1938, by The Consolidated Magazines Corp oration (The Red Book Magazine). All rights reserved.



"I thought it was you," she said, "only I couldn't believe you were in New York."

made up of the names of owners, agents and proprietors of disreputable resorts. In scanning the list Captain Murphy had been amazed to find the name of Zenas Wheelock.

"For years past," he told Alan, "your grandfather has come around to headquarters every little while complaining about conditions down there. He's been to see every mayor we've had, and every chief of police since I've been on the force, but you know how these things go. When I saw him listed among that gang I knew there was a mistake. Shire was down as his agent,—his firm handles a lot of those properties,—and I knew that wasn't right, either, for my brother had told me Mr. Wheelock had no more use for Shire than I've got—and that's blamed little! So I thought I'd just run in and see him before these reformers got into print with their story." He shook his head ominously, adding: "I tell you, if that list is ever printed, it's going to raise

the devil in this town!" And he continued to discuss reform and reformers until they reached Oakland, where Alan and his grandfather alighted from the train.

On reaching the house, Alan prepared hot lemonade, and carried it upstairs to the old man, who was already in bed. The lemonade was fine, he declared gratefully; it went right to the spot; yes, he was nice and warm now. Alan felt less troubled as he bade him good-night, but next morning he heard him coughing; and though Zenas came down as usual to breakfast, Martha, acting on the doctor's order, presently persuaded him to return to bed.

Before doing so, he went upstairs and awakened Harris, in whose room the two remained for some time closeted. Neither Alan nor his aunt ever learned precisely what passed between them, but from their subsequent demeanor it was apparent that Zenas Wheelock had forgiven his son.



Harris' contrition was painful to see. At the first opportunity he explained the case to Martha and Alan. During his father's absence in Florida, Shire had come to him expressing deep regret at the annoyance caused Zenas Wheelock by the building of the flats next door. Shire told Harris that he was seeking an opportunity to make amends; if Harris would put the Napier Place property in his hands, he would make it his business to find respectable tenants at a substantial rent.

Harris admitted to them that he had always thought the neighborhood unduly harsh in criticizing Shire. Knowing that his father was suspicious of the real-estate man, he determined not to mention the transaction until Shire himself should call and

effect a reconciliation.
"The long and short of it is that I've been made a fool of!" he declared bitterly; and that evening, instead of working as usual over his books, he sat brooding beside the fire in the library,

For the next few days Zenas Wheelock seemed satisfied to doze, or listen to Martha reading aloud. Now and then he

spoke of St. Augustine: when he got over this little cold, he would go there again; and because of this nostalgia for the South, he submitted meekly to visits from the doctor, whom invariably he greeted with the statement that he felt much better. Not until the physician casually mentioned two or three weeks as the time he must remain indoors, did he become rebellious. Medical men were fussy, he said; to say that he was not yet well enough to make the journey South was nonsense. Early one morning Martha found him up and dressed. After breakfast he was going down to buy the tickets, he announced, and it was only by vigorous argument that she persuaded him to return to bed.

He was hardly under the covers before a severe chill seized him. The doctor, hurrying over, found his temperature high; and when that afternoon he talked again of going South, his thoughts were confused, and he spoke as if the journey were to be made aboard his uncle's ship the old Hyperion.



Leta was coming up the aisle; and for an instant he felt that his knees were giving way.

In the days that ensued, his mind was usually clear, but now and then came fevered fancies in which he imagined himself conversing with Dufour, and other comrades of his fur-trading days, or that he was living in the old house on Napier Place with his wife and his son Lyman.

A "practical" nurse had been called in, but the pa-tient liked to have the members of his family about him, and so they took turns sitting by his bed, talking or reading to him. One night as Alan was leaving the sickroom, his grandfather called him back and looking up from a pillow hardly whiter than his face, gravely addressed him.
"Lyman, my son," he said, "remember that in you the hopes

of this family are centered."

"I'll do my best, sir," Alan promised quickly; and the old man, contented, closed his eyes.

Next day, when Leta sent him flowers, he told Alan to thank her and added that he himself would soon write to her; Colonel Burchard's daily calls pleased him, and he never tired of hearing from the Colonel anecdotes illustrative of Alan's growing capacity for business; Blanche's letters were read to him, and upon the news that she and Ray were sailing for Europe to be gone several years, he asked Martha to telegraph his blessings and love.

But most of all he thought of Florida. One afternoon at twilight when the room was growing dim, he turned on his pillow, saying

"I'll be ready to go in a day or two now."
"Yes, Father." She averted her face.

For a time he was silent; then:

"Since we shall be away so long," he said, "I've been thinking we might sell the cow."

"Yes, we could do that." She found it difficult to speak. "It's getting dark," he said; whereupon she rose and lighted

the gas, and he fell to telling her about a beaded buckskin shirt he had bought of a squaw and given to Dufour.

When Alan came in that evening, he met Delia in the lower hall. She had just come from his grandfather's room, where she had tried unsuccessfully to tempt his appetite with a cup of broth, and she was weeping.

"It's the look av him," she explained, wiping her eyes with the rner of her blue-checked apron. "He's changed for the corner of her blue-checked apron. wor-rse."

"What makes you think so?"

"It's in his eyes," she said, "like he was seein'-like he could see into the wor-rld beyand. Oh, I'm afeared! I know that look, and I'm tellin' ye—" She broke off; a suspicious expression crossed her features, and she inhaled sharply. "Mother o' Mercy, me bread's burnin'!" she cried, and raced for the kitchen.

Slowly Alan mounted the stairs. This little episode with Delia, he reflected, was like an allegory of life. Inexorable as time and

tide, the routine of a household must go on. Let the heart be filled with joy or with sorrow, let the eyes be filled with laughter or with tears, bread must bake and must not burn.

Moving along the upper hall, he heard his grandfather's cough; but when he entered the room, he found the sick man lying peacefully with one hand resting on the coverlet, his eyes uplifted with the intent gaze of one who sees into life's profoundest

mysteries.

After standing for a time in silence beside the bed. Alan touched the blue-veined hand, and as the eyes, still with the look of wonder in them, turned to his, he pressed the hand, and in a voice as cheerful as he could muster, asked:

'Feeling better tonight, Grandpa?'

A gentle smile lighted the old seamed face, and the right eyebrow, white as a wintry hedge, rose whimsically.

-Whip my weight in wildcats."

The faintly whispered words were the last that Zenas Wheelock ever spoke.

Chapter Thirty

FROM the time Alan left the house on the day of the funeral, until his return at twilight, there was but one moment when the full sense of loss broke through upon him, and that was when the minister, standing beside the open grave, let fall a handful of frozen earth which struck with a hollow rattle upon the pine box below. A few yards distant, partly hidden by a fir-tree, he glimpsed a pair of laborers skulking with their spades. to dust." Rebellion, rising in him, choked and blinded him. The black-clad figure of his aunt, at to dust." his side, became a blur.

The earth was shoveled in, and presently he found himself in the carriage with his father and his aunt. On the long drive home through streets rutted with frozen mud, the three conversed on unimportant subjects, mentioning people they had noticed at the church, and friends far away to whom they must write or send newspaper clippings. Harris' somber costume accentuated the colorlessness of his face; he gazed vacantly through the carriage window, and would have remained silent but for his sister's determined effort to keep up a conversation, manifestly with the purpose of diverting their thoughts.

"When the weather gets mild, I think we'd bet-ter paint the house," she said as they drew up at the carriage-block. "And the honeysuckle is getting altogether too thick Jacon must tring it heelt."

too thick. Jason must trim it back.

Alan preceded the others up the walk, and opened the front door.

"I told Delia to have tea ready when we got home." Martha moved toward the library, but at the entrance Alan saw her hesitate, and knew that the sight of her father's chair had unnerved her.

That evening, for the first time since Zenas Wheelock's illness, the jingle of Delia's supper-bell resounded, signalizing the reëstablishment of family life. Thereafter breakfast, luncheon, supper, revolved in their customary cycles; but without the head of the family, the table seemed deserted, and in the library his chair-his more than ever by reason of its emptiness-accentuated an absence that filled the house like a soundless echo.

The tall mahogany secretary in the corner of the library was filled with a mass of papers, and in sorting them Martha found a certain solace; such papers as were of special interest she would show to Alan and his father, and the three would discuss the disposition to be made of them.

Documents more or less impersonal, relating to the fur-trade, the settlement of Illinois, early paths of travel, the Winnebago and Black Hawk wars, the great fire of 1839, the cholera epidemic ten years later, the Civil War and the Chicago Fire, were sent to the Historical Society, as were also several old mapsone showing Oakland in the days when it was known as Cleaverville, with Thirty-eighth Street set down as "Pier Street," and a post office and general store indicated at the corner of Lake



Avenue; another of Chicago in 1833 when there were less than fifty houses in the town; and still another which Zenas Wheelock himself had drawn, showing the route he had followed on a voyage by canoe from Lake Michigan to St. Louis, by way of the

Chicago Portage and the Des Plaines and Illinois rivers. Family letters preserved by the old man were set aside for Alan. The earliest of them, written before the days of envelopes and postage stamps, had been folded and sealed with wax wafers; the ink was brown with age, and the phrasing and spelling were often quaint. One written by Zenas Wheelock's grandmother in the spring of 1814 referred to his grandfather's privateers engaged in war against England; and in another, dated at Marseilles a few years later, his Uncle Ichabod made laconic mention of an encounter with Portuguese pirates. Still others, of later period, were from Zenas Wheelock's wife, and from his children, and he had also saved childish letters written to him by Alan and Blanche. Reading these, Alan fell into a mood of tender reminiscence. How

des

bluc

the

ade,

ago

epi-

rere

er-

d a

ake

long it seemed since he had dug caves, built shanties and fallen out of trees! The very ground in which the old oaks used to grow, the ground where he used to build and burrow, was covered now with buildings of brick and stone.

"Blanche will be touched to know he kept her letters," he re-

marked to his aunt when he had read the last of them.
"Yes, I've been thinking she might like to have them back."

But before the little bundle of letters was sent to Blanche, who was now in Paris, Alan abstracted one written just after her ninth birthday. Zenas Wheelock had sent her an archery set from Mackinac, and the letter, on a tiny sheet of lined note-paper, told

Hayes, who, interpreting the kiss in her own way, had lavished upon him a devotion so conspicuous that ultimately, in order to make clear his point of view, he had found it necessary to throw stones at her.

More like dreams than realities, these childhood recollections, and it seemed that the boy moving through them must have been some other boy, a boy very close to him whose thoughts he had understood and whose actions he had watched with interest and concern. How odd, too, the heterogeneous assortment of memories stored in the shadowy recesses of his mind! The mind, it struck him, was a museum—a fantastic museum in charge of a mad



how, at her birthday party, the children had gone out to the yard and shot arrows at a straw target.

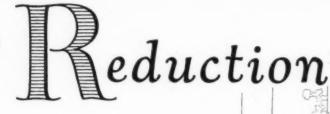
"We had canvas over the parlor carpit," she wrote, "and we danced. Then we had Birthday Cake with candles and Strawberry ice cream. Alan gave me some lovely Decalcomania Pictures"—the formidable word was written with a meticulousness that plainly indicated careful copying—"and we put them on our face and Mother was worried but they came off all right when she scrubed."

The details of the forgotten birthday party came sharply back to Alan. Blanche had worn a white dress with a wide pink sash, and he recalled exactly the picture he had helped transfer from the moistened paper to her face—a French poodle jumping through a hoop held by a clown. They had played forfeits, clap-in-and-clap-out, and post-office, and when ordered to "bow to the wittiest, kneel to the prettiest and kiss the one you love the best," he had self-consciously ignored Blanche and instead kissed Marie

curator who would, as like as not, reject an item of importance and select another having neither value nor significance.

His grandfather's death turned his thoughts backward, not only to his own childhood but to Zenas Wheelock's tales—tales so familiar that he seemed actually to remember the events themselves as if he had participated in them. Thus, though the Chicago Fire had occurred some years before his own birth, he had a strong illusion of having passed through that disaster with his grandfather; likewise, having so often heard it vividly described, he felt that he had visited Camp Douglas with its ten thousand Confederate prisoners; and he seemed to have seen the endless stream of covered wagons moving past the Bull's Head Tavern over the plank road which, in the 'fifties and 'sixties, was the highway through Chicago to the West. In his fancy, too, he recalled the arrival of the first railroad train in 1848, and ten years earlier, the excited gathering of citizens on the Lake Front to stare at the first steamer, lying off (Continued on page 136)

The Peters'



Robert C. Benchley

> Illustrated by John Held, Jr.

DON'T think I want any supper tonight," said Mr. Peters. "It must have been that cottage pudding that I had this noon."

You ought to be more careful of what you eat, Walter," said Mrs. Peters. "Your stomach isn't as young as it used to be, you

"Neither is yours," retorted her husband gallantly. More a sweetheart than a husband,

Mr. Peters was. 'I know it, Walter," admitted Mrs. Peters generously, "and that is why I'm going to Dr. Reevy. He is putting me on a diet to take off weight. You ought to take off some weight, Walter.

F.V.L.S ool.

You're getting dumpy." This was a rather nasty crack at Mr. Peters, for ever since young manhood, he had secretly nursed a sinful pride over a

rather well-assembled frame. "That's not fat," he replied testily. "I've got a collar on that's too small for me."

'It isn't where your collar comes that you're dumpy, Walter,"

said the Little Woman quietly.

Mr. Peters gave the matter thought. They were sitting on the front porch of their Dyke home, watching the automobiles go by in Maple Street. Mr. Peters would pick up an automobile as it appeared at the left, turning his head slowly to follow it with his eyes until it had disappeared down the street at the right. Usually this gave him just time enough to turn his head back again and catch the next one. They were the same automobiles he had been watching in this manner for a year; yet there was a fascination about the thing: there might be a new one some night.

Today, however, the slight rotation of the head necessary for this espionage was a little unpleasant. As he turned from right back to left, there was just a slight feeling of giddiness. It felt as if the top of his head were turning faster than the lower half. It must have been that cottage pudding. Unquestionably his digestive tract was not in tip-top condition. And Mrs. Peters' remark about his weight still rankled. He disliked the thought of becoming a fat old man.

"What kind of diet are you on?" he asked.

Mrs. Peters handed him a typewritten list of foods, most of which had been crossed out with a blue pencil.

"I can eat everything except those things which Dr. Reevy has crossed off," she explained.

Mr. Peters studied the list. "That leaves you pop-corn and cloves, as I make it out," he said.
"And spinach," added Mrs. Peters cheerfully.

"That's a break," said her husband. "Spinach! There's something to look forward to after a hard day's work-a good bowl of spinach.'

'Spinach is full of iron," said Mrs. Peters.

"I'll bring you up some iron-filings from the shop," said Mr. Peters, "and you can stuff some eggs with them and have a regular spread."

Mrs. Peters looked at the list. "I can't have eggs," she said wistfully.

There was disdain in Mr. Peters' voice, but in his heart there was a fairly definite hope that, if he were to try this diet too, he might get back into his old free and easy way with cottage pudding, and incidentally relieve that uncomfortable tightness around his vest-pocket whenever he happened to rush in his note-

So, beginning the next day, without definitely committing himself, Mr. Peters started in to follow his wife in her dietetic va-

garies. He had orange-juice for breakfast, instead of his customary bacon and eggs. This resulted in a terrific faintness along about eleven in the forenoon, followed by a throbbing headache. Some sliced pineapple for lunch was but little consolation, even though it had been preceded by a pale, thin soup. Mr. Peters hated pineapple.

"You'll have to learn to like it," said Mrs. Peters. "It has all the necessary things in it."

"Except that it doesn't taste good," said her hus-band sulkily. "I can't begin learning to like foods at my age.

But he persisted, more from pride than anything else, and was rewarded at dinner-time by a lamb-chop, some spinach, a salad made of grass with no dressing, and something which Mrs. Peters insisted was bread, but which Mr. Peters surreptitiously slipped under the table to the dog, who immediately recognized it for what it was and took it over on the rug to worry.



MR. BENCHLEY declares he never would have learned the facts in the case of his Uncle Walter's reduction experience if he himself had not contemplated indulging in a dietary adventure. Chancing to mention it to Mr. Peters, the latter recounted to his nephew all that is here disclosed. "for the greater good," as Mr. Benchley puts it.



"There are some exercises which you are supposed to do along with the diet," announced Mrs. Peters the next morning over their orange-

"Exercises?" said Mr. Peters faintly. "I'll be lucky if I can stagger up the three steps to the shop.

"You just feel that way the first day," his helpmeet assured him. "And these exercises are very simple. They strengthen your

stomach-muscles."
"What for?" asked Mr. Peters. "On this diet my stomach could get along with no muscles at all. I could get along with no stomach at all, for that matter. You can give it to the Salvation Army the next time they call. I've got no further use for it. All the food I get I can digest with my fingers before I put it

into my mouth.

"You feel that way because you are just beginning," Mrs. Peters said. "By tomorrow you'll feel fine."
"By tomorrow I'll be dead," said Mr. Peters. "I'm going to die when I pass the Clover Farm Bakery window this morning. can feel it coming on."

But he did not die, and the next morning, before his bath,

Mrs. Peters gave him another typewritten list which outlined a course of ten exercises guaranteed to reduce the patient to the proportions of a male dancer—that is, of course, unless the patient had moral objections. The first position on the list necessitated Mr. Peters' lying down on his back and drawing his knees up until they touched his stomach. Then he was to shoot his legs up into the air, and at the same time raise his body up until his hands touched his insteps. This left about one square inch of Mr. Peters on the bed.

"I can't do it," he said weakly, as he ran over the thing in tentative outline. "I'm too undernourished."

"Of course you can do it, Walter," urged Mrs. Peters. "Just

give a little leap." "Sixteen years president of the Chamber of Commerce and five years director of the Second National Bank," muttered Mr. Peters, "and now, at the age of fifty, giving little leaps on beds trying to catch my toes.

However, rather than appear ineffectual before Mrs. Peters (who, although Mr. Peters did not know it at the time, had not been doing the exercises and had no intention of doing them), Mr. Peters summoned what little strength was left to him by his enforced fast and prepared to try Exercise No. 1. He lay on his back, drew his knees up to his stomach, shot his legs up into the air, gave a terrific lunge after his toes-and fainted.

He came to with the consciousness of a pain across his abdomen and a cold sweat on his brow. Mrs. Peters was talking with Dr. Massy, the family physician, whom she had evidently

"Do you mean to say that he has been eating pineapple?"
Dr. Massy was saying. "Why, my dear Mrs. Peters, pineapple is

the very worst thing in the world. It sets up an acid reaction which practically eats away the lining of the stomach in no time. Now, if you and Mr. Peters really want to reduce, you have a dish of artichoke-hearts every morning, with just a little vinegar and pepper on them. Then nothing else for the rest of the day except along about five in the afternoon you can take a little warm water. Then for your big meal of the day, at seven-thirty, a meat-ball made of raw meat, with a little chicory salad. Then, if you want to-

Mr. Peters turned his head weakly on the pillow just enough to see that Mrs. Peters was taking down Dr. Massy's instructions in a notebook. With a little sigh, he slipped back into unconsciousness.

Later that day, as Mr. Peters sat on the porch watching the automobiles go by, he was thrown into something approximating a relapse by the appearance (Continued on page 108)



Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore





Whitman Chambers

Oklahoma, Texas, Florida, Iowa, New Mexico. It seemed ages since she had been able to look at a house and call it home.

And there appeared to be no end to it at all. Now they were off to California again. Another day or two, and they would be there—to stay a month or two or six or eight, always in an auto-camp, and then to move on again to other fields.

It wasn't so bad for her mother and father. They, at least, had room to move around and didn't have skillets jamming them in the ribs all the time. She looked at their dusty backs

now: her father, bent over the wheel of the rattling Ford, his thin head cocked forward like a child peering out of a crowd for the first glimpse of a circus parade; her mother, broad and solid and substantial, in her soiled khaki skirt, as comfortable and unperturbed in the heat and dust as another woman might have been in a steamer-chair on an ocean liner.

For two years, now, she had been staring at those backs, the thin back of her father, the broad back of her mother. And in those two years she had grown almost to hate them. No, it wasn't as bad as that. They were good to her; they bought her decent clothes whenever they could afford it, which was rarely enough; they were always good-natured and even-tempered.

But this ceaseless moving from town to town, from State to State! Wouldn't they ever settle down again? Ever? Oh, if only they hadn't left home in the first place! She was eighteen now. If they had stayed on that little farm in Iowa she'd be through high-school this month. She might even have had a chance to go to business college in Des Moines. They'd talked of sending her there—before the wanderlust had seized them.

The Ford hit a chuck-hole and flew up like a bucking bronco. The despised skillet shifted and nudged her viciously in the side. She was angry now, as she jerked it out of the indiscriminate pile of duffle and tossed it under her feet.

"Pa, I don't see why you can't go a little slower," she cried. "We got the rest of our lives to get to California."

The speed of the little car never slackened as her father answered:

"Got to git to Kingman 'fore dark. Feller in that last town said he made it in four hours. If he kin do it, I reckon I kin."

Got to get to so-and-so in so-many hours! That was the way it always was. Rushing, rushing, rushing! Never a chance to enjoy a bit of scenery. Never a good, long rest on the road. From dawn to dark, day after day, bumping and jolting, good roads and bad roads, dusty roads and muddy roads and roads that couldn't even be called roads—and skillets and tent-stakes jabbing her in the ribs.

Jennie gritted her teeth and stared out across the dusty, sunbitten landscape of central Arizona. She liked Arizona. If it wasn't for the heat, she'd like it better than any other State

JENNIE PARKS impatiently swung the handle of the skillet about so that it would stop playing a tattoo against her ribs. It seemed that for two years, now, she had done nothing but move that confounded skillet. Why couldn't they pack it in a place where it wouldn't bob around so? Oh, well, she told herself resignedly, if it wasn't the skillet, it would be the stew-pan or the wash-board or the camp-stove or the tent-stakes or something else just as bad.

She wondered vaguely if she were going to spend the rest of her life shifting skillets and wash-boards and tent-stakes in the tonneau of the family Ford. It had begun to look that way. For two years they had been on the move. As she looked back down the rutted, dusty road of her memory, she saw only a long succession of auto-camps, in Michigan, California,

Tent Stakes

MR. CHAMBERS has done a vast amount of motoring up and down and across these United States, and no one knows better than he that strange new genus, born of gasoline and rubber, that has come into our world with the general adoption of the automobile. His possession of that knowledge is what gives poignant reality to this attractive story.

to

n

d

she had seen. It was so quiet and peaceful and utterly still. Its distances were so unending. Those mountains over there, now-they looked only a few miles away, and yet she knew from experience that they must be at least thirty, maybe even fifty. And Colorado! There was a State that seemed

always in motion. Violent motion, too. Tempes-tuous streams and swaying pines and nodding grass and scucding clouds. Montana was like that, too, and parts of Idaho and Washington and Oregon and California. Even the East and the South and the Middle West seemed to be in motion. It was quieter, less tumultuous, but it was motion, nevertheless.

But here in Arizona everything was still. The sagebrush never seemed to move. It wasn't like the tall grass of the Dakotas and the waving wheatfields of California. And even the cattle-take those over there on that little knoll-were still as statues carved out of brown rock.

Yes, she liked Arizona. She'd be content to settle down and spend the rest of her life here. Settle down! She might as well dream of marrying

a millionaire and having a houseful of servants and a steam yacht!

Amid heat and dust and discomfort the day drew to its close. The heavens reddened, flamed to crimson, dulled to amethyst and rose. The sagebrush and the distant mountains took on a purple tinge. sun slipped from sight with startling suddenness.

"Purty, aint it?" Mrs. Parks remarked over her shoulder.
"Uh-huh," Jennie answered.

Purty! As though that described the wonders that had been revealed to them. Purty! As well say that those mountains over there were tolerably good-sized hills.

The long twilight was deepening into dusk when they clattered into Kingman. Parks drew up to the

"Hey!" he called toward a halfdozen lounging men. "Where's the auto-camp?

One of the group gave directions. Parks threw the car into gear and shot off down the street. But not before Jennie had caught a fragment of a remark from one of the men: "Damned auto gypsies-

Her face burned; her teeth closed over her lower lip; her small, shapely hands clenched and unclenched. The maddening futility of it all! "Damned auto gypsies!" Yes, that's all they were-damned auto gypsies!

Then they were in the camp-a long, shedlike roof that sheltered a dozen or more cars; a few symmetrically planted poplars, hardly tall enough to tie a tent-rope to; dust-covered automobiles, soiled tents, crying children, the reek of frying onions. Jennie slumped. Would they never pull into a camp where some one wasn't frying onions?

In the bustle of unpacking and making camp, she almost forgot her discontent. The tent was slipped over its worn poles, Jennie holding it while her father drove the stakes. " Mrs. Parks

set up the camp-stove on its spindly legs and started to peel potatoes for supper. Jennie unfolded the cots, set them up, made the beds.

She had just finished when her mother called to her:
"Jennie, go see if you kin round up your pa. I sent him after

water an' he aint got back. Go hustle him up,

Jennie departed toward the wash-house, threading her way between automobiles, stumbling over tent-ropes. From all sides came the ceaseless chatter of tourists.



If something only would

happen to her!

"Yeh, took us four hours to make the fourteen miles. Worst detour I ever seen. Naw, they got a rotten camp there. Aint even got hot showers. . . . The damned thing is all patches now-reckon we'll have to buy a new one in the morning. . . Don't argue wit' me, feller-I know. Eight thousandths is right. If yuh set 'em less than that, you're goin' to burn out a valve sure as blazes. Came straight through, travelin' all night. Only way to keep out o' the heat. . . . I got a friend went out last year. He's makin' eight dollars a day workin' in a garage in Los. . . . Sure, six hours is plenty o' time. Course, yuh got to hit it up at a pretty good clip, but-

Jennie found her father, the empty pail in his hand, talking to some men in front of the wash-house. She took the pail from him without speaking, filled it at the hydrant and picked

her way back to the car.

"Where's your pa?" Mrs. Parks asked.

"Talking, as usual. Hadn't even filled the bucket. It's a wonder he wouldn't stay around and help us make camp and get dinner."

"Now, don't be too hard on your pa, Jennie. He has a hard enough time drivin' the car all day. Only recreation he gets

is talkin' to these tourists of an evenin'."

"He doesn't have to drive all day," Jennie returned shortly.
"Don't have to? I like to know who'd do it if he didn't. Aint neither of us knows how to drive."

"Drive! Drive! Drive!" the girl almost screamed. "That's all

we hear and all we do. Aren't we ever going to stop?"
"We stopped in Florida, didn't we?" her mother asked in a hurt voice.

"Yes, and lived in an auto-camp while Pa worked to get enough money to go some place else.

Well, in California-

"Yes, last year in California," Jennie went on bitterly. months we were there. Living in auto-camps while Pa worked at this and that, getting money to start east again. And now we're going back to California. For how long? A few months, probably. Just long enough to get a little money. Then we'll be off to Kansas or Illinois or Michigan. I'm sick of it!"

Mrs. Parks eased her bulky form onto a camp-chair. In the light of the electric lamp suspended in the tree above them, Jennie could see her mother's lips tremble and her eyes grow misty. A quick wave of compassion surged over the girl. She

dropped to one knee beside the chair.

"Aw, Ma, I didn't mean to make you feel bad. It's pretty hard

on you too, I guess.'

The older woman straightened up, squaring her pudgy shoul-

"Hard! Why, I like it. Course, it's tiresome an' all that, but I never did like to be cooped up in one place. Always did want to travel an' see places an' meet people."

Jennie got to her feet and turned to the stove; the potatoes

were about to boil over. She raised the lid, dropped it to the ground when it burned her fingers, and muttered: "Damn!"

T was after eight before they sat down to eat. Parks was possessed of the singular accomplishment of being able to talk fast and eat fast at the same time. He regaled them with news of the camp, of the roads, of the weather in California, of the possibilities of finding work there. That skinny feller in the Missouri Dodge says, and that fat woman in the Kansas Ford says, and that feller in the Florida Chev says-endlessly, monotonously, pointlessly.

Dinner, however, was a simple affair; appetites satiated with the same diet of boiled potatoes and bacon and eggs and coffee were soon appeased. Parks drifted off for a further exchange of records with the tourists, and his wife began to clean up

the dishes; Jennie slipped into the tent.

From a battered straw suitcase she removed with reverent fingers a thin voile dress, a birthday present purchased in El Paso. In the faint light which filtered through the canvas walls she slipped out of her soiled khaki breeches and shirt. She donned the dress, changed shoes and stockings, brushed her bobbed golden hair, dusted a powder puff over her cheeks and emerged from the tent

Even her mother was startled at the transformation.

"My, but you do look purty in that dress, Jennie," Mrs. Parks id. "Don't look like the same girl. Where you goin'?"

"To a movie, if I can find one."

"Alone?"

"Of course. Why not?"

It was the same old formula, every night. As though she had

not been to movies alone in a hundred towns, in half the States of the Union!

"Well, you know I don't like to have you gallivantin' around in a strange town like this. No tellin' what'll happen to you." "I guess I'll be all right," Jennie returned, with an easy smile.

Heavens! If only something would happen to her! Anything to escape being dragged from one end of the country to the other like a tail-light!
"Where's your coat?" Mrs. Parks asked. "You aint goin' out

in the night air with only that thin dress.'

'It's warm. I wont need it. She would have liked to add that she would never wear that coat in public again. Both elbows threadbare, the hem all frayed like the edge of a worn barley-sack; it wasn't a coat any more-it was just a rag. But Jennie kept her thoughts to herself as she kissed her mother perfunctorily and started toward the entrance to the camp.

"Now, don't be gone long, Jennie," Mrs. Parks called after her.
"You know your pa is plannin' to git an early start in the mornin'."

Jennie turned into the street. Reaching the business district,

she made out a varicolored sign a block away. As she walked on, her head high, she made a pretty picture in the pink voile dress, and she knew it, and was proud. Whatever the humilities of the day, whatever the discomforts and the unpleasantness, this was her hour. No one, seeing her now, would ever dream that she was one of those creatures, to her the most hated of all humankind, an auto gypsy.

 $S^{\rm O}$ deeply absorbed was she in thoughts of herself and of the hour she was to enjoy that she did not see an unsteady figure which lurched toward her from a group of men in front of a pool-room. Not until the man had caught her arm did she realize that drama was in the making. Then she whirled about, glaring angrily.

"Where you goin', little lady?" the fellow asked with a grin,

and keeping his balance with difficulty.
"None o' your business. Leggo me!" She strove to jerk away But his grip was strong; his fingers pressed into her from him.

arm until she felt the tears brimming in her eyes. "What's the rush?" he demanded good-naturedly.

Jennie was only dimly conscious of what happened then; it all came so quickly and with so little attendant excitement. A fist flashed through the air, apparently from nowhere. She heard a sickening thud, as when a butcher slaps a beefsteak with the side of his cleaver. The pinch on her arm relaxed. The man who had accosted her lunged backward, struck his head against the side of the building and lay still.

Jennie turned, dazedly. She saw a tall young man in the act of removing a "five-gallon" hat. Her first impression of him was one of singular cleanliness. His teeth, his hands, his blue overalls and jumper, even his easy smile-all were clean.

"I'm sorry—this hyar thing happened, ma'am," he said, speaking more like a bashful boy than a man. "If you'll let me, I'll

be right glad t' escort you wherever yo' are goin'.'

Jennie smiled, the motionless form on the sidewalk forgotten. It was all so romantic, just like the numberless movies she had seen. As she took his offered arm, she felt as if she had met an old friend. He seemed so nice and gentle, and he spoke with such a soft drawl. They walked a few paces before the girl spoke.

"I was just going down the street to the movie." Her voice was high, excited. "I don't know whatever could have made that man step out and take my arm that way. I never saw him before in all my life."

"I reckon he was drunk, ma'am," her escort drawled.

"Do you think so, really?"

"Yes ma'am."

"It was awfully nice of you to step up and interfere." The young man did not answer. "You hit him awfully hard, didn't

"Yes ma'am. I reckon I did."

They had reached the theater. Jennie dropped his arm and turned to him. How nice he was! How wonderfully clean! What a contrast to the dusty, grimy, travel-stained people she had known for the last two years!

"I-I'm awfully glad to have met you," she said unsteadily, taking no pains to hide the regret in her voice. "And-and I want to thank you again."

"'Tweren't nothin' at all, ma'am." He jerked his head toward the entrance. "You goin' in?"

Jennie nodded brightly.



A fist flashed through the air. The man who had accosted her lunged backward.

"Would you care if I came too?" he ventured, a bit uncertainly. "No, I'd enjoy it, I'm sure."

nd le. g! ry

all ny

The young man seemed to leap for the ticket-window. Was he really eager to take her to the theater, or was she only imagining it? When he came back with the tickets he took her arm again, masterfully now. A moment later they plunged into blackness. They groped their way along the aisle, found seats, sat down in silence.

The screen was a haze of dancing figures. Jennie neither saw them nor wanted to see them. She was content to sit beside this tall young man, to feel the thrill of his nearness, to dream.

A young cattleman, he must be. Cattle was the principal thing they raised in Arizona. She liked cows. She'd always liked them. That time when her father had had the job in the dairy at Stockton, she'd always liked to go out and watch him milk. It had been a clean dairy, and the cows had looked so sleek and well-fed. And they were friendly cows, too, never kicked or acted mean or anything.

"I guess these Arizona cows aren't so tame," she told herself. "Still, they're nice. All cows are nice. I wonder how many he has. Forty or fifty, maybe. Maybe a hundred. He might even have more. Some of these Arizona men have thousands. I wonder where his ranch is. Maybe we passed it along the

road. I bet it's a clean ranch. I bet the house is fresh painted. He's so clean-looking himself."

In the dimness she stole a glance at him out of the corner of her eye. He seemed to be sitting on the edge of his seat, nervously. And somehow she sensed that, like herself, he wasn't watching the picture. Was he thinking of her? What a strong face he had. He'd make such a nice—her heart beat faster as her thoughts seemed to strike a snag; then, resolutely—nice husband!

She was a little startled at her own presumption. Well, she told herself, why shouldn't he make a nice husband for some girl? But maybe he had a girl now, and was engaged to marry her.

She visualized his ranch, a great expanse of sage-covered land stretching off to the horizon. She saw his cattle grazing peacefully. She saw the corral, the great barn, the big house. She saw a stream tumbling down the mountains and emptying into a little lake in the meadow below the house. She saw tall poplar trees lining a lane which led off the main road.

And at last she saw herself installed in that house. A real stove to cook on—real floors to sweep—real furniture to polish. Milk-cans to scald. Eggs to gather. Butter to make. A real bed to sleep on! Oh, how hard she'd work—if only she could look at an automobile and say: "I'll never have to ride in one of those things again as long as I live!" (Continued on page 112)

Illustrated by Hibberd Van Buren Kline

"Aw," said I, "that's a common name. I'm going to be called Slats, or Two-gun Jack."



Road to estin' Easy

By Wilbur Hall

"W HEN my father died I was suddenly a grown-up man, though I was only seventeen. Two days after the funeral I went to work for Sestrom's Box S outfit; they gave me a bad horse, and I took a hitch in my belt, pulled my hat down, and rode him. I knew that Allie Lee was looking on; I forgot I had limitations and figured that I was getting a short hold on the tail of the world! I was full of zip and vinegar; I knew right then, too, what I was heading for. I was going to be a rich man and a powerful one, with this Lee girl to admire me, and nothing else would do!"....

Where the main road crosses Swift Creek and bears off to the left down Pinnacle Cañon, there is a fork. If you follow it, you are carried up three short, steep rises to the Chalk Hill Summit, and from that vantage-point you look down into the little valley where, in the center of broad, fertile acres dotted with herds of registered cattle and sleek, heavy draft-horses,

under the big willows and the water beeches of Coldstream, sprawls Restin' Easy. Old Jeremiah Cantor, the Missourian, called it so when he came there in the 'seventies; the name scandalized the solemn owls of the post-office department, and by stubborn and unimaginative map-makers it is still marked Brown's Corners. But to those who live there, and certainly to John Priestley, after his amazing career, it is Restin' Easy.

The old man, we thought, brushed off the years gallantly. We had not seen him since the crash at Stonerville, when he had been in his prime; now he looked, in some respects, younger. Always tall, sinewy, alert, he was now ruddy, with keen eyes, plentiful iron-gray hair, and a resonant voice free from the sharpness and metallic quality that had once been in it. He smiled often too; he had a tolerance and understanding that warmed and heartened you.

We had noticed that he still trimmed proudly the grizzled

mustaches and the tiny tuft of whisker in the deep dent under his strong, mobile mouth. Yes, he said, when this reminded us to ask, he had seen old General Ben Butler once when he was young, and had admired that stern, competent, direct soldier out of another generation. We thought that he had some of the sterling, homely qualities of his hero, mellowed and softened by the feverish years that had brought him at last to this contentment and peace of his.

Louise prompted him. "You were going to tell us-"

he said. He looked out, smiling, across the lush fields of his homestead, where an old brood-mare moved sedately, her bell tinkling; we saw a cloud of white and yellow moths fluttering above the alfalfa. The warm breeze brought us cloying perfumes: the purple clover blossoms, late orange, honeysuckle, and the moist strength of new-turned soil heeling from the plowshare of a farm-boy; John Priestley sniffed all these. He lifted an ear, too, to the humming of his wife, who had sent word for him to keep us until she was through with her duties. Her wordless singing was rich with satisfaction in the business she knew and loved—the business of making a home for him.

"Yes," said John, "at seventeen I thought I had the world by "Yes," said John, "at seventeen I thought I had the word by the tail on a down-hill pull. But I had lots to learn. There was Allie Lee—fairly busting into my life, too!" He thought a moment, his face more grave. But it softened into a smile. He was so human and understanding! "Yes, I was go not be a smile. The was so human and understanding! "Yes, I was go not be a smile. He was so human and understanding! "Yes, I was go not be a smile." The was so human and understanding! "Yes, I was go not be a smile." The was so human and understanding! "Yes, I was go not be a smile." The was so human and understanding! "Yes, I was go not be a smile was not be a smile when the was so human and understanding!" The was so human and understanding! to tell you about the road I followed to Restin' Easy. Will you

stop me if I get prosy? That's right!"

Two things I remember still (John Priestley said) from the confusion and heaviness of those days before my father's funeral, and my start-out for myself to make my fortune: my last sight of Mary Bowron and my last talk with my mother.

Mary I'd been raised with; when we were eight and ten we were engaged to get married, and I was going to be a bear-hunter in the Rockies, and she was going to have three grown-up daugh-

ters; she said she didn't know enough about babies to have them, never having owned one. At sixteen I began to get a boy's strange dislike for girls and all soft ways; kissing games gave me the fantods-I'd rather have fights and tincan strange dogs. So Mary found me girl-shy when Father was buried, and I was keen for my first job.

"You wont forget me, will you, John?" she asked, holding my hand. "I'm not pretty nor gay, but I've always liked you the best."
"Aw!" I said. I

can remember it. "Aw, you're pretty enough, Mary. I'll ride back some day and show you a real cow-puncher. I'm going to be rich. Maybe I'll be governor of Nevady. I don't know.'

"You'll always be

John to me, though," says Mary.
"Aw," said I, "that's a common name. I'm going to be called Slats, or Two-gun Jack. The cowboy governor!"

I was away over Mary's head that day. There were tears in her eyes when her father took her away, starting home. Her crying gave me a pain!

Mother was too strong and practical to be sentimental. She wanted me to start right and run straight. She handed me a

"Don't forget your raising, John," she said. "Don't be ashamed

to be good.'

"I'm all right, Ma," I said. I remember wishing she wouldn't plague me. I didn't want to make too many promises. all right. I'm not going to be a train-robber. I'm going to punch cows awhile; then I'm going to ranch and make money, and get somewhere. Maybe I'll be sheriff of the county!" I didn't have the face to spring that governor racket on Mother.

'I'm not afraid of anything except your pride," Mother said. "You think you can beat the world! That's all right—if you don't try to do it!" And she smiled and put a hand on my shoulder. "I wish you could learn from your father's experience and mine and older folks'. God doesn't ordain it that way though, somehow. We all have to learn our own lessons. But that little Book is a pretty good guide."

I did promise to write her once a week and come home every year. Lord-Lord! How many boys have made those promises?

And how many have kept them?

So I went to Lin Sestrom's, and when I tumbled down from the stage, there was a black-eyed girl looking at me, stabbing into my homely, red, freckled face with glances that I didn't understand and that made me hot and uncomfortable and happy all in one. I just stared, and the driver dropped my heavy carpet-bag onto my foot and laughed. But I was lost to everything but Allie Lee. She didn't speak to me then, nor I to her. She didn't need to speak, and I couldn't. She was coquettingjust deviling me, as she did every youth and man she could catch with her glance; but I didn't know that then. I thought

she liked me. I can smile now, but for a long time the thought of that first meeting would set my heart to

The job on the Box S lasted five years; I had a lot taken out of me and a lot put into me, and I was made straw boss, and camp foreman and then, at twenty, foreman of the Thirty-nine ranch and range. I asked Allie Lee to marry me that proud day, but she laughed at me. She was angling for Bill Sestrom, our owner's son; I was too small fry. She laughed at me,



She laughed at me, but she made

me kiss her.

93

but she made me kiss her; she drove me mad, and then she went off, laughing, and stopping not five rods away to devil Walt Wat-

erman, a Texan and a new hand on the ranch.

Old Lin Sestrom's son-this Bill Sestrom-took a fancy to me. I couldn't quite make him out. He was a throw-back, I suppose, because his old man was straight as a string. Bill was a carouser-spending, gambling, into everything; he was keen, too; I suppose he inherited that much direct. He came to me at last with a proposition and I saw money in it-a chance to go ahead. So. I took him up, and there we were with the Big B brand all our own, registered at the county seat, with twenty thousand acres of range, around nine good springs, and with a thousand head of beef to start with. On a shoestring! Because what I'd saved didn't total a lot, and Bill could only drag so many thousands out of his father. We had a foreman called Nachez, though he was an Arizonan, and not a Mexican.

It seemed to me that our herd grew pretty fast. I was set on doing well, but I didn't like wrong ways of doing it. Sestrom discouraged questions; at first he made some fun of me. Beef went to ten cents the second fall, and we cleaned up. But suddenly the neighbors and the Cattlemen's Association came down on us. Bill Sestrom thought I'd turned traitor, and in the shooting that followed, with a raid, Nachez was killed and I got somebody's bullet in my shoulder. Sestrom and I split, and I went back to Reno with a roll and found Allie Lee. I asked her

again to marry me.

'I don't like ranch life, and I don't like the way you wear your clothes," she said. "If you were in town, you might look different to me."

While I was mulling that over, I had a letter from

Mary Bowron.

hadn't seen Mary since I'd left home-and even Mother only two or three times, by the way. Mary had written a few letters—timid, hoping for me. Now she wrote that her father was poorly and was looking for a small place in Coldstream Valley. "At a town called Restin' Easy," she said. "It sounds beautiful and peaceful, doesn't it? Do you know anything about it? I wish you were going to be there!"

Something like that. I sniffed. I was going to be rich and famous and have power. A bank president would suit, and maybe United States Senator. I hadn't just decided, but I was wavering toward the Senate. "The Cow-boy Senator." That ought to make people talk and write pieces for the newspapers! Anyway, after I'd put it off for months, I wrote Mary that I was going into business in Keystone and couldn't get interested in anything that sounded as dead as Restin' Easy!

I bought the Mercantile Store in Keystone-me, that didn't know whether you sold calico by the pound or the dozen! Yet I succeeded. I was so high and mighty nothing could stop me, in those days. And nothing hobble me, either. I had thought, Mother said, that I could beat the world. I began to think I could beat the devil too!

Well, there I was, at twenty-seven, aching for Allie Lee and yet knowing she was wild—harum-scarum—flirting with anything that wore pants, and all over the corral at once! Wanting Allie Lee and beginning to dabble in local politics and making money easy and fast. I was that far, you might say, on a roundabout road to Restin' Easy.

("Your mother? Was she proud of you?" Louise asked, when

John Priestley's musing had wrinkled his face into a slight frown.

("Mother?" the old man echoed, coming back to us. "Oh! No, not proud. She was glad, I suppose, that I was getting on. But you couldn't fool Mother. I was hard and greedy and selfish— Mother couldn't miss that in me. She saw that I was—what's that expression, proud, with a dash of meanness? Arrogant? That's it, arrogant! Impatient with others and riding 'em rough! I thought I was a sort of god. I mean, it never came over me to doubt myself, because I was John Priestley. So I didn't analyze too far. I was John Priestley-and the devil take the hindmost! Eh?"

(He took out his big stockman's knife, cut a sliver from the box that held his wife's ferns, and began sharpening it slowly, with his fine, strong, steady hand. He went on with his story.)

Allie Lee married a gambler, and he beat her for running around. Then he was shot. Some thought Allie killed him, but I guess the Reno grand jury was so glad to get shet of him that they didn't inquire very close. So Allie was open for engagements again, with enough money left her to do some gadding. She wrote me from Paris, where she said she meant to settle some

day because living there was violent enough and unexpected enough to suit her. If I wasn't too stick-in-the-mud, she said, I might meet her in New York when she came back, because New York had its points. That's how I came to see General Butler. He rode a saddle-colored horse in a political parade; he was famousrunning for President. I bolted the ticket that fall and voted Democrat to help him. I thought he was the finest man I'd ever seen. But he needed more help than I could give him, it turned Well, well! Allie Lee showed me New York; what's more, she showed me herself.

She wanted gayety-what the young folks nowadays call speed. So I said, if that's what she wanted in me, she should have it. I started in to burn up the State of Nevada and contiguous terri-

It's strange what a man can get away with. Instead of disgrac-



ing myself, as I seemed primed to do, I began to get a sort of reputation. The home State folks were a little proud of me! I was rich—a newspaper in San Francisco called me a picturesque figure
—a cattleman of the old school! Humph! In Keystone they actually wanted me to run for the State legislature, but I held off on that. I was in the water company and a land company or two, and a half-dozen ranches. I became a director in a small State bank; Bill Sestrom was president of it. Bill was still picking up dollars whenever he found them rolling uphill, no matter who they belonged to; he schemed and planned more than I did, and he didn't work so hard. But he kept on getting rich. He was after Allie Lee, still.

As for me, I had to have that woman!

"Allie," I said, "this is the showdown! What's it going to be-

"I've been thinking of taking Bill Sestrom," she said.

84

igh

ght

ork

He

ed

ed

t's

ed.

T

ri-

"You might as well quit," I said. "Bill knows more tricks than I do, but I hold better cards."

Allie wasn't ready to tie herself down. She wanted to temporize with the state of matrimony. I'm telling you everything, you understand; you asked me. If it gets too warm for Louise. . . . All right, then. There's an ex-pression that just fits: "Running after strange gods!"

We set up quite an establishment, that was supposed to be secret, but wasn't. Allie and I crowded into the fast sets-Reno, Carson, Salt Lake, San Francisco. Whenever there was something noisy going on, you could look for a big, black-eyed, well-dressed woman and the Cowboy Sport with the black sombrero and loud vest and the Ben Butler whiskers. I was proud as a peacock in those days-proud of Allie Lee, but more proud of myself because I had her!



going to say of them? Because there we were, hardly fit to wipe shoes on—and there was scarcely a place we couldn't go or anyone worth knowing we couldn't know. It was fashionable to take us up, so the fashionables did it. There wasn't a law of God or man we wouldn't make light of, but even those who wouldn't dare themselves, or had compunctions, invited us and were hurt if we wouldn't come!

Then Mary Bowron's trouble and mine came together. Mary's father had died; she had married some poor stick, out of pity for him, more than likely, and her baby came and died the same hour. I heard about it somehow; but I was worried by my own affairs. Because

I hadn't known what it washadn't been able to imagine it! Those little, puny, red fingers that could wind themselves around a man's heart and pull it out of him! A puckered face-and it mattered more whether there was a frown on it or a smile than whether the sun came up

or beef dropped to three cents! And Allie hated him-hated me for wanting him and loving him and trying to make her love him too. . . . I had my way in one thing: I saw to it that we were married. It cost me five thousand to get the certificate dated back, but money could do anything. Didn't this prove it?

Well, it couldn't do one thing. It couldn't change Allie Lee. She was rebellious. She hated the baby, as I've said. It frightened me. And she saw that it did. I had a letter from Mother suggesting that I go down and see Mary Bowron. That seemed reasonable. I was sorry about her (Continued on page 153)

The Deven Threats

 B_{γ} Elsa Barker

> Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

DEXTER DRAKE intervenes again in this latest of Elsa Barker's tales of that amazing detective. Psycho-analysis plays some part in Drake's methods sometimes, but rarely with the success that attended his attempts to solve the mystery of the telephone warning in the present "case."

I T was in that strange case which we came to call the Seven Threats that I studied Dexter Drake's art of detection from quite a new angle. I was already familiar with his uncanny faculty for seeing almost at a glance the one essential motive for a crime; but here I saw him obtaining his evidence in a way altogether unique, throwing himself headlong into the drama, creating a situation, egging on the guilty one to play right into his hands, while the guilty one thought he was actually playing out his own nefarious game.

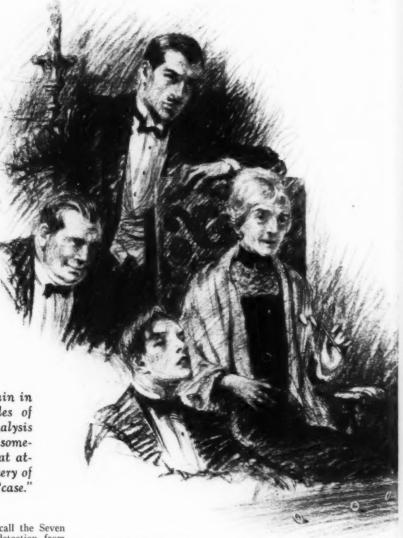
But I must tell the events in order, as they happened.
This wa a private case, not one of those brought to the famous free-lance detective by baffled police.

On a sultry morning in the late summer I was sitting with my friend in the pleasant living-room of the apartment I now shared with him in East Fortieth Street.

Drake was looking younger than his thirty-eight years that morning, lounging there in a Morris chair, his slim five feet eleven in the suit of summer gray, the lavender tie beneath his square chin doing what a touch of lavender will always do to a dark face with a healthy color.

I was about to suggest that we pack our bags and go somewhere for the week-end, when the telephone-bell rang sharply in the little hall. Drake rose and strode across the room to answer it

"Hello. . I am Dexter Drake. . . . Yes, Mr. Harshaw, I could see you now. . . . You're speaking from the Hotel Belmont? Then you can be here in five minutes. . . . Oh—anonymous threats! But that's very unpleasant. . . . Yes, come straight up to my apartment."



I knew the detective meant to have those voice-disguisers lying about, a temptation.

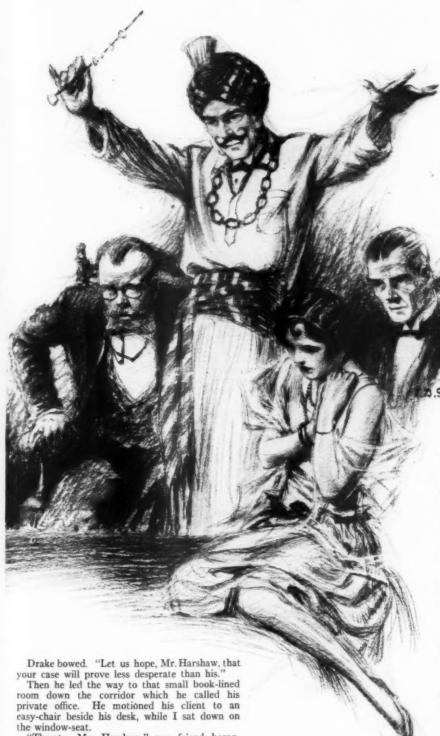
As Drake reëntered the living-room, his dark eyes had that brilliancy which always lighted them at any hint of a mystery.

He had brought the telephone-book, and was rapidly turning the pages: "Here he is, Edward Harshaw-Harshaw & Randolph, paper. Wholesale, no doubt. I wonder who's threatening him—and why. I always look first for the why, my dear How-

Mr. Harshaw arrived promptly-a middle-aged, heavy, irongray man of medium height, with a square beard and gold-rimmed eyeglasses. I would have seen at a glance, even without knowing his errand, that he was carrying some secret burden. His fulllipped mouth was gray, and his blue eyes, under bushy brows, were bloodshot—as if he had been sleeping badly for some time.

When Drake introduced me as his friend Paul Howard, adding that I had helped him in several other cases, I knew from the expression of Mr. Harshaw's face that my youthfulness surprised him. But he said, in a voice which vibrated with

"I put the matter entirely in your hands, Mr. Drake, to manage in any way that your judgment dictates. I heard about you some six months ago from my friend" (he mentioned a famous railroad magnate), "who declares that you saved him from assassination.



"I have treated him well," he said, "and he is down in my will for the major share of the business-my daughter Madge, my only child, being already amply provided for. The two other men mentioned in my will as legatees, though they don't know it—either of them—are two nephews. Oh, I've left three thousand to my secretary, and two thousand to my butler, but that's nothing. I'm more valuable to them alive than dead. My unmarried sister, who keeps house for me, has only a small life-interest in my estate.

Sitting quietly there in my place on the windowseat, I was thinking how distressing it must be for a man, anonymously menaced, to be pondering about the people who would profit by his death.

"You mentioned,"-Drake's tone was casual.

"some provision for your daughter?" Mr. Harshaw cleared his throat. "It's this way," he said: "My late wife was the daughter of a millionaire. my father-in-law, Mr. Chadwick, never liked me, he adored my daughter from her babyhood, and on his death he made her his heiress. She will come of age_-come into his whole fortune—on the sixteenth day of next month.'

The detective's eyes opened wider. "Will you tell me now about those threats?" he said.

"The threats have been over the telephone, Mr. Drake, the private wire in my bedroom at Greenmantle, my country place near Tarrytown. The voice is one I can't recognize—a gruff voice, with a queer articulation."

"There are things," he Drake nodded. said, "which held in the mouth will disguise the voice. But just how private is that private wire in your bedroom?"

That's the strange part of it. So far as I know, nobody has the number of that telephone except my partner and our secretary-a confidential man, who has been with the firm eight years. And they both have my orders to give it to nobody. It's not in the telephone-book. All ordinary calls at Greenmantle come over the house wire in the hall downstairs, which has a switch to the butler's

pantry. I had the private wire put in, when I bought the house a year ago, because I naturally didn't want the butler, or anyone else, listening in when I'm talking office affairs with my partner. Lee Randolph calls me every day about ten o'clock on the private wire, after he has read the morning mail. Sometimes he calls me at other hours. In that way I keep in touch with my business, only coming to the city when necessary.

Mr. Harshaw resettled his glasses. He inserted a forefinger between his throat and his collar—pulling at it, as if it choked him. "A little more than a fortnight ago," he went on, "that private

"Threats, Mr. Harshaw," my friend began, "must first be considered in relation to the person threatened. Tell me about yourself and your environment—both business and domestic."

The man drew in his breath sharply, and his bloodshot eyes wandered from Drake's face to mine. He seemed puzzled where to begin, as you or I might be if suddenly asked by an utter

stranger to give an account of ourselves.

"Well,"-he picked nervously at the arm of his chair,-"I inherited my paper business from my father. My partner, Lee Randolph, a young man about thirty-five, had been a clerk of my father's. I gave him a partnership, about three years ago, because I wanted to take life more easily." The man's voice, when he spoke of his young partner, trembled so that he could hardly go on.

telephone beside my bed woke me at eight o'clock in the morning. 'Harshaw,' a gruff voice said, 'I'm giving you fair warning. I'm going to kill you.' I kept on asking, 'Who is it?' Who is it?' But there was no response."

A little shiver ran over me, sitting there on the window-seat. I was wondering how I would feel if an unknown voice from the blue should warn me suddenly that I was going to be killed.

The iron-gray man in the easy-chair tugged at his collar again. "Three days later," he said, "there was another telephone threat. That same gruff voice said: 'The first time I see you, I'll shoot you.' That call was at two o'clock in the afternoon—a Saturday afternoon, I remember, because my daughter and her two cousins, Harry Chadwick and Frank Harshaw, were playing tennis somewhere in New York. My sister was also in town; my butler was having a day off; and I was alone in the house with the women servants. I confess it, that second threat really got me—frightened me. When my daughter came home, I would have asked her to go to Europe with me by the first boat, only—why, she couldn't go away now, with all those legal matters next month, her coming of age, inheriting all that money. She's just got to be here."

PRAKE'S eyes glowed with interest. He intently watched the man. "I'm not Madge's trustee," Mr. Harshaw went on. "Her grandfather put everything in the hands of a trust company until she should be of age. I could go away. Lee Randolph could run the business without me. It isn't—that. But I don't want to leave my daughter, Mr. Drake. She's going to have a lot of money in her own right. She might be—oh, persuaded to sign something, or— Why, she proposed the other day to buy the cottage at the foot of our hill for my secretary John Sanders—to give it to him. An utterly preposterous idea!"

"Is your young partner, Randolph, a single man?"

"Yes, and he wants to marry my daughter. Now, he is my protégé—he's immensely valuable to me in business; but my daughter—oh, that's quite another matter! I am very ambitious for my daughter. As for Madge's two cousins, Harry is a perfect scatterbrain, and Frank would simply lie round and let a rich wife support him. They both want her—she told me so. But I'm sure Madge wont marry anyone without my approval. She's devoted to me."

"Have you told her about those threats?"

"No. I've told no one—no one. I can't tell Madge. I don't know what's behind it. Why, she'd be panic-stricken. She'd urge me to go right away."

Drake's face was grave. I wondered what he thought.

The man took from his pocketbook some slips of paper.

"Here are the other threats," he said. "I began writing them

down, with the dates."

Drake reached out his hand for the messages, and read them aloud:

"Threat No. 3. 'August 19, 8 A. M. "So you're still there! Well, I'm going to get even with you for that matter last year." 'Threat. No. 4. 'August 24, 11:30 p. M. "I shall warn you only seven times. One warning for each of the seven wrongs you did me."

"Threat No. 5. 'August 27, 9 A. M. "There are plenty of trees and bushes around your house, where a man can hide with a gun.""

Mr. Harshaw's enemy in the dark seemed a bit diabolical to me.

"If I just let the telephone ring," he said, "didn't answer it,
Madge or my sister would hear it, come to my room to see what
was the matter with me. And you know Randolph telephones me,
Sanders sometimes. There would have to be explanations."

Yes, answering it was the simplest way. He had to.

"I haven't quarreled with anyone," he insisted, "no, not for years. I sometimes discharge an employee—every business man does; but if I have made an enemy I don't know it. Last year, the man says—seven wrongs I did him. I—I haven't wronged anybody. That's what makes it so strange, so appalling. Do you think it can be some crazy man?"

After a moment of silence, of hesitation, Drake asked:

"Does the number of your private telephone appear on the instrument itself?"

"Why-yes, I think it does."

"Hasn't it occurred to you, then, that any member of your household, or even an intimate guest, could learn the number of your telephone by merely going into your bedroom and glancing at the plate on the front of the instrument?"

A gray pallor crept downward over the man's face.

"W-why—do you—think—" His mind seemed groping in a sudden fog. "But that's—a horrible idea."

It was. But the privacy of that telephone considerably nar-

rowed the field of investigation.

Questioned by Drake, Mr. Harshaw could not remember who was in the house, or who was absent, when those various threats were received—save only that afternoon a fortnight ago when they were all away.

It was his own suggestion that Drake and I should come up to Greenmantle that afternoon—it was Saturday, you know—and spend the week-end. He would call for us with the car about two o'clock. His partner, Lee Randolph, was coming with him, also his secretary John Sanders. The two nephews, who lived in New York, had gone out by an early train.

No one would suspect our business. He often brought young men to his country house, for he belonged to a chess club, with many young members. Now that he had mastered his first horror at Drake's suggestion to investigate his household and his guests, he was meeting the detective halfway—meeting him gamely. I began to like that heavy, iron-gray, square-bearded man, with

the blue eyes bloodshot from sleepless anxiety for his life. After Drake had closed the outer door behind Mr. Harshaw, he came back to the living-room, waving those slips of paper with the dates and hours of the telephone calls.

"T'll find the scoundrel who is threatening that inoffensive man."
"Then you—don't think," I hesitated, "that it might be the partner himself?"

Drake looked at me queerly. "It might be-anybody," he said

slowly

He stood there a moment, his brows knit. "Peculiar circumstances require peculiar methods," he muttered. Then he opened a table drawer, from which he took a packet of small peppermints. "One of these things held in the mouth, Howard, would disguise the voice. Don't you see the difficulty of my job? Those five threats already given—five out of the promised seven—have no doubt been sent from various pay-stations, utterly impossible to trace. But if I find the guilty person at Greenmantle—oh, there are ways of exciting people, you know, throwing them off their guard."

I told myself we were going to have a thrilling week-end. "Remember," Drake said, "that we're driving out there with two of those men, so you must be wary."

MR. HARSHAW came for us at two o'clock, in a big open car. He placed Drake and me beside him on the back seat, the others facing us.

It was John Sanders, the secretary, who first attracted my attention, because he was not a young man. Forty-five he must have been, small, slender, pallid, clean-shaven, with piercing black eyes; and he had the cigar-smoker's lift on one side of his large, mobile mouth. A refined face it was, sharply cleft on each side with a deep diagonal line from nose to lip-corners. By his ease of manner—yes, his distinguished manner—he seemed more like a duke's private secretary than a paper merchant's. So this was the man for whom Madge Harshaw had wanted to buy the cottage!

Lee Randolph, the partner, was about my own height—five feet ten, but heavily built, with a big round head and round, innocentlooking blue eyes. I had seen his type by hundreds in Berlin during my post-graduate year of travel. But his name, Randolph,

made that association only visual.

His genial manner toward the secretary had just that touch of conscious superiority which can try the soul. I was certain that Dexter Drake, sitting there at my side, could smell the smoke of hidden drama in the atmosphere of those two men from the office.

"See those clouds in the west, Mr. Harshaw?" said Lee Randolph, as our car turned north on Park Avenue. "I'm afraid Madge wont have her long afternoon of tennis."

So he called her Madge! But then—of course he would. He must have known her since childhood.

Randolph then turned his cherubic face to me. "What's your line, Mr. Howard—sports, I mean?" "Oh, football," I said. "But I play tennis."

"And yours, Mr. Drake?" He was "placing" us in his mind, no doubt.

"Polo," said Drake with his inimitable drawl. "When I was staying with the Viceroy of India—" He left the sentence unfinished. "But I really prefer a tiger-hunt. Shooting elephants, too—there's real danger in that."

Lee Randolph looked perfectly vacant.



As we drew instantly back, "Still waters run deep," I thought.

I glanced at my friend, sitting there in his corner, distinguished, self-conscious, facing Harshaw's former clerk. With perfect unself-conscious, facing Harshaw's former clerk. courtesy and charm he was making Randolph feel untraveled and inferior. But why? The riddle of the versatile Dexter Drake's methods of detection was thrilling me again.

n

n

id

Mr. Harshaw was not even seeing the byplay. But John Sanders saw it, and flushed. Drake must have seen the flush—or was that what he was playing for? Already I felt beyond my depth.

Some forty minutes later, and just as the rain began to fall, the Harshaw car swung round a grove of maples in Tarrytown and stopped before a large stone house half-covered with ivy-Greenmantle.

At the honk of the horn, an old butler opened the door and

came down the steps. Then from somewhere in the grounds I heard a girl's high voice:
"Hello, John! I'm so glad you came."

A quick, happy look passed over the worn face of Sanders the secretary.

Across the lawn toward us, racquets in hand, came a tall, graceful girl with two young men in flannels. A bobbed-redhaired girl she was, in a short white skirt and blouse; one of the young men was decidedly blond, and one dark-both were of medium height.

Mr. Harshaw introduced us to his daughter, and the two nephews-the dark one was Frank Harshaw, the blond one Harry

Chadwick.

As Drake was bowing over the girl's hand, I saw a look on

Lee Randolph's round face which gave me a possible clue to Drake's tentative play in the motor-car. A jealous man is off

his guard.

"Come right in, Madge, out of the rain," said Mr. Harshaw to his daughter; and we all flocked after her into the large, cool reception-hall, and toward a small gray-haired woman in black who was standing at the far end, against the green background of a door with trees behind it.

Threat Number 5, "There are plenty of trees and bushes around

your house where a man can hide with a gun," flashed through my mind, as I went forward in my turn to be presented to Miss Harshaw, the maiden aunt and chaperon of the red-haired Madge.

Miss Harshaw had a small white face, very small white hands, and a small colorless voice. Never could she have talked harshly

"I'm so sorry," she said to us gently, "that the rain will spoil

your week-end with us."

"Oh, nothing of the sort!" cried the blond nephew, the scat-brain, gayly. "If we can't play outdoors, we'll play indoors." terbrain, gayly.

As he spoke, Harry Chadwick shook back from his forehead a long lock of bright hair; and when we were seated round Miss Harshaw's high-backed chair, he was darting hither and thither-rearranging a flower in a bouquet, tucking a cushion behind Madge on the big divan, playing with a kitten, tossing and retossing toward it a tiny rubber ball on the end of a long string. He seemed to me more like a faun than like a modern young man.

The other nephew, Frank Harshaw, had a dark, clipped mustache, and wore a discontented expression. He was sitting low on a stool at the feet of his tiny aunt, his elbows on his knees, his gloomy hazel eyes roaming from face to face of our little group, but resting oftenest on Drake, whom Madge Harshaw had

placed beside her on the divan.

Madge sat with one foot under her, and the other foot in its white rubber-soled tennis-shoe was moving and twisting restlessly all the time. While doing nothing, I thought, that millionaire girl must waste energy enough to keep a more phlegmatic woman

She was very handsome, in her white-skinned, gray-eyed, flamecrowned beauty. She came of age next month, her father had told us, but she seemed younger; and she was flirting a little with Dexter Drake, who lent himself to the game with a finesse which

it was just as well Lee Randolph did not see.

OUR iron-gray host, with his young partner and the secretary, disappeared up the broad stairway, leaving Drake and me with the two ladies and the nephews. There was no use in our changing to flannels while the rain was pouring down.

"Where's John?" Madge demanded suddenly, turning her attention from Drake to her aunt. "Can't Dad let him play, when he comes up here for a rest? Dear old John! I haven't seen

him for a week."

Her blond cousin, the kitten in one hand, with a quickly charming, "Excuse me, Aunt Bee," darted across the group and

perched himself lightly on the couch at Madge's left.

"Dear old John, as you call him, confided to me that he had a bad headache. No, Madge, sit still." He put out a restraining hand. "Let Sanders alone. When I have a headache, I hate to be fussed over. You don't believe I have headaches? But I do, every Monday morning when I return to that silly old real-estate

"Are you in the real-estate business, Mr. Chadwick?" Drake

smiled across Madge at the young man.

Yes, in a way-selling suburban lots on commission to wistful home-hunters. Frank Harshaw and I work together. But I'm thinking of chucking the job and going West to a ranch, if Frank will go with me."

Frank Harshaw sighed. "I'd like to go," he said dreamily, "but

it takes money to buy a ranch."

"I'd buy you a ranch like a shot," Madge cried, "go with you, too, and ride a bronco.'

"Madge!" her aunt breathed, in a small shocked voice.

I was a trifle shocked myself-not at the girl's jesting offer to accompany the men, but at her unveiled reference to her moneypower. But Drake was enjoying it. His dark eyes fairly sparkled. Why shouldn't he amuse himself playing with irresponsible youth, I thought, when the graver objects of his presence here, hidden away somewhere upstairs, were beyond the reach of his detective

But after a little while tea was brought in, and the old butler was sent to call the three men. Drake was watching the butler,

as he had watched the chauffeur on the way out. Every man here, I assumed, must be under suspicion, as well as Randolph and Sanders.

When Mr. Harshaw came down, with his partner and the secretary, Madge put both her feet on the floor sedately, and postponed her flirtation with Drake, who removed himself from the lounge and the girl, sitting down on the other side of little Miss Harshaw and making himself agreeable to her.

I was still watching the girl, though. The very tones of her voice were changed, subdued, since her father joined us. Yes, he had a strong influence over her, a steadying influence. was still in the wild-bird stage, younger than her years. If she hadn't been so tall, she would have seemed younger still.

I had observed that Drake's manner with Frank Harshaw was as somber as that young man's own, while with the secretary he was charmingly sympathetic. But I did not jump to conclusions about those two men on that score. When he was working on a case, the great detective was always too subtle for me.

WHILE I was changing for dinner, later, Drake came into my room. He just stood there near the door, tall, slim and Dexter-Drakish, watching my struggles with my tie.

"Well?" I glanced over my shoulder at him.

"It's hellish, Howard, quite hellish, but we've got to go through with it now. Lee Randolph hates me already, and that gentleman secretary hates him, and the somber-eyed nephew hates both of them. We're quite an original house-party."

"And the young man with the kitten," I asked, "does he hate

anybody?'

"No, I don't think so."

The question puzzling me was, who hated Mr. Harshaw-and

It was then that Drake told me his curious line of attack. He believed that the guilty person was in the house. His plan was to play upon the rascal in such a way that he would use that house telephone in the butler's pantry sometime during the night, for another threatening message to Mr. Harshaw upstairs. Everyone under the roof would have what might be called an inverted alibi, and there would seem to be safety in numbers-family, servants and guests-even if a call from house wire to private wire could be traced through the telephone company. Drake had already learned that the servants all slept on the top floor. The coast would be clear on the ground floor sometime after midnight.
"This evening," he said, with his dry smile, "I am going to per-

form, do parlor tricks, get everybody excited, wrought up-create an atmosphere in which any reckless thing might be done. It's proof I must have, Howard, not theory now. We can't watch every public telephone in New York. I can always have a man followed, of course; but the cleverest shadower can't go with a man into telephone booths, or listen outside without very soon drawing attention to himself. We must keep the police out of this. If tonight I can make the threatener believe that delay

might jeopardize his project-

We went down to dinner. As we entered the drawing-room, I was startled by Madge's splendor. She stood there talking with Lee Randolph, a vision of beauty in her spangled white gown. There were diamonds in her red hair, and she was waving a large ostrich-feather fan the same color as her hair. straight over to her. Had she dressed herself like that-for Oh, I didn't think for a moment that she had fallen in love with him! Of course not. She was young; she was trying out her power over men, and we were six unmarried men with one girl.

During dinner I overheard Madge ask Drake, who sat between

her and the aunt, what his profession was.

"Oh," he replied, "traveling about, amusing myself."

His brilliant dark eyes searched her face, as if challenging her with a smile to suggest a more valuable occupation.

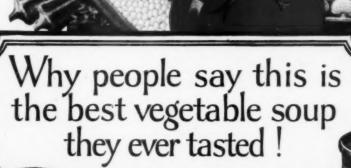
If she-if any of them-had known what his occupation really

Drake was in great form that evening, though it was not until later that he let himself go. At the dinner-table he seemed like any other charming man of the world-only more so, more vital, I mean.

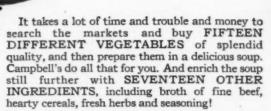
As for me, I was too much excited to know even what I was eating. I had never before found myself a fellow-guest with four men, one of whom might be secretly planning to shoot his host.

I furtively examined those four faces, each one so individual, so different from the others.

Lee Randolph in his heavy way was trying to be brilliant: he laughed a good deal, and occasionally achieved a witty remark,



32 ingredients
12 cents a can



Seldom do you taste such a tempting and substantial vegetable soup unless you eat Campbell's. How welcome and convenient it is for that ONE HOT DISH you always NEED, for health and digestion, in the summer meal!





addressed to Madge. But he was nervous tonight-distinctly nervous. Frank Harshaw was quiet. He sat between courses pulling at the ends of his short, dark mustache, he only spoke when directly spoken to. ry Chadwick, shaking back his long bright front-lock every minute or two, leaped here and there through the conversation with the grace and lightness of a woods creature. But it was the deep-lined pale face of the secretary Sanders—Madge's "dear old John"— which I found most interesting. Sanders must have known bitter hours when the coarser but doubtless more efficient Randolph was placed above him as a partner in the firm.

Mr. Harshaw, sitting there beside me at

the end of the table, was perfectly self-controlled. The menaced iron-gray man who had told his story in the detective's office a few hours ago was now the dignified and courteous host. Yet that dinner must have been for him an ordeal, though no doubt he still tried to believe that the threatener was some one outside the house; he sat there now in that brilliantly lighted dining-room, facing the open windows looking on the bushes "where a man could hide gun"-perhaps an insane man. Notwithstanding Drake's suspicions directed elsewhere, if a shot had rung out from among those bushes, I should not have been greatly

I T was after dinner when Drake's tactics began to bewilder me. But he had a way with him which could carry off any-

thing-anything at all.

We repaired for our coffee to the recepnot the drawing-room. Madge tion-hall. seated herself in one of the stately carved chairs, with both of her henna-slippered feet Then her blond cousin seized the great henna-colored fan, announced to us that he was a negro page-boy, and striking an attitude of comical stiffness, proceeded to fan her. That young man did like to show off!

Drake was silent while drinking his cof-I knew that he was planning how to utilize the varied temperaments of all these people for the great game he had to play.

When Madge said she didn't want to be fanned any more, her cousin grabbed at the kitten strolling lazily across the parquet, knelt on one knee and presented it to her. Then he sat down on the floor at her feet.

I heard a meow from the kitten, and a spat-spat—the faun had pulled its tail, and Madge was slapping his hands for it, as if

he were a naughty boy of ten.
"But what should I do on a rainy night in the country?" the impenitent one demanded. "How can we amuse ourselves?"
Drake was on his feet in an instant.
"Mr. Harshaw," he smiled, "Miss Harshaw

he smiled, "Miss Harshaw, with your permission, and if the young people will help me collect the paraphernalia, I'll give you an exhibition of conjuring tricks

that I learned in the Orient."

There was a general shout of pleased assent-it was so unexpected, so unusual. Drake seized a red Oriental drapery from a chairback, twisted it round his head for a turban, ran to a mirror, produced a bit of charcoal from his pocket and drew a pair of fierce upstanding mustachios upon his lipall the while talking explosively or muttering to himself in some Eastern tongue, Hindu-stani, he afterward told me.

The tiny white Miss Harshaw was en-raptured. She woke up suddenly, like a child presented with a strange mechanical

"What an entertaining man your friend she twittered to me. "Will he want a

high hat, or a rabbit, or what?"

Then I understood. Drake could hunt the house over for things for his exhibition, lo-cate its back stairway, its various guestrooms, its nooks and corners-everything. I recalled his words before we left home: peculiar "Peculiar circumstances require -ways of exciting people, throwing

them off their guard."
"An egg," he cried he cried now, "and a man's

large white nightshirt-

"Father wears 'em!" Madge screamed. "They're in the bottom drawer of the chiffonier in his room."

'And a corkscrew-

"It's hanging in the butler's pantry, be-side the telephone," Miss Harshaw chirped

"And a package of those small round white peppermints with a hole in the center—what do you call them?"

"I have some in my suitcase," the secre-

tary laughed.

Drake had put a package of them in his pocket, you remember, to make sure-'things which held in the mouth will disguise the voice." But John Sanders' offer would locate the secretary's room.

He was running on: "And a broom-

'In the cupboard under the back stairs."

"And a large chiffon scarf—"
Madge cried: "You'll find them, of all colors, in my bureau." And a long skewer-"

"They're in the lower left-hand drawer of

the kitchen dresser."

"And a man's large freshly folded hand-kerchief--" Drake glanced at Mr. Harshaw's partner.

"Yes, take one of mine." Randolph couldn't very well refuse.

"And a leather belt--"

"Take mine!" The faun was dancing round the room.

"And a few small coins-

"I've a handful in the pocket of my gray upstairs." The solemn-eyed nephew, Frank Harshaw, also came into the game.

Still other things Drake called for-a bowl,

a flower, a tiny box.

Now we'll hunt the things in a pack," cried the charcoal-mustachioed and turbaned And we followed him up the conjurer. broad stairway-a laughing, screaming band of grown-up children, leaving only Mr. Harshaw and his sister below.

Into all those rooms we went, the detective identifying each one; then we scrambled down the back stairs to the kitchen and the butler's pantry, where the corkscrew

hung beside the telephone.

"Oh," Drake cried, at sight of the ap paratus, "I want to call some one." he rang up a Tarrytown number. (Suggestion, of course, for Mr. Harshaw's private wire upstairs would have a Tarrytown num-

Then back we all went to the big hall. I simply cannot describe the wild impromptu sleight-of-hand performance Drake us in the next half-hour. Harshaw's long white nightshirt, the red turban on his head, with the fierce black charcoal mustache, the facial expressions, the mixed Hindustani and English—he was mixed Hindustani and English-he utterly bewildering.

Little Miss Harshaw nearly fainted with gleeful agitation when the egg, which Drake had deposited in plain sight on the mantel, was produced from her beaded handbag on the table beside her. Things disappearedreappeared; a coin in the little box became a flower petal; the bowl placed under Madge's chiffon scarf turned into the corkscrewseemed to; the broom did stunts almost hufaun's belt, Randolph's Lee handkerchief—yes, every other object in that fantastic list was somehow utilized. As I said before, I cannot describe it.

BUT the trick which caught my breath, and brought Drake's program to an end, was the stringing of those perforated candies on the long skewer, and the tossing of them off, one at a time, in a straight line down the center of the couch-cover.

couldn't have done it in a thousand years of practice. But that was not the reason for excitement. I knew the detective meant to leave those voice-disguisers lying abouta temptation in the night.

And how had Mr. Harshaw taken the con-Very calmly, very intently.

his blue eyes were on fire behind his glasses Drake, his performance ended, washed the charcoal from his face and then sat down with us-again his poised, distinguished self.

Of course everyone was questioning him now about his Eastern travels. That was precisely what he wanted. He began to tell us exciting stories stirring our imagination Oriental beauty, adventure, daring, ag! That was the recurrent motif. Daring! That was There was something hypnotic in the influence he wove around us-even I was carried away by it. My palms prickled. A cold swept over my skull.

Suddenly Madge Harshaw cried, in her

high-pitched voice:

"Mr. Drake, you make me realize the dullness of my life here! I've never been anywhere. I want to travel. I'm young—young—my life is before me."
"Why, Madge!" Her father leaned for-

ward, astonished and somehow hurt by her wild outburst. "But I'll go traveling with you-after your birthday next month. I'll go anywhere you want to go."

He had quite forgotten the rest of us.

She reached over and patted his hand. "Dear old Dad! I didn't-mean it, you know. I was just-carried away for the moment." But the glitter remained in her gray eyes. They were brighter than the diamonds in her red hair.

Drake had certainly achieved his purpose getting everybody wrought up. Even John Sanders' deep-lined face had a

e of red. The three younger men—oh, were feeling the call of the untamed d in them! The desire to escape from tinge of red. blood in them! the dullness of their own lives. They were leaning forward in their chairs, Lee Randolph flushed and breathless, the faun very uneasy, Frank Harshaw somberly brooding.

It was nearly twelve when we separated the night, the little Miss Harshaw telling Drake at the foot of the stairway that he was the most thrilling guest who had ever come to Greenmantle.

NOW, the room they had given me had advantages over Drake's; it was right at the head of the stairs, and it had two doors -one to the front hall, one to the back hall. Drake instructed me to leave both my doors open half an inch, after I had turned out the light. He was going to slip in, when everything was quiet, and spend the small hours of the night in my easy-chair. He had made up his mind who the guilty one was, but would be fall into the trap that was laid for him?

As I fell asleep I was thinking that if Mr. Harshaw's threatener was really in the house, his powers of dissimulation were re-

markable. A hand touching mine in the darkness

aroused me. "Sh!" D Drake was whispering in my ear. "Don't make a sound. Somebody has gone down the main stairway, barefooted or in soft slippers. I heard a stair-board creak."

My heart was beating fast. "Both your doors are still slightly ajar," he whispered again. Then he moved noise-

lessly away. Straining my ears, hardly breathing, I heard another faint creak from the stairs.

A second person going down! Of all things! Ten heartbeats later I heard another a sound unmistakably from somewhere below-the breathy burbling purr of a girl's repressed laughter. Madge Har-shaw! Yes, it must be. But—with whom? Had Drake baited his hook for a scoun-

drel and caught only a girl and a man? I

At the Mayflower IN WASHINGTON D.C. 135 WOMEN GUESTS

tell why they prefer this soap for their skin

GT IS ONE of the thrilling sights of Washington-the dining-room of the Mayflower

Foreign diplomats, with discreetly worn decorations; statesmen and financiers, military attachés-rarely, amid the black coats, the sudden splash of color from some Continental uniform...

And everywhere the beautiful women: women in dazzling full dress, such as one sees in the public gatherings of no other American city.

HOW DOTHE women guests of The Mayflower take care of their skin? What soap do they find, pure enough and fine enough to trust their com-

We asked 188 women stopping at The Mayflower at the time of our inquiry what toilet soap they are in the habit of using.

Nearly three-fourths answered, "Woodbury's Facial Soap!"

"It suits my skin better than any other"— they said—"I think it is wonderful for the complexion"—"It clears my skin better than any other soap I have tried-lives up to all the things that are said of it"-"I am sure of its purity"—"I have found it very helpful in clearing my complexion."

A SKIN SPECIALIST worked out the formula by which Woodbury's Facial Soap is made. This formula not only calls for the purest and finest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet of famous skin treatments for overcoming common skin defects.

Within a week or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury's, you will notice an improvement in your complexion. Get a cake of Woodbury's today, and begin tonight the treatment your skin



"White shoulders, jewels-a brilliant kaleidoscope of faces"

NOW-THE NEW LARGE-SIZE TRIAL SET

The Andrew Jergens Co., 1708 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O. For the enclosed soc please send me the new large-size trial cakeof Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder and the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch."

In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1708 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name	Name		

knew him well enough to know that he would not go down there-not now. But what an unexpected complication!

Half an hour we waited-perhaps threequarters. Then the stair creaked again. One of them was coming up, and the other would doubtless follow.

I began to be nervous, listening for that other one. Fifteen minutes—twenty min-utes, maybe. What was he waiting for—or she?

Ting-a-ling-ling went the telephone bell, across the hall in Mr. Harshaw's room. I sat up, clutching the sheet.

Like a breath of wind Drake flew by my bed in the darkness, out of the other door which led to the back stairs. Was he going around through the kitchen, to the butler's

Half a minute later I heard a light step on the back stairs, and felt, rather than heard, that some one else had gone swiftly by my door. But I hadn't time to think before Drake was beside my bed again.

"Get up," he whispered excitedly, "and come with me to Mr. Harshaw's room. He'll be terribly agitated."

I reached for my dressing-gown and followed him, straight across the hall to the large front corner bedroom where we had got the nightshirt for Drake's conjuring mas-querade a few hours before. There was now a streak of light under that door.

Scratching on the panel, Drake waited for our host to open to us.

Mr. Harshaw drew us inside the room, and closed the door quietly.

"Then it's not one of them!" he breathed. "Aren't they all here—asleep in their beds?"

His tired eyes—now bare of glasses—were moist with feeling. His gray woolen robe gave to his cheek the hue of ashes.

As we sank down in chairs I glanced at the clock—twenty minutes past two.

Drake asked: "What was the threatening

the clock—twenty that was the Drake asked: "What was the message just now?" message just now?" the said: "This is your sixth warning, "It said: "This is your sixth warning, "It he only one more." "It said: 'This is your sixth warning, Harshaw. There will be only one more.'" The naked blue eyes of the man were

distressing to look at.
"It's awful," he said, "to be menaced like this from the dark."

There was silence in that room. Then a gust of night wind blew round the house,

rattling a window-blind.
"Yes," Mr. Harshaw was muttering, "and the seventh threat may come any time now -tomorrow-the day after? And then. Oh, I will go away! I'll go away tomorrow! I'm—I'm afraid."

Drake's face was very grave.
"Mr. Harshaw," he said quietly, "are you

willing, without asking me a single question, simply to trust yourself to me for-oh, say, forty-eight hours, and do nothing-nothing at all?"

could see from the man's face that his confidence in the detective's judgment was

somewhat shaken.

You reminded me yourself," Drake added, "of the case of your friend the railroad magnate. I always know what I'm doing-

"Yes, yes. Of course it was natural, in-evitable, that you should suspect my family and friends. Any detective would."

"I have your promise then, to wait?"

"W-why, yes. But will I be—safe? Safe lieve my ears!—began to confide his case to from attack?"

"Quite safe, Mr. Harshaw."

Drake rose, gathering around his tall frame the dark-blue silk dressing-gown, and moving toward the door. His hand on the knob, turned with a sudden encouraging lift of aquiline face, and that quick brighteyed smile of his.

Good night, Mr. Harshaw. Sleep well." Then we went across the hall to my room. "I wonder," Drake said, "just how I am going to get a man out of this house tomorrow morning."

AT Greenmantle breakfast was served to guests in their own rooms. When I awoke it was still raining steadily, and my friend and I did not go downstairs until half-past ten. Drake said he had had an early talk with John Sanders.

We found no one in the big hall, so we crossed to the drawing-room door and

looked in.

There, on a sofa in the far corner-unaware of us-sat Madge Harshaw and her dark cousin Frank. He was holding her hands, kissing them. The girl's attitude, though, seemed rather indifferent.

As we drew instantly back, "Still waters run deep," I thought, remembering the disarming silence of that somber young man.

We passed the open door of another room-the library—and I saw through its window two men on the sheltered veranda outside, Lee Randolph and the secretary. Randolph was mouthing a big cigar.

We were just starting to go upstairs again when, raising my eyes, I saw on the landing above us the slight form of Harry Chadwick outlined against the rain-gray window.

"Oh, hello!" he said merrily. "Hope you

slept well, both of you."

"Like a top." Drake smiled, "—two tops, I would say. Let's go into Howard's room for a smoke."

In my room the faun perched himself on the bed, regardless of possible lint on his dark-blue immaculate morning suit. Drake

and I drew forward two chairs, and we lighted cigarettes. Then my friend began to talk about the

wholesale paper-business, but his general remarks soon came round to the firm of Harshaw & Randolph. He expressed surprise that Mr. Harshaw had not taken the nephews into his own office.

Harry Chadwick made a wry face. "Oh, I'd much rather work where I am. Can you see me a clerk, taking orders from that cocky Lee Randolph? I wonder how San-

ders endures it."
"I fancy," Drake smiled, "that Randolph's

chief aim now is to marry a rich girl."

The faun chuckled. He tossed back his "So you've noticed that, have you? It makes Frank mad as hops, but it amuses

Drake mentioned Madge's grandfather, the late millionaire.

"Oh, he was a rum old chap-disliked the whole family, except Madge; disliked Uncle Ed so much—Mr. Harshaw, you know—that he didn't even make him Madge's trustee."

Yes, the paper merchant had told us that yesterday.
Then Dexter Drake-oh, I couldn't be-

"Mr. Chadwick," he was saying, "I need our help. I've got to get a man out of this house in the next half-hour, and out of the State of New York in the shortest possible time, without making a painful scene for Madge Harshaw. Three men now under this roof want to marry her and her money, and one of those men is a rascal. isn't in love with him-not in the least; but she might be persuaded to share her life with him-I'll tell you why presently-if her father were out of the way for a time. So long as the father is here, the man knows he has a slim chance. Mr. Harshaw will protect his daughter from all fortune-hunt-

The faun's face was a study in utter

amazement.

Drake went on: "Now, the man who wants Madge and her money has threatened her father six times, trying to scare him away-anonymous, cowardly threats shooting, and over a telephone wire. But I laid a trap for this man last night. I've got legal proof against him now. telephoned Mr. Harshaw from the butler's pantry, I followed him in the dark to his room, which I had located beforehand. Your job now is to get that man out of the house—a pretended telephone message will do—you're so clever and resourceful. When Mr. Harshaw knows the truth, his fear will change quickly to anger. If that man should be still within reach, he would crush him like a toad.

I looked across at Harry Chadwick, whose eyes were full of horror. Did he know who

the scoundrel was, I wondered.
"But now," Drake continued, "I am going to say to this man, this man who has threatened six times, that the seventh threat is my threat, and runs thus: 'If you come is my threat, and runs thus. If you come near New York for five years, or try to see Madge Harshaw, I will turn you over to the police, for threatening to kill a man.' Chadwick, I am a detective."

THERE was a choking sound from the young man on the bed. He was staring at Drake as a criminal stares at his judge. Stumbling to my feet, I knocked over my air. "Sh!" Drake caught my arm. "Do

you want to spoil everything, Howard?" Before I could collect my senses, he was speaking again to that frightened young man: "I suspected you from the first—Madge's cousin, and a Chadwick! So the millionaire Chadwick was your grandfather too, your paternal grandfather—but no relation to Frank Harshaw. As Madge was to have all the money, you must have been disinherited. You had a special motive, then, an incentive more powerful than those other men had-to get back that lost in-heritance by marrying it! With a situation like that in my client's family, I did not look outside first for an 'enemy.

"It was plain that the 'seven threats for seven wrongs,' the 'getting even for that matter last year,' were only blinds to con-fuse Mr. Harshaw and throw him off the scent.

"So I came up to Greenmantle. I saw you and your cousin together. Why, the girl in her generous youth must have girl in her generous youth must have thought that you two ought to share your grandfather's money, and your marrying would arrange it so easily! That would have been her motive—not love. From her manner with you I saw that. An amusing playfellow—that's what you are to your cousin. Why shouldn't she meet you down-time latest pickt when you asked her to? stairs late at night, when you asked her to? Of course when she left you, you said you were going right back to your room, by way You are clever at disof the rear stairs. simulation."

The faun's gayety had collapsed like a pricked soap-bubble.

Michael Arlen

The man who wrote "The Green Hat," and "These Charming People" and "Mayfair" will contribute a story in his best vein to our next, the September, issue. Be sure to read-

"THE EYES OF THE BLIND"



The LADY DIANA MANNERS at the Polo matches at Meadowbrook Country Club, Westbury, L.I.
"I know," she says, "that every woman can have a fresh, undimmed complexion if she'll keep it supple and protected by the Pond's method."



The Two CREAMS which keep the most delicate skin exquisitely supple and fresh the summer through.



The PRINCESSE MATCHABELLI on the beach at Southampton, Long Island. She says: "American women do not allow the effects of exposure to mar their complexions. Women coerywhere can acquire the same perfection with Pond's Two Creams."

WHAT KIND OF SKIN WILL YOU HAVE AT THE END OF SUMMER?

Burned, coarsened, rough? Or fair, smooth and soft?

You wouldn't deliberately choose the first if you could have the second, would you? Yet, by neglect through the long hot summer, that's exactly what it comes to.

Sunburn has a certain charm—if kept within bounds. But blush-rose, before you know it, turns beet-red. A golden tan is a stunning accompaniment to the sports costume. But it quickly thickens your skin, makes it dry and leathery.

There is a way, however—pursued by the smart women of the social world—to keep that look of a young healthy skin, just the becoming part of sunburn and tan, without the coarsening and deep burning.

Pond's two fragrant, fluffy Creams, whose fine oils refresh, soothe, cool your skin, keep it supple, smooth, protected, are all you need—if you use them faithfully—though you stay in the hottest sun the summer through.

After a morning on the beach, an afternoon of golf or in your car, and always at night, cover your face, neck and arms with Pond's Cold Cream. Let its pure oils soothe the irritated



Miss Elinor Patterson

of a distinguished Chicago family, has been riding and relaxing in Virginia after a successful season as "The Nun, Megildis" in "The Miracle." She says, "For the skin which is doubly taxed by society and professional life, Pond's Two Creams are perfect." tissues and gently lift from them all dust, perspiration and powder. Leave it on a few moments to sink deep into the pores. A soft cloth or tissue will remove both cream and dirt and leave your skin fresh and soft. Repeat, to get out every trace of dust. At night pat on more Pond's Cold Cream and let it remain, further to restore the suppleness of your sun-parched skin as you sleep. A dash of cold water or a rub with ice after each daytime cleansing will close the pores relaxed by heat and perspiration.

A protection of Pond's Vanishing Cream follows every Pond's cleansing, except the one you give your skin at night. Especially before going out into the hot sun, fluff a little of this Cream, light as thistle-down, over your face, neck, arms and hands. It gives you a lovely smooth finish, takes your powder evenly and holds it long, and—of greatest importance to you now—protects your sensitive tissues from all irritation, from the burning rays of the sun and parching wind.

Free Offer: Mail this coupon and try, free, Pond's Two famous Creams.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. H, 133 Hudson Street, New York City

Please send me free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

Street____

City____State____

"But I," he gasped, "-I wouldn't have

harmed Uncle Ed! I only-

"Yes, yes! Of course you don't hate Mr. Harshaw, your uncle by marriage—he only stood in your way. You're too light, too stood in your way. scatterbrained, to realize the enormity of your crime against him. The heartless cruelty of it! John Sanders-I talked with him early this morning—told me your parents were dead, that your mother had left you a thousand dollars a year, so you are not penniless. Sanders also told me how your grandfather Chadwick caught you, one day about three years ago, giving a show before Madge which mimicked all his infirmities the limp, the snuffle, the hacking cough; how the next day he cut you off by signing a new will, saying that only hard work would make a man out of you. Hard work can do that, sometimes. You were talking about a ranch yesterday. Why not? A young man may go wrong, even wickedly wrong as you have, and still pick himself up. Now you had better go. There's a train which leaves Tarrytown in just half an hour.

I T was impossible for me to pity him. I had seen Mr. Harshaw's suffering—menaced by those threats from the dark.

As the door closed behind Chadwick, Drake said: "I broke it to him as gradually as I could; but it seemed a part of my job to make the reproof emphatic. "Emphatic?" I cried. "But

"But I'd like to kick him downstairs!"

Drake shook his head. "Don't you know there's a-well, say a gray sheep in almost every family? When you've seen as many every family? Whe of them as I have—"

He drew a long breath. "Of course I

shall tell Madge my case, when I tell Mr. Harshaw. Not now, nor in twenty years' time, would she marry a man who had threatened that father of hers."

"But how could you be sure," I insisted, "of getting the evidence last night?"

"Oh, I wasn't quite sure I should get it," he answered. "We can only know men-more or less. But in my long experience with wrong-doers, I have never met one who not behave true to type--his own individual type. If I had really suspected Frank Harshaw, or Randolph, or Sanders, I should not have given an exhibition of conjuring tricks. That was aimed straight at Harry Chadwick. When I want to throw a suspected man quite off his guard, I outplay him in the rôle of his dominant characteristic, whatever that may be-as I made the self-important Randolph, patronizing the secretary in the motorcar, feel inferior to me. My suspicion of Chadwick was only theory

"Now, I had not been with that young man two minutes, yesterday in the hall, before he began to show off—the play with the kitten, the rubber ball on a string, the tossing back of that front lock, the flitting about rearranging the flowers, playing the negro page-boy and fanning Madge, even pulling the kitten's tail till it meowed-all these actions were really a performance. I egged him on, after dinner, by giving an 'exhibition' which he could not possibly rival, then and there, and he was very uneasy at seeing another person the center of interest.

"Why, his getting the girl to meet him downstairs was a kind of showing off-and she probably made him still more uneasy by talking of me and my 'show.' His life was going to be dull-no travel, no far-off

adventure-unless he could share that girl's money. But suppose some other man got her, some mountebank outsider with his stories and sleight-of-hand tricks-there wasn't an hour to be lost.

'And when Madge had left him, when he was alone down there, still sore at my ri-valry, he had to show off to himself. For what were my conjuring tricks, after all, compared with the masterly game he was playing? Why, he could outplay me, something cleverer still-more daring than any adventure story of mine-threaten Mr. Harshaw again, right there in the house, from that phone in his own butler's pan-One of those things I had left on the

couch—can't you see him numing to get it?

He had heard me call a Tabytown number."

Yet I was still vaguely troubled that he let that young man go unpunished. I said so.

"Unpunished?" Drake echoed. "But what are you thinking of, Howard? Is he not driven away for five years, by fear of my threat, the seventh? Is he not made a wanderer afraid to return-precisely what he was planning for Madge's father? It's so just, derer atraid to return—precisely what he was planning for Madge's father? It's so just, so—satisfying! We can't prosecute Chad-wick without newspaper notoriety for Madge, and we mustn't have that. She's a glorious girl—she'll meet a real man some Mr. Harshaw will see my point, cept my solution, when his anger has time to cool off.

"He would have been scared away after the sixth threat—you saw how his nerve was breaking, last night in his room. Why, Madge might have married Harry-she's im-

pulsively generous enough!
"No, I don't think her father will quarrel with me for the way I have managed his

KHAMBU

(Continued from page 79)

Pouring the remainder of the honey down the sides of the pit, she departed with her attendants beneath the vast curve of that black-velvet sky which, pollened with stars, seemed to brood inscrutably over the jungle.

Suddenly there was a rustle among the dwarf marula trees beyond the trail, and in the moonlight a dark shape showed at the edge of the pit. Then, as the chief, gagged and bound, braced himself to meet his end like a man, from above came a sound which he had never thought to hear "Father," whispered a little voice, "it is I, thy Mouse."

The next instant a trailing liana torn from a near-by tree fell into the pit, and a moment later the boy himself stood beside his father. Drawing Lochan's spear from its sheath, Khambu cut the Induna's bonds with a touch of its razor edge, and

freed his mouth from the gag.

For an instant the two stood looking at each other, and the Induna's tall figure swayed and trembled as he tried vainly to clasp the boy in his paralyzed arms. He could not speak, so swollen was his tongue,

but as the Mouse rubbed his numbed muscles, there was a look of that undying love in Lochan's deep-set eyes which links mankind, black or white, with the divine.
All at once the chief started, and an inar

ticulate word of warning came from his puffed lips. A strange stillness had fallen upon the jungle, and all the night-notes of frog and insect had suddenly ceased.

Then, in the silence, a whisper seemed to creep along the ground toward the pit like the his of a forest fire. At the sound the Indua tried desperately to grip the vine with his helpless hands. Taking alarm at the look on his father's face, Khambu rubbed and kneaded his muscles with every ounce of energy that his wiry little frame possessed. As he worked, the distant whisper increased in volume and came nearer.

Murmuring inarticulately, Lochan motioned the boy to escape up the vine while there was yet time. Disregarding his signal, Khambu rubbed frantically for a few min-utes longer until the slow blood began to flow through the man's veins with the pricking of a thousand needles. Then, when his father was at last able to move his hands, and even in a clumsy fashion to grip the liana, the Mouse looped the vine beneath the Induna's arms and went up it hand over hand until he reached the surface of the jungle.

There in the moonlight the very ground itself seemed to be moving and marching. Attracted by the smell of the honey, one of those vast armies of driver-ants which sweep through the jungle like fire, was swarming toward the pit. Blind, black, and as the sands of the sea for number, with their curved rending jaws they devoured like fire every living thing which lay path. The hissing whisper which had stricken the jungle silent was the rustle of millions of their tiny feet moving through

the thickets. No man or beast might stand in their way, and live, and in a few minutes more they would pour over the edge of the game-trap, irresistible and deadly as a stream of lava.

Already the army of death was so near that the hot reek of their crowded bodies, like the smell of a swarm of bees, made the boy's nostrils tingle. Bracing his feet against the edge of the pit, Khambu tugged frantically at the liana fastened around the Induna's body, but his tiny strength hardly moved the great weight of the man at the other end of the vine.

Slowly, inexorably, the black ranks swept on, so near now that the boy could even hear the little clicking noise which their hard shining bodies made as they touched one Leaning over the edge of the pit, d, "Hurry!"—and again—"hurry, another. he called,

Gritting his teeth, the Induna below tried vainly to make his numbed hands do his bidding, while ever the rustle and hiss of the marching feet of the fatal army sounded louder and nearer.

From above came once more the Mouse's agonized whisper, and Lochan gripped the liana in his teeth, and digging his feet deep into the soft earth managed to climb four or five feet up the side of the pit before he fell back.

Then, with a terrible sinking of heart, he saw flowing over the edge of the trap in which he was caught a stream of moving black bodies. There flashed through his brain the picture of a wounded buffalo which he had once seen overtaken by a horde of driver-ants, and how the disabled beast had struggled and bellowed as his life went out beneath dark waves of the terrible insects whose rending jaws, in an incredibly short time, had stripped every shred of flesh from the great carcass.

HAROLD MACGRATH

The distinguished author of "A Splendid Hazard," "The Drums of Jeopardy" and many other noted stories has written for an early issue of this magazine a story of special interest. Watch for-

"SCHERZO"



"I just knew you would come back to Fels-Naptha!"

Mother: "I've been tempted at different times into trying all sorts of soaps. I bought chips, powders and other new-fangled cleaners that claim to do about everything but the ironing and mending. But I always come back to Fels-Naptha. Nothing else gives so much help, and is so easy on the clothes."

Daughter: "Yes, isn't it wonderful how Fels-Naptha helps! I didn't realize how much until I tried other soaps. Then I began to see the difference. It must be the naptha, or the way it's mixed. It is so easy with Fels-Naptha to get my clothes clean

and sweet and white. And I just love the naptha odor-don't you?"

Thousands upon thousands of other women—after trying "chips, powders and other new-fangled cleaners"—have also come back to Fels-Naptha. And for a very good reason.

Fels-Naptha gives you extra help you cannot get from any other soap, no matter what its form, or color, or shape, or price. That's because it is more than soap—a great deal more than just "naptha soap." It is good soap and plenty of dirt-loosening naptha combined for perfect teamwork in one golden bar.

Ask your grocer for a bar of Fels-Naptha. Smell its clean naptha odor.

Then prove the *extra* helpfulness of Fels-Naptha by trying it in your home.

No matter how you prefer to wash clothes—in a washing machine or tub—in boiling, lukewarm or cool water—you can get more help from Fels-Naptha than from any other soap. Millions of women are getting the benefit of this extra help. Why not you?

Camping or traveling this summer? Be sure to have Fels-Naptha's extra help! Loosens ground-in dirt from clothes so easily. Removes grease from dishes, even with cool water.

Does the digestive aid you use interfere with digestion? Then, in the very clasp and clutch of death, deliverance came. It was as if his



ASTROGEN Tablets never do. They promptly stop "heartburn" and counteract hyper-acidity. But from that point on, are different in their action from alkalies such as bicarbonate of soda, or preparations containing it.

Soda bicarbonate, which is usually taken, often goes too far. It will relieve acidity, but the correct amount to take is hard to know, and so it generally leaves the stomach with an alkaline residue, which interferes with the normal process of digestion.

For the stomach, as you probably know, must be slightly acid (1-5 of one per cent) to leave the digestive juices free to perform their task without interference from the digestive remedy you take to give you relief.

Gastrogen Tablets never interfere with digestion

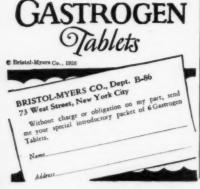
When you take Gastrogen Tablets they relieve promptly the hyper-acidity from which the stomach is suffering. But there they stop. They leave the stomach "in neutral"—so that the slight acid balance necessary to good digestion can be quickly restored by nature.

No matter how many Gastrogen Tablets you eat they cannot leave the stomach alkalinized, for when they have corrected hyper-acidity, they pass on unchanged.

Gastrogen is pleasant and safe

Gastrogen Tablets are mild, safe and effective. They are pleasant to taste and excellent for sweetening the breath. And they do relieve digestive distress with gratifying promptness.

Your druggist has them in handy pocket-tins of 15 tablets for 20c; also in cabinet-size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c. If you want to try them before you buy them, send the coupon for free introductory packet of 6 tablets.



Even as this dreadful memory came back to torture him, a solid column of the black killers reached the floor of the pit, their blind heads thrust upward, and their curved

danger drove the hot blood again through the numbed and compressed veins of Lochan's arms. With a flame of pain his strength came back, and he gripped the long vine desperately and surged up it just as the van of the black army reached the place where his feet had stood a few seconds before.

Up and up he climbed until he came out again into the cool fragrance of the jungle night, where the pale pearl moonlight lay like milk upon the trees, while below him the pit boiled like a pot with the swarming ants.

For a long moment the Induna lay quiet in the jungle-grass, breathing deeply, hardly realizing that he had escaped.

"Let us go, my father," whispered the Mouse in his ear. "I know where he of the flashing teeth is encamped, Bwana Pombo from across the water, who watched thee kill the lion. With him we shall be safe even from the Great One."

VEN as he spoke, there sounded from E the dim, violet shadows of a near-by thicket, that most horrible of all sounds-the cruel purr of a lion that is playing with its helpless prey as a cat will play with a mouse which cannot escape.

At the sound Khambu raised the naked spear, to which he had clung when he climbed out of the pit. But before the In-duna behind him could grasp it, there was a rustle in the thicket, and for an instant the full moon was blotted out by the rush of a great body through the air. As the huge figure of the springing lion hung above him, the boy involuntarily thrust the heavy butt firmly against the ground and held it there with all his strength. Then a great furry body dashed him violently to the earth, and a wave of blackness seemed to swallow

When he returned to consciousness, it was to find his father busily engaged in skinning the body of the great beast which had spitted himself upon the spear whose long blade had cut straight through his heart.
"We shall not go empty-handed," observed

the Induna as he wrapped the severed head in the stripped-off skin.

'It was a good stroke," he said again ten miles farther on.

"Thou wilt make a mighty warrior, O lion-killer," he remarked once more an hour

"See to it that thou be not puffed up," he said finally after their midday meal the next day. "The gods love only those of a humble mind."

That night into the gleaming circle made by the camp-fire of one who had been the great leader of a great nation, there strode a magnificent figure wearing the eagle feathers and double spears of a Masai chief, and followed by a small boy who staggered under the weight of the head and skin of a great lion.

As the interpreter told the story of the Induna, the chief from overseas banged his hand down on the table which stood in front of his camp-chair and showed a double row of glistening teeth in a delighted smile. "Tell Lochan, the Lion," he said, "that

with me he shall be safe from all the witches

and devil-chiefs in Africa.
"Ha, another lion-killer," he went on as the boy laid down before him the tawny skin and grinning head.

"Nay," piped up Khambu, remembering to be humble of heart, "I am but the Mouse who helped the Lion."

THE PETERS' REDUCTION

(Continued from page 87)

of Dr. Reevy, the original diagnostician who had sold Mrs. Peters on the pineapple diet.

"Mrs. Walling tells me that you got things little mixed up here this morning," he said cheerfully as he mounted the steps to the porch. "Try to rush things a little, did

Mr. Peters did not answer.

"I'm sorry that you didn't come to me first," the Doctor continued, "because I have got a treatment which I think would fix you up in no time. The pineapple-diet is all right, but in the last few days the doctors at Marienbad in Germany have given out a reducing treatment which really supersedes all the others. It is very simple, too. May I sit down?"

"Sure," said Mr. Peters. "Lie down, if you want to. Lie down and draw your knees up under your chin and choke your-self to death."

"A-ha! A little bitter, I see. Well, I can

hardly blame you. You feel that way simply because it is your second day. Now, if you will continue on the same diet, omitting the pineapple, and in addition, put a little mustard, just plain mustard, into all the water you drink, you will find that you will lose all that extra weight" (he looked offensively at Mr. Peters' waistcoat) "and will feel better than you have felt in ten years."

"I see," was all that Mr. Peters would

"May I see Mrs. Peters for a few min-

"May 1 see Mrs. Peters for a few min-utes?" asked Dr. Reevy. "I want to tell her about this thing in detail." "Mrs. Peters is inside," said Mr. Peters. "Probably on her back with her feet in the

FOR the next week or ten days Mr. Peters T didn't want any food; so the problem of his diet was solved. He found that he had strained a ligament somewhere, and that his digestion was all shot to pieces anyway. He tottered back and forth to the shop and slept a great deal.

But Mrs. Peters was convinced that Dr. Reevy had at last found the solution of her problem, and began the mustard-andwater diet. On the sly, she also followed what Dr. Massy had outlined. Gradually she became very white and old-looking, and was a little ill most of the time. But she did lose weight.

One day Mr. Peters opened a package which came to him in the mail. It contained a little box of what looked like breakfast-

"Here is something that our man in Germany sends me," he said to Mrs. Peters. says it is the latest thing in reducingfoods, all the rage at Baden-Baden. Why don't you take it over to Dr. Reevy and Dr. Massy and ask them to see what's in it?

may be just the thing they are looking for."

Mrs. Peters, all aglow, rushed out with the package.

One morning a month later, Dyke's two most distinguished physicians emerged from their respective homes at practically the same hour. Despite the illness that each had undergone, they appeared in excellent health— particularly excellent health, in fact, for each weighed not less than two hundred and seventy pounds. The change had been brought about, it was said, by a very rare gland operation—something to do with the gland operation-something to do with the thyroid.

Rewarded ..

in Vigor, Energy, Ambition.

How thousands have corrected constipation, skin and stomach disorders—
regained the vitality of youth—
with one natural food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. M-31, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"AS A PROFESSIONAL GOLFER, I became run down with overwork. I got a bad attack of indigestion. I could not eat. I had no life of any kind. I suffered from constipation till I gave up all hopes of ever getting better. I was advised to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I did so. My friends were surprised at the change in me. I was eager to have the golfing season commence for I felt like a different man."



"IT ALL STARTED in the rain-soaked trenches of Flanders Fields. The air was kept in violent vibration by the pounding of high explosives. I was sent home with shattered nerves. I was also troubled with a stubborn constipation. I commenced to take Fleischmann's Yeast daily. In a few weeks my constipation vanished and I felt generally improved. At the end of six weeks my nerves were steady as ever, my health was of the best, and my appetite was ravenous."

MARK Hydon, Detroit, Michigan



"I AM A DANCER. Three years ago I had so much indigestion and constipation that I got terribly run down. I was very skinny and was too tired and nervous to take my lessons. A lady recommended yeast. In about three weeks I could tell a difference. The constipation was relieved and I had much less trouble with gas. In about four months I began my lessons again. Now I am strong in every way."

IDABELLE BRALDW,

Fort Lauderdale, Florida

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.



This LATHER soaks the beard soft

ONCE you have worked up the quick, bulky mass of Williams lather on your face you are through with razor "pull." Because Williams soaks the beard soft for easy shaving.

First: Williams lifts the water-resisting oilfilm from the bristles. That lets the beard absorb moisture.

Next: the thick, creamy lather—saturated with moisture—soaks the beard soft so that the razor seems to glide through.

Tomorrow: treat your face to shaving comfort with Williams Cream.

Send the coupon—or a postcard—today for a week's trial tube—free. The large size tube is 35c. The double size tube costs 50c and holds twice as much.

AQUA VELVA is our newest triumph—a scientific after-shaving preparation. We will send a generous test bottle FREE, Write Dept. 108.

The tube with the unlosable Hinge-Cap



The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 108, Glastonbury, Conn. (Canadian address, 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal)

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream. (Trial size has no hinge-cap.)

H.B., Aug

NOT THAT KIND OF GIRL

(Continued from page 76)

it would all lead to! L. Mortimer Cecil, that "prince among men," noticed me right away, and that is just what he is, "a prince of men," and so much handsomer than Mr. Valentino and all those mere "troopers." I had hardly taken my place when he and his assistent began talking, and I suspicioned right away they were talking about me, for the assistent began giving me a "leer" and I am glad to say I gave him only a codd hauty look. If these words are ever printed, all ambitious girls will see how I never "wasted my sweetness," as the saying is, on lowly assistents.

In a minute he called me over, and L. Mortimer Cecil asked me how long I had been in the "leaping litografs," which is his witty way of referring to what the mere help call the movie game. I suppose there was something about my dress which showed my personality, and how exciting it all is to be on the brink of one's heart's desire, which is to be the most foremost vamp on the silver screen, simply because I have showed my personality. But it is not wonderful but natural that in this wonderful "leaping litograf world" every thing comes to her who waits. What a wonderful life it all is, and how wonderful is that "prince among men!"

I wonder what he will say first when I get to his house tonight. He looks so strong.
I have decided to call myself Thelma Bara.

LATER: I must say all men are decievers and will go any length to lead on a young girl and then decieve them. What right has a man, even if he is a "movie" director, to all but promise a girl the kind of a part she is fitted for and then dissapoint I certainly thought L. Mortimer Cecil knew something about "types" and saw I was a supream vamp type. But I do not know why I gave him credit for so much sense, for I have yet to meet anyone in the movie game that has even a gleamer of sense, and all I can say is that I am certainly going to leave Hollywood on the first train after I have enough money to get a ticket to Escanaba. I will ask the maid here the first thing in the morning about that position she spoke of, and I hope and trust it is not filled, and I know that there a girl will not be subjected to the insults such as the insults I was subjected to tonight when I went to the hated house of L. Mortimer Cecil.

His wife met me at the door. It seems she is a well-known scenario writer, and all I can say is that I never heard of her. seems she "casts" all his pictures after writing them, and you can see she is one of those kind of women who want a finger in every pie and that is just what the movies are too, pies, and I am thankful that I have never been really one of them and have found out in time. This Mrs. Cecil tried to be very sweet but when I saw her so familareraly with L. Mortimer Cecil, that gay deciever of young girls, I took an immediate dislike to her for some reason and hardly listened when she explained her husband thought I would do for the part of a country girl in their next picture. A country girl! And he had asked me to come to their house so she could look me over and decide, and she could have saved herself the trouble of deciding, for I had decided before she did. How terrible for a man to pose as unmarried and pray upon young girls the way this so-called director prayed upon me. Something should be done to he and his ilk. I just looked at her evenly and said that I was not like the rest of the girls who come out here and are willing to do anything to get into pictures but was a society girl of Escanaba on a vacation. Then I left. I could see the dissapointment of L. Mortimer Cecil as I was leaving his life forever, and I suppose if I was a homewrecker I could have begun there and then. But I am not that kind, that is all, and I was only sorry for him. I suppose there are a good many marrisges that are mistakes like his, but is that my fault? Echo answers Certainly Not.

APR. 3: Well what a strange world it all is! There is certainly one surprise after another if a girl is ambitious such as me, and who should come to the front door of this place this morning but Avery? He made the trip out here to insist that I should marry him and go back to his small town. But after one look at him I could not help but think that even compared to a lowly assistunt Avery has not much to offer a girl who has led the gay life of the profession, and could Avery know that I am now in the habit of going to the biggest director's house in the business, I suppose he'd approve of motion-picture censorship.

He said there had never been anything between he and Millie Strong and that he had simply been nice to her for the simple reason that he thought I would want him to be. "Avery," I said to him evenly, "you cannot fool me. I believe you." But I tried to tell him further kindly that now after I was on the road to success with my temperment and all it would not be fair to me to ask me to give up all this. "What has Escanaba to offer in place of Hollywood?" I said to Avery, and I reminded him he might as well let me have what my railroad fair would cost and he would be ahead anyway because no matter what they say two cannot live as cheap as one, and if I married him he would have to give me a lot more than mere railroad fair.

Avery would not even go on a jant of the studios with me, even though I told him after he said firmly he would not go, that I could introduce him to many of the stars, and would even use my influence on the "lots" and perhaps get him a part as a country boy. There is certainly no doing anything with these small town minds.

I took him to the train though it kept

I took him to the train though it kept me away from my career but from the first when these words are published at last everyone will see that I was always thoughtful of the friends of my childhood. I could not help but think as the train pulled out how it would be pulling out with me some day with my flowers and drawing room like Norma Tallmadge a few days ago, though I do not think I would ever wear a plain suit like hers, believing one owes their public something more. I suppose Escanaba will have a band to meet me, and Avery promised that he would be waiting and would not go on being nice to Millie. I got to thinking over L. Mortimer Ce-

cil's offer and I suppose it is not his fault he has a wife like that. It must be a terrible thing for a director to find a personality that is just what he has been looking for and then not have his wife understand. So I decided to take the part.

I told his casting director that I would accept, for in the years to come when I am the most foremost vamp it will be fun to run off in my own projecshun room in my palatial residance this little picture with me as a country girl. I suppose I will get many a laugh over it. "Who are you?" the casting director asked trying to be hauty. "I am L. Mortimer Cecil's new find," I told him with a level gaze. I suppose he thought here is another girl lured by a "leer," not realizing I am not that kind of a girl but one who has learned to bend men to her mere whim encluding the biggest director in the "leaping litografs."

FTER years of abuse-when any of the sturdy little bones of the foot slip out of position, the arches begin to fall. The excruciating pain in the foot is only part of the misery that follows.

Stubborn cases of headache, backache, continued fatigue, poor circulation, indigestion, unruly nerves, spinal disorders, pain frequently mistaken for kidney trouble, neuritis or rheumatism-each may have its origin in the feet.

What Causes Foot Ailments?

Misuse, disuse and abuse.

Misuse commonly means standing and walking with the toes pointed out instead of straight ahead. It also means throwing the weight of the body on the inside of the foot.

Disuse is a serious cause of foot distress. When the feet are not properly exercised, the muscles supporting the four arches often become weakened until the bone framework sags and the feet are almost flat.

Abuse of the feet is largely a matter of ill-fitting shoes-too short, too narrow, too pointed, too high-heeled, too thin-soled or with soles that do not fit and protect the bottom of the

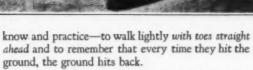
How to Correct and **Prevent Foot Troubles**

If your feet are normal and healthy, congratulate yourself. But if you are having difficulty do not delay a day

in getting expert medical advice. You may need a different type of shoe, or special foot and leg exercises, or some particular kind of arch support.

Protect your children from the tortures of foot troubles and the serious results of neglect. Guard their easily molded feet. See that they wear correct shoes with a straight inner edge and sufficient room for the toes. Teach them what everyone should

The joys of outdoor life, the pleasures of sightseeing, the benefits of walking and the enjoyment of athletic sports are only for those who have properly cared for their feet and have made them sturdy, dependable friends



The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company recognizes the importance of protecting the feet as a means of safeguarding health. It has just published a booklet, "Foot Health" which contains a great deal of valuable information.

This booklet tells about the various kinds of foot troubles-and what causes them. It explains how to avoid the suffering and dangers attendant upon

foot ailments. It shows how incorrect shoes and wrong methods of walking and standing cause foot distress and often contribute to bodily ills and mental depressions.

It will be a pleasure to us to send this booklet to anyone needing help. Just ask for "Foot Health" and it will be mailed free of charge.

HALEY FISKE, President.

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY-NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year



A MAGIC TOUCH to **Your** skin

A touch of exquisite loveliness awaits your command. Just as easily as Aladdin fulfilled his desires thru the "touch of his lamp" so may you bring the joy of a new Beauty to your skin and complexion. It takes but a moment for

GOURAUD'S

to wipe the dull, ordinary com-plexion away forever. To see plexion away forever. To see blemishes and defective features forgotten under the lure of a bewitching, seductive appearance.

Far Superior to face powders and ordinary creams. Its action is giving excellent results in treating Wrinkles, Tan, Freckles, Under highly antiseptic and astringent, Wrinkles, Tan, Freckles, Undue Redness, Flabbiness, Muddy Skins and Excessive Oiliness.



SKILLETS AND TENT-STAKES

(Continued from page 91)

That was her dream, what marriag: meant to her-a means to an end, an escape from dusty roads and hasty meals and hard camp cots and-and skillets poking her in

As she thought of the camp and of the tent that was her only home, a wave of bit-terness surged over her. What a life, what a dull, hopeless life she led! And there was no escape. Oh, she knew that. There she'd been thinking of marrying this young man by her side—and she didn't even know his name. What a fool! What a little fool!

She rose to her feet suddenly.
"I've seen enough," she whispered hoarse-

"I think I'll go-home."

THE young man rose, obediently. He uttered no complaint as he took her arm. He said nothing as they gained the street. Across the way was an ice-cream parlor. He started toward it, smiling shyly down into her eyes. Her heart warmed to that smile The camp, the tent, her hectic life were forgotten in an instant. How nice of him to know that she loved ice-cream-she hadn't tasted any for months, not since her father had had that job at a roadside lunch-counter in Florida.

Her mood was expansive as they sat down. She talked swiftly, a steady flow about the picture which she had not seen. about the weather, about anything and everything save auto-camps and roads. The young man across the table did not open h's mouth save to order their ice-cream. His calm gray eyes never left her face. He watched her, every move she made, hung on every word she said.

At last, when she seemed to have run out of words he shook his head with a slow. wistful smile and said very softly: You're the purtiest thing I ever seen.

ma'am.

She flushed, and knowing the rise of

color was becoming to her, smiled.
"I suppose you tell that to every girl you meet," she bantered, striving with all

her might to keep her voice steady.
"No ma'am. I don't know any other

"No ma'am. I don't know any other girls. I never had much time to know girls. My father died nine years ago. I had to pitch in an' hustle. Kept my little ol' nose to the grindstone ever since, takin' keer o' my mother. Only last year she died too

oo. I'm all alone now."
"Oh, I'm sorry," the girl said quickly.
He toyed with his ice-cream for a time. When he raised his head there was an undeniable appeal in those gray eyes, a wistful

longing that made Jennie's heart skip a beat.
"Makes it sort of hard on a feller," the young man went on softly, "havin' to do his own cookin' an' washin' an'-oh, I reckon it aint that so much. I just cain't seem to git used to not havin' anybody to look out fer. My maw was a deal of care when she was alive, an' now that she's gone—well, I just cain't git used to it. I'm-I'm unhappy as the dickens.

Although she hardly realized it, Jennie was playing a part, and she unconsciously recognized her cue. She burst out with:

"I'm unhappy too. Terribly unhappy."
"You?" he stared at her incredulously.
'You look like nothin' in the world ever

worried you.

"Oh, but things do. It's my folks," she clared passionately. "They make me do ings I don't want to do. I'm miserable declared passionately. "They all the time—terribly miserable. I just can't seem to stand it any longer. They're good. It's not that. They don't mean to make me unhappy. But they do. And—and it gets worse all the time. Sometimes I almost think I'd like to be dead."

Tumultuous words to be uttered in an ice-cream parlor. Neither, however, was

cognizant of the surroundings. The youtn leaned forward. His hand rested lightly on hers and then closed over it with a grip that made her fingers ache.

"I'm right sorry to hear that," he drawled softly, his gray eyes full of compassion. "I wish there was somethin I could do to help."

Jennie's shapely head shook in a mournful gesture of resignation.
"I'm afraid—there is nothing you could

"I-I might." He stumbled over the words and a surge of red crept up under his tanned skin. "Maybe--" He broke off,

trembling.

Jennie's thoughts became chaotic, a wild jumble of ranch-houses and barns and distant mountains and wide expanses of sage a peace that was eternal-and in the background, like some dreadful ogre of her childhood, an auto-camp and a soiled tent, a folding cot and a camp-stove, a dusty road that stretched endlessly, a skillet that bumped against her ribs.

"I-I think I'd better go now," she said

at last.

Wont you have some more ice-cream?" the youth asked.

'No, I've had plenty. Thank you." She started down the street toward the camp, leading the way. The young man followed along beside her, dumbly. She wanted to say something, wanted him good night before they reached the camp; she shrank at the thought of his learning that she was only an-auto gypsy. And yet she dared not trust her trembling lips to speech.

As they neared the camp, her footsteps slowed. Her feet seemed weighted with lead. What could she say? What would he think when he learned— She paused just before they reached the entrance. The sound of snores came to her, a revolting sound, a sound that she hated. Far away, at the sound that she hated. Far away, at the back of the camp, a baby cried weakly. A late arrival, driving the stakes of his tent, cursed under his breath. Before the door of the washroom three or four men droned monotonous lingo of roads and running-times and carburetors and tires.

SHE felt a trembling hand on her arm. She looked up into gray eyes that were strangely intent, as eager as a child's, as appealing as a dumb animal's.

"Ma'am, you're the purtiest thing I ever seen in all my life," came the halting words. "I'm just plumb crazy over you. You don't know how it hurts me to think that you aint happy. I cain't tell you how it hurts. It just seems like a knife runnin' into my heart—an' turnin' an' turnin' there." He paused, caught his breath and plunged on paused, caught is recklessly: "I'm all alone now. I aint got nobody to look out fer. And I was thinkin'—I'd shore be mighty happy if you'd—"

He hesitated and then seemed to gain new courage from the frank, unshrinking gaze of

her blue eyes.

"Yes?" Jennie breathed.
"If you'd honor me by bein' my wife." Her eyes dropped. She began to tremble.
"I'd be awful good to you," the youth
clared with fiery impetuousness. "I know declared with fiery impetuousness.

you don't know me, don't even know my name. I reckon names don't count much But I'd be good to you. Back home folks'll tell you-"Back-home!"

'My home's in Texas. I don't live hereabouts. Just passin' through. I'm goin' to California. Thought I'd like a change. California. Thought I'd like a change. Always did hanker to travel a bit. See that car there in the corner of the camp? The roadster with the khaki tent by it? That's mine." He spoke pridefully, with



In 16 years we have not published a more dramatic story than this gun. One of the first friends whom he

I HIS is the story of a man who almost threw \$10,000 into the waste basket because he did not have curiosity enough to open the pages of a little book. (How much curiosity have you? Have you read one single book in the past month that increased your business knowledge or gave you a broader business outlook?)

The scene took place in a bank in one of the southern cities of The Vice-president, California. who had sent for a representative of the Alexander Hamilton Institute, said to him:

"I want your help in making a little private experiment among the junior officers of this bank. We have got to appoint a new cashier. I hate to bring a man in from the outside, and yet I am not at all sure that any one of our younger men is ready for the position. Here are the names of five the position. Here are the names of five of them. I want you to send a copy of "Forging Ahead in Business" to each one, but without letting them suspect that I have had a hand in it. Then call and tell the story of the Institute's training to each one separately and let me have he precises it. know how he receives it.

"I enrolled for your Course in New York years ago," he explained. "It gave me my first real knowledge of the fundamental principles of business. It meant everything to me, and I have an idea that there is no better way to test a man's business judgment than to see how he reacts to the opportunity it offers."

The five copies of "Forging Ahead in Business" were mailed, and a few days later the representative of the Institute called. One of the five men was on a vacation; three had tossed the book into the waste basket. They "knew all about it already"; they were "not interested." The fifth had his copy on his desk unopened. To that fifth man the Institute representative said:

"You may not suspect it, but there is a check for \$10,000 in that little book." "Don't kid me," the other answered.

"I'm serious," was the reply. "I'll see you to-morrow."

The following morning the Institute man was called on the 'phone. "I think I found that \$10,000 check last night," said the man at the bank. "If you're down this way today, drop in. I'd like to

A few months later the directors of the bank appointed him cashier: his upward progress had benotified of his promotion was the Institute representative.

"It gives me a cold shudder," he said, "to remember that I was just on the point of throwing that little book into the waste basket-\$10,000 and all."

Few men realize how eagerly business leaders are looking for the heads that stick up above the mass-for the men who by any sort of special training or ability have marked themselves for larger things.

For business nowadays develops the specialist-the man who knows his own department well, but who is so close to his job that he hasn't had time to learn the broad fundamental principles upon which all business is built.

Do you want more money? Ask your-self this: "Why should anyone pay me more next year than this year? Just for living? Just for avoiding costly blunders? I am devoting most of my waking time to business-what am I doing to make myself more expert at business?

Here is the Institute's function in a nutshell: It first of all awakens your interest in business, stimulates your desire to know, makes business a fascinating game. And second, it

puts you into personal contact with leaders, thrills you by their example, makes you powerful with their methods. Is it any wonder, then, that Institute men stand out above the crowd?

Thousands of men will read this page. Hundreds

will turn aside, or cast it into the waste basket, as those three men in the California bank threw their copies of "Forging Ahead in Business" into the waste basket. But a few hundred will be stirred by that divine emotion-curiosity-which is the beginning of wisdom. They will send for "Forging Ahead"; they will read it, and like the fifth man, will find a fortune in its pages.



"I said to him, There is a check	for \$10,000 hidden in that book."
----------------------------------	------------------------------------

	NDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE Place New York City
Ahead in B without obl	once the best
Business Address	Please write plainty
Business Position.	

Fair femininity switches cigarette smoker to a pipe

It is always interesting to hear how pipe smokers come to discover their favorite tobacco.

Ed Maher frankly admits there's a "she" in his case. And to her he gives the credit for his present pipe-smoking enjoyment.

Larus & Bro. Co. Richmond, Va. Gentlemen:

I happen to be a student at the University of California, and since I first started to smoke I have always smoked cigarettes.

One day SHE said to me, "Ed, dear, why don't you smoke a pipe. I think those long straight-stemmed pipes are so much more manly-looking than cigarettes."

rettes."

So, naturally, I had to buy a long-stemmed pipe and a can of—well, we'll call it "Blubs Mixture tobacco." Immediately with a certain feeling of pride in my new pipe. I "lighted up" and proceeded to have my tongue bitten. I tried almost every brand I had ever heard of, but none satisfied me.

Sadly. I had to confess to HER that s a pipe smoker I was a good dieti-

tian.
"Did you try Edgeworth?" she asked.
"That is what dad smokes, and he's always smoked a pipe."
So to make a long story short, I was
forced to try Edgeworth, and all that I
can say is that if every fellow that has
tried to accustom himself to a pipe,
started with Edgeworth, there would be
very few that would go back to cigarettes.

Yours sincerely, Ed Maher, 1731 Hayes St., San Francisco.

> Let us send you free samples Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the sam-ples, you'll like Edgeworth wherevand whenever you buy it, for it never changes EDGEWORTH

in quality. Write your name and ad-dress to Larus & Brother Company, 8T S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va. We'11

grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

PLUC SLICE

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug purchasers. Both Edgeworth Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size pack-ages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth sta-tion. Wave length 256 meters.

more assurance in his voice. "She's a nice little car, too. Rides easy, and she'll burn up the road when I want her to.

Jennie slowly backed away, almost shrink-ingly. And then she laughed; but the lack of humor in her laugh was unnoticed by the

"That tent there," she said in a shrill little voice, "that dirty one-is ours. We're on our way-to California-too.

"Well, now-aint that the funniest thing! Here we been campin' within fifty feet of each other." He laughed brightly, and then sobered as he caught the strange, baffled sobered as he caught the strange, baffled what's the girl's eyes. "What—what's the

matter? You aint mad because I—"
"No, no, no. It's not that," she answered,
dully. "I—I'm just tired, that's all. I
think—I'll go to bed."

"And—and you wont—" He choked, swallowed with an effort. "Well, I reckon I'll see you in the morning."

"Yes, I guess so. "And later-in California?" "Maybe. Good night."

"Good night, ma'am. I'm sorry if I've

said anything to make you mad. I—I'm just lonesome an' it hurts me so much to think that you're unhappy.

"It's all right. I'm not mad. Just tired. Dreadfully tired."

"Pore little gal!" she heard him mutter reverently as she stumbled toward her tent. She paused a moment before the soiled, sagging flap. Her tired eyes took in the battered, rusty car, the rickety table, the dilapidated stove, the pile of dishes sur-mounted by the skillet. She stared at the skillet for a long moment, her eyes venomous with hatred. Then, with a sudden rush of uncontrollable passion, she stooped, grasped the utensil by the handle and hurled it with all her might out into the street.

She heard it clang as it struck the gravel. With the sound her anger died, like a candle extinguished by a sharp gust of wind. She sighed-an unsteady little sigh that more a sob—and turned to the tent again. Inside, her father was snoring lustily. The faint odor of fried onions still hung over the camp. She shivered, and parting the flaps, stepped into the darkness within the tent.

THE MUD BUG

(Continued from page 60)

on the shoulders of Jiggs Bradley, brought up in the rough school of the back-stretch. He meant no particular harm. The precocity of most mud-bugs amused him, and usually little trimming of their conceit had a wholesome effect.

As a matter of fact, Jiggs had taken a liking to Jackie O'Day, and he would have carried the joke no farther, had not the youngster himself taken the initiative. The youngster himself taken the initiative. smallest of Mother Slap's brood fluttered around the Ryan stables like a bantam rooster, and he declined to have his feathers dampened. Swipes and stableboys took up the kidding where Jiggs Bradley left off. The latter contented himself with permitting the boy to work Corporal Joe every morning, answering, "Sure! Sure!" to the youngster's every suggestion.

It became one of the treats of the track to watch Corporal Joe plowing around the circuit under the guidance of Mother Slap's mud-bug. Rail-birds and clockers shouted encouragement as the huge bay rocked past.

"Must be the pup barking at his heels that sends the horse along so fast," commented Split-second Jones. "Corporal Joe is behaving like a general this morning. run the Sweepstakes on the Ohio River, I'd take a chance on the old web-foot.

Marty Montgomery, who made thirty thousand dollars a year sending out information to his clients, was the only one who didn't laugh. Marty was greatly interested in the way Corporal Joe pulled up at the end of a workout. The old campaigner showed a willingness to go on.

Now, there are many surprising angles to the sport of kings. The Old Testament has it rightly: "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise.... but time and chance happeneth to them all."

OLD Snowball, who rubbed the Ryan O horses, was accustomed to classify Corporal Joe as "one of them chronical cripporal Joe as one of them chronical cripples." No one disputed Snowball. Jiggs Bradley, with several high-class contenders in his care, had wasted little time on Corporal Joe. The big bay gelding had won many a race in his prime for Baltimore Ryan, and the latter insisted on retaining his pets long after they had outlived their usefulness.

Jiggs had experimented with the Corporal in a few selling races and then made use of him only as a working companion for North Star. The latter was a high-strung, tem-peramental animal that disliked to take the track without company. The usual practice

had been to send the pair out for a morning work and to let Corporal Joe "carry stable-mate for a quarter or a half, sending North Star to the front fully extended. Thus, out of a valiant old campaigner, they made what is known on the race-track as a "sucker" horse—an animal that is just a "come-on" for a more favored thoroughbred. Small wonder if Corporal Joe grew discouraged and sulky. It was all work and no play. Eventually he grew track-wise and refused to extend himself. He learned on workdays to simulate soreness, a trick by which many an old veteran has escaped distasteful labor. Jiggs Bradley assigned another horse to prepare North Star for the Sweepstakes. Old Corporal Joe was turned over to a mud-bug for the general amusement of the back-stretch.

ND now a surprising thing was happen-A ND now a surprising uning was nappen-ing: Corporal Joe was taking kindly to his morning exercise. Instead of a hundredand-twenty-five-pound stableboy, he had up a mud-bug as light as a feather. Moreover this tiny pilot, crouched so snugly on equine shoulders, voiced praise and encouragement after every effort. Horses cannot under-stand words, but they readily interpret the tone of the human voice. They crave praise, and are quick to recognize it. It was a long time since Corporal Joe had been told that he was a wonder. He heard it now so often that he came to believe it, and he acted accordingly. The ruby lights returned to his eyes, and ambition was restored. Each day

eyes, and ambition was restored. Each day he grew a little more responsive.

Jackie crooned to him as they skimmed the far turn: "'At's burnin' up the track!

G'wan, you Man o' War! We'll show 'em how to run, we will! 'At's layin' down to it! 'At's stepping pretty, old boy! G'wan!"

That shrill, excited voice, vibrant with youthful faith, did more than any "bat" could have accomplished in the hands of

could have accomplished in the hands of Whip Farrell. They came back to the stables, the boy flushed and breathless, the horse covered with sweat and foam. There followed always a period of petting and praise. Jackie had to climb up on the feed-box in order to caress the huge bay. No one had told the midget that horses like to be rubbed between the ears and over the eyes with the firm smooth stroke that recalls the way their mothers caressed them when they were He seemed to know such things instinctively. Hannah, after frantic attempts to break up this new alliance, had apparently accepted the inevitable, and now dog, horse and boy formed a Latonia trinity.



ASHIONS in people, and fashions in perfume, change quite as radically as details of dress . . . A really distinguished woman today is not pretty, but patrician; not coy, but characterful: not swooning, but smart!

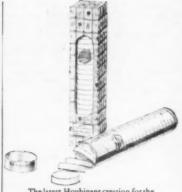
In much the same way, perfumes are different, too. The sweet, cloying, and rather too-apparent perfumes have gone the way of ruffles, bustles, and crinolines; in their place are the breezy, delicate, pre-eminently chic odeurs of Houbigant... Quelques Fleurs, Le Parfum Ideal, Subtilité, Mon Boudoir, Le Temps des Lilas, how exquisitely these Houbigant perfumes express the modern spirit!

Please write for the booklet, "Things Perfumes Whisper", and five sachets perfumed with Houbigant odeurs. Among them, you may find your favorite. Houbigant, Inc., 539 W. 45th St., New York.

HOUBICANT

PARIS

NEW YORK - CHICAGO - CLEVELAND - MONTREAL



The latest Houbigant creation for the bath—Effervescent Bath Tablets. Delightfully perfumed with Houbigant odeurs; twenty-five tablets—\$1.75.



Fine tinted crystals, to diffuse Houbigant perfume in the bath—three sizes, \$1.50, \$2.50, and \$3.50. Compact face-powder or rouge, of typical Houbigant quality—\$1.50.





Soap, richly perfumed—three in a box—75c per cake. Dusting powder of delectable fragrance, with puff, in a smart French box; two sizes—\$1.50 and \$2.75.





Talcum, soft as powdered petals, in a tall glass bottle with shaker top, \$1. Fine, clinging, longer lasting, Houbigant Face Powder can be obtained in each of the five Houbigant odeurs, and in five true tones, \$1.50



Houbigant Perfumes are presented in smaller bottles, to enable you to decide which one you like best. In purse size — quarter-ounces— Quelques Fleurs, Le Parfum Ideal, and Le Temps des Lilas, \$1. Subtilité and Mon Boudoir—\$1.25. La Rose France and Quelques Violettes, \$1.

Prices quoted apply to U.S.A. only.

Meanwhile, Mother Slap had been driven to distraction by an unusually bad season. Usually she did not put a chattel mortgage on her belongings until August or September, but now she had to move the date ahead by many weeks. Heinie Schaefer broke a leg; Pony Driscoll was set down for thirty days; the Baxter brothers were ordered to Canada. Other riders who paid their bills regularly were eliminated for one reason or another, and in their places were stableboys and apprentices who were short on cash and long on promises.

"I got more dependents than the League of Nations," she complained to Schwartz, the butcher. "There aint a dollar in the cashdrawer, and the house is filled only with eloquence. Instead of giving me their monthey hand me two-dollar tickets on hundred-to-one shots, and I aint cashed one of them yet. Seems like all the touts have been chased out the back gate and right into my front door. The last money I got was raiding a crap-game in the kitchen.

"Py golly!" commiserated Schwartz. "You should 'raus mit 'em!"

Mother Slap sighed. "Were you ever up against a real tout? Faith, they could talk the Angel Gabriel out of his trumpet! of all the alibis when they lose! I'm in so deep now that I can't fire them. They're all playin' North Star in the Sweepstakes, and my only chance is for Whip Farrell to bring

"Dot's a goot chance!" commented the butcher. "I blay dot horse meinself, und if he lose I go mit you to der poorhouse hand-in-hand. Herr Gott, yes!"

Not alone did financial matters worry Mother Slap. Little Jackie O'Day was living in a world of illusion of his own mak-He talked of nothing but the Sweepstakes and Corporal Joe. Gradually he had to understand that Whip Farrell on North Star was the appointed choice of Baltimore Ryan, but he still thought there was to be a stable entry with Joe coupled in the betting and he himself entrusted with the important job of helping to set the pace. He persuaded Mother Slap to fashion him a set of racing silks of the Ryan colors, and he never went to bed at night without donning the outfit and admiring himself in the He argued so convincingly that the first lady of Latonia began to believe after all that Jiggs Bradley was not kidding the boy, but really intended to send him to the No sooner did she reach this conclusion than she began to worry lest her baby be killed.

"If it aint one thing, it's another!" she wailed. "I'll be thankful when I see the last

of all of you!"

BUT Jiggs Bradley had no intention of sending either Corporal Joe or Jackie to He had grown tired of the joke, and he terminated it abruptly one morning, just a week before the race. Baltimore Ryan was due that day, and Jiggs had important

matters to discuss.

He patted Jackie on the head and said not unkindly: "Sorry, son, but we've just not unkindly: "Sorry, son, but we've just been kidding you, just havin' a little fun. Thought you'd tumble long ago. Joe's too old, and you're too young. Guess you'll have to run that race in your sleep. good little sport and laugh it off. Ha, ha! 'Atta kid! Here's five bucks. Go win your-Ha, ha! self a bet on North Star; he'll gallop all the way!"

When Jackie came home that evening, Mother Slap perceived that the blow had fallen. The midget was trying to bear up like a man, but his chin was quivering.

"Aw. I knew it all the time, I did!" he blustered. 'I don't mind! I was just kid-din' too, I was. Only—only the race falls on my birthday, it does! I didn't tell you that, but I was figurin' the stewards would give me my license for a present, and if

we'd 'a' won the old purse, I'd 'a' treated everybody, I would! But gee! A guy can't expect too much. Guess Corporal Joe will be disappointed too." He held back the tears and squared his shoulders. "I'm a sport, I Some day I'll get a chance! You see if am!

Again Mother Slap's emotions escaped control. "Ah, you poor game little lad! Let

me hold you, darlin'!"

But he was bent on maintaining his dig-ty. "Lemme go!" he demanded, wriggling from her grasp. "Gee whiz, I aint no baby.
I'm grown up, I am!"
It was Baltimore Ryan who played the "Gee whiz, I aint no baby.

fairy godfather to this tiny masculine Cin-Ryan was a huge man, with a career as colorful as the silk shirts he delighted in wearing. He had the wealth of Crossus, the nerve of a burglar, and the heart of a child. In this case, he ran true to form.

Marty Montgomery, his commissioner, told him some things about Jackie O'Day; he learned more from Mother Slap; and finally the big Irishman got the whole truth from

the lips of the mud-bug himself.

Ryan grunted thoughtfully and chewed on an unlighted black cigar. "So they've been on you, have they, little feller? Well, I'm boss around here, and we'll just I was promised a bicycle see about that. once for my birthday, and for some reason or other I never got it. That was forty years ago, and now I've got all that money can buy, but it's too late. I'll never want anything like I wanted that bicycle. If Bradley promised you a mount in the Sweepstakes, you'll go to the post or my name aint Ryan. Shake on it!

"Aw, gee!" breathed Jackie. "Aw, gee!"
And the look on his face was sufficient pay

for the man from Baltimore.

RYAN cinched the matter that very night at a meeting of turf officials. "It's the first favor I've ever asked, and you'll grant or I'll withdraw North Star from the race and quit the game. With me it's a sport and not a business, and I want this lad to have his chance."

Judge Warren cleared Presiding "No occasion for threats, suh. I've had my attention already called to this particular boy and horse, and I think I understand the case. I honor your sentiment, but deplore your judgment. Corporal Joe wouldn't figure one-two-ten, Sande up, and if you want to send him out with a feather in the saddle and forty pounds of lead, that's your responsibility, suh. entry is admitted and the license granted.'

there was a Santa Claus, after all! Mother Slap's mud-bug was going to ride Corporal Joe in the Sweepstakes. The effect upon Jackie O'Day was as though some jinni, responding to the touch of a magic had swung wide the door to the Palace of Enchantment, and kneeling before his midget master, had said: "O Lord of the Three Worlds, Almighty King, what is thy next command?"

The youngster was dazed, speechless, overwhelmed with the wonder of it all. vocabulary was reduced to, "Oh, gee!" swaggering braggadocio vanished, and again he was only a little boy, wide-eyed and grin-ning—shy, embarrassed and suffering from the preliminary tremors of stage-fright. He felt that the whole world was looking at him.

The night before the race, Baltimore Ryan sent over a birthday present in a moroccobound folder. It was Jackie's apprentice li-cense. Nothing could induce the youngster to keep that present in his pocket. He held it firmly in one small hand where he could feast his eyes on it and be sure it was safe.

Five times that night he turned on the light, reached under his pillow and reread the signed certificate that admitted him to the kingdom of manhood. He was about to make a last valiant attempt to go to sleep, when he heard the murmur of voices in the adjoining room. The partition was very thin, and Gyp Charley's voice was plainly distinguishable as he argued with Ponv Both boys worked for the Green-Driscoll. way Stables, owners of the imported colt Rapid Fire. They were discussing the big

"I tell you, it's goin' to be a shoo-in," Charley was insisting. "They're goin' to this Baltimore guy for the works. "They're goin' to take dumped too much dough in the pool-rooms, and they've had to get busy. Rapid Fire'll

run over the favorite in the stretch. North
Star's due for an easy ride. Get me?"
Then Pony's voice: "How do you know?"
The mud-bug, with his ear flattened to
the wall and his small face white and
strained, waited for the answer.
"Because Whip Farrell circle."

"Because Whip Farrell aint gonna ride against his own dough, that's why! He's got a five-thousand-dollar ticket on Rapid Fire, and I know the guy that give it to him! I could make a nice piece o' change by tippin' it off, but I wouldn't squeal on nobody. I may be a gyp, but I aint no snitch."
"Yes, that's me too!" Pony agreed. "There

aint nobody got any respect for a stool pigeon. A regular jock ought to keep his eyes open and his mouth shut."

"Boy, you said it! Well, let's go to sleep."

MOTHER SLAP'S midget lay quite still for five long minutes. Then he crept out of bed. Whip Farrell lay in a cot across the room, tossing restlessly in his Jackie went through the pockets of his roommate's clothes. In a leather wallet he found the bookmaker's slip that confirmed Gyp Charley's statement. The youngster extinguished the light and returned to his cot. immature mind was unequal to this problem. He had an overwhelming sense of obligation to Baltimore Ryan. Yet the words "stool pigeon," "squealer" and "snitch" still sounded in his ears. Whip Farrell had befriended him, had been his idol, his bedroom pal-the bright particular luminary to which the youngster had hitched the wagon of his own ambition. Jackie was old enough to know what a turf scandal meant, to realize all that was involved by an eleventhhour investigation. Arrests-cross-examination-the third degree! Suppose he couldn't convince them? Nobody trusted a snitch!
Suppose they canceled his license, too? Suppose it was all a mistake and Whip Farrell could explain that ticket on Rapid Fire?

To the youngster's panic-stricken mind there appeared but one solution. Corporal Joe was coupled with North Star in the betting. If he could finish in front with the Corporal, Ryan's money was safe, and not even Mother Slap would ever know the difference. "I can tell when we hit the stretch, I can," he whispered to himself. "I'll keep right up on the pace, I will-and if Whip aint levelin', if he aint sendin' North Star, then I'll come on with the Corporal, I See if I don't! I'll just keep my eyes open and my mouth shut like a regular Then Whip wont think about He'll be busy watchin' Rapid Fire. I'll lay back and watch for an opening on the rail. Even if it aint such a big opening, I can squeeze through 'cause I'm small. I aint a-scared, I aint. Naw-I-aint-scared."

HE was still mumbling sleepily as Mor-pheus ushered him into dreamland Mother Slap's household was very still, and the only noise was the pitter-patter of a light rain that had just begun to fall. Toward morning the precipitation increased, but by noon the Kentucky sky was blue again, and the official form-chart compiler wrote at the head of his day's sheet: "Weather clear. Track muddy."

By one o'clock the highway from Cincinnati was choked with a taxicab armada. Latonia's clicking turnstiles denoted a record When you've taken
a plunge in the cool, bracing surf—
and battered and wet with
spray, you climb out on
the welcoming sand
—have a Camel!



Camels contain the very choicest tobaccos grown in all the world. Camels are blended by the world's most expert blenders. Nothing is too good for Camels. In the making of this one brand we concentrate the tobacco knowledge and skill of the largest organization of tobacco experts in the world. No other cigarette made is like Camels. They are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers,

WHEN the surf is running in from the sea. And you plunge in to shoulder aside the foam-topped rollers. When you climb out, glowing, and join the crowds on the beach—have a Came!!

For after healthful exercise, no other cigarette in the world satisfies the taste like Camels. Camel mildness and mellow fragrance is the awaited award of millions of experienced smokers. Camels are rolled of the choicest tobaccos nature grows—they never tire the taste. Camels are the expert blend that did away with cigaretty after-taste.

So this sparkling day as you start for the cool, restful beach. When with measured strokes you have tried your strength against the breakers — know then the most fragrant mellowness ever made into a cigarette.

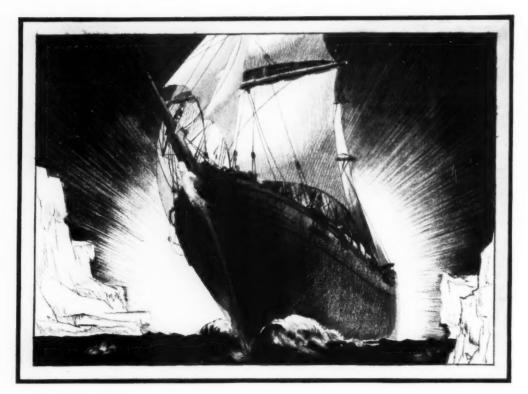
Have a Camel!





Our highest wish, if you only only the know and enjoy Camel quality, is that you may try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any other cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.



Four months in icy Labrador to investigate a disputed point



Rand MeNally Auto Road Maps are America's most popular road guide. They are used almost universally by automobile tourists. Each map covers one or more states showing all auto roads, the road markings, type of pavement, mileage, etc. There are indexes of cities and towns giving population figures. The maps are folded into pocket size booklets which contain city maps, lists of hotels and garages, motor laws and a wealth of other valuable information. Obtainable at leading booksellers', stationers', drug stores and news stands—35c each

Rand McNally Maps for every purpose

School Maps Auto Road Maps Political Maps Commercial Maps Radio Maps Population Maps Climatic Maps
Climatic Maps
Economic Maps
Ethnological Maps
Historical Maps
Mileage Maps
City Guide Maps

Dr. A. S. Johnson went to Labrador on business.

It was a difficult journey consisting of four stages. The last of these was taken on an old three-masted barque, one of only two ships of its kind left in all the world.

Dr. Johnson went without order books or samples. He had nothing to propose to the inhabitants, nothing to get from them. There was no one in particular he wanted to see.

Nobody lived where he was going but a handful of Eskimos and a few Moravian Missionaries who receive mail once a year.

Yet, after four months in this bleak end of America, he accomplished exactly what he had set out to do.

Rand McNally & Company had sent him there to investigate a reported water outlet for Canadian grain. For Rand McNally & Company must have complete and accurate information to make its maps and atlases exact. Maps are a universal need. If you are

Maps are a universal need. If you are a manufacturer, you need maps to plan your sales campaigns. Rand McNally business map systems will keep you in touch with your market.

If you are a commercial traveler, you need maps to lay out your routes in advance. Rand McNally Indexed Pocket Maps show every place that has a name, with exact information to help you.

If you own an automobile, you need Rand McNally Auto Road Maps to plan your tours and to guide you as you drive.

If you read books, newspapers, magazines, you need Rand McNally maps to locate the places you read about and to gain a better idea of the world you live in.

Rand McNally Maps, Globes and Atlases are always scientific, accurate, and up to date. Obtainable at leading booksellers' and stationers', or direct.

RAND MCNALLY & COMPANY Map Headquarters

Dept. H-184

536 S. Clark Street, Chicago Washington

San Francisco

270 Madison Avenue, New York Los Angeles crowd. The stands grew black; the betting ring overflowed; the lawn became a surging of faces; and still they came!

"No fool like an old fool!" panted Mother Slap, battering her way up the grandstand steps with an umbrella. "I should have steps with an umbrella. "I should have stayed home. Tis enough to suffocate a

"Py golly!" grunted Schwartz, the butcher, struggling at her side. "Der Sweepstakes will make of me hamburger! Nefer mind! What we lose in weight, we make up in

Since one o'clock the jockeys had been locked up in their closely guarded quarters near the paddock. From an upstairs window a boyish butterfly in gaudy silks had been watching the incoming crowd. youngsters, to whom the gathering mob was no novelty, sat around on trunks, playing cards or writing letters to the folks at home. But the mud-bug's face was glued to the windowpane and his small heart thumped like the hoofbeats of a thoroughbred. This was his début, and he was like a miniature matinée idol, hovering at the peephole in the curtain while the orchestra tuned up. Hannah, wriggling nervously, squirmed his side, apparently aware that something extraordinary was about to happen. pup licked his master's hand and strove valiantly, but without success, to reach Jackie's small pale face.

The paddock bell rang, and the youngsters went trooping downstairs to answer its summons. It was then that veteran horsemen and stable-swipes got their first laugh.

"For the love o' Pete!" said Terry Mundane, boss of the Pinkertons. "Will you look at the tadpole that's going to ride Corporal Joe! Why, he can't hardly carry his poral Joe! Why, he can't hardly carry his tack'! He's trippin' on the stirrups."

Mundane spoke truly, Jackie O'Day

passed along the tanbark corridor, holding up with difficulty the "postage stamp" saddle

with its trailing stirrups.

Johnny Dunlap, clerk of the scales, chuckled to Mundane: "The Corporal was assigned a hundred an' two pounds, and we had to put thirty pounds of lead in the bag. No wonder the kid is staggering. You'd have trouble, too, carrying half your weight."

Jiggs Bradley was devoting most of his attention to North Star. Jackie O'Day was left to the care of Snowball, the gray-haired The youngster looked around hopenegro. fully for Baltimore Ryan, but the latter was tied up in the betting-ring, striving to interpret the last-minute flood of Rapid Fire Pool-rooms in Chicago, Baltimore and New York were behind the plunge on the imported colt. Commissioners who represented "wise money" were gathered at the "come-back" board where every click of the pari-mutuel machine meant a hundreddollar bet. Ryan's eyes narrowed as he watched thousands of dollars being rung up on Rap'd Fire.

Marty Montgomery whispered in his em-ployer's ear: "I don't like the looks of it. Too late to hedge now, but I've got a hunch we'll be on the wrong end of one of those family finishes. Come up in the pressbox where we can see what happens.

THE bugle summoned the field to the post, and here they came, a string of twelve thoroughbreds, with Peter the Great leading the way, North Star in fourth place, and Jackie O'Day on Corporal Joe bringing up the rear. The crowd roared as it beheld the mud-bug. His diminutive figure was the focus for all eyes. In his jockey's uniform he looked smaller than ever, a mere baby, facing bravely his baptism on the battlefield of the turf. Feminine spectators waved their handkerchiefs. Latonia villagers led the applause. A sudden whirl of activity down-stairs indicated that hundreds of "sympathy bets," mostly from women, were going in on the Ryan entry.

They were lining up at the barrier now for the mile-and-a-quarter struggle, and the crowd became tense and silent. Peter the Great stood at the pole like a statue. Other entries were weaving in and out, backing and sidling as their riders pleaded with the and siding as their fuers pleaded with the starter. "No chance in here, sir! . . . Just a minute, Mr. Kennedy! . . . Yes sir, I hear you, but I can't hold him." . . . "Can I whip this horse, Mr. Kennedy? Please sir, can I take back with mine?

Two minutes passed, and the confusion worse. Ground men swore as they strove to straighten out the tangle of nerv-ous horseflesh. Rapid Fire was causing most of the trouble. The imported colt was almost unmanageable. Finally they took him to the outside position, next to Corporal

AN older boy would have known how to protect himself from the vicious black thunderbolt that was now ranged alongside little Jackie O'Day. A more experienced jockey would have either kept very close or so far away that those flying heels could not have reached him. But the midget, watching the trigger hand of the starter, had no thought of anything but to get off in front.

Jiggs Bradley, now standing with Balti-more Ryan, leveled his glasses at the scene of action. "North Star's standing pretty," he of action. "North Star's standing pretty," he reported. "I'm glad they took that he-devil to the outside. He thinks he's in a football game. Look at him kick! Aha, I thought so! Well, we've only got one horse runnin' for us now! He's kicked the Corporal both heels, right in the groin! Well, that'll put him out. Good thing it wasn't North

But for once, Jiggs Bradley's keen eyesight had miscalled the turn. That terrific blow from the steel-shod hoof of an equine demon had left Corporal Joe undamaged and unscathed. None knew it better than the writhing little mud-bug whose small left foot had caught the full force of the impact. Exquisite pain possessed him. He crumpled, caught himself and looked down. His ankle was imprisoned by a twisted stirrup that bit through boot and into tortured flesh

with the force of a steel trap.
"Oh, Mr. Kennedy!" he called. "Please

But at that instant the last horse swung into line, up went the barrier, and Marse Kennedy sent the field on its way.

To little Jackie O'Day it was all a painracked nightmare. He had no memory of going past the stands the first time. He did not know where he was, nor what he was doing. Numbly he clung to his mount knees braced against the withers, head held low against the force of the wind. It was Corporal Joe, wise old campaigner, that saved them both in the first half of the race. The big bay gelding rated himself perfectly, laid off the early pace, and gradually worked his way toward the path at the inner rail where the footing was favorable. Queen's Token, quick breaker, was out in front, closely followed by Firelight and Dick Wells. Rapid Fire was lying third, with North Star half a length behind. The others were close up and bunched.

In the long run down the back-stretch, Jackie O'Day struggled against the pain that stupefied his senses and sapped his strength. Any other boy on the track would have pulled up and summoned help. But this was a mud-bug in his first race, and nothing short of a bullet in the heart would have stopped him. By sheer courage he con-quered the pain and cleared his thoughts. Then he remembered Baltimore Ryan, Mother Slap and, lastlythe ticket on Rapid Fire which Whip Farrell could cash by giving North Star an easy ride. Why hadn't he told them what he knew? Better to have been a snitch than to have proved faithless to Baltimore Ryan! Now it was too late. He was out of the race. He was helpless. How could he boot Corporal Joe under the wire, when every move of his shattered ankle meant torture? He couldn't! No, of course he couldn't! Yet the very thought was sufficient to tighten his lips, to set him crouching still lower in the saddle, small arms and legs moving the way a frog swims. Corporal Joe's stride increased.

Dorando and Duty Boy came out of the second division under urging, and for a fur-long raced abreast of the bay gelding. The mud-bug shook up his mount, and they fell

back beaten.

Gradually Corporal Joe improved his position, going around King William and Broom Blossom, to land in fourth place. But the effort told on Jackie O'Day. The last tige of color drained from his face. Small lips were contorted with pain.

Toa!" he gasped. "Stake-horse,

"Steady, Joe!" he gasped. "Stake-horse, u are! Steady, old boy! Whip's gonna you are! make it, he is. We wont have—to—try
—so—hard! Oh, Joe, I'm hurt, I am!"

All this time the crowd's attention had been centered on the struggle among the leaders. Queen's Token, showing unexpected endurance, was still holding stubbornly to the lead. Two lengths behind raced North Star, the favorite, closely followed by Rapid

Jiggs Bradley had joined Ryan and Marty ontgomery. The three men had their Montgomery. The three men had their glasses leveled on the race as the field turned

into the stretch.

Queen's Token will chuck it up," Jiggs. "She's through now. Rapid Fire's the one I'm afraid of. Whip ought to have a bigger lead on that colt. He aint following instructions, damn him! Looks to me like he's carrying that third horse, instead of shaking him off."

Marty Montgomery whispered to Ryan: "Might as well tear up your tickets. Whip's riding for the books. He's gonna get North Star beaten. There it goes! What did I tell you? Look at him bear out on the turn!"

A groan went up from the stands as Whip Farrell, swinging wide as they swept into the home stretch, lost two full lengths and left an opening on the rail for Rapid Fire to come through. The heavily played "good thing" came on with a rush, catching the tiring Queen's Token and forging rapidly

"All over but the shouting," grunted Mar-"No chance now. The race is tossed.

MARTY spoke just a little too soon. Some one else had been watching Whip Farrell even more closely than the famous clocker. It was a tiny mud-bug on the back of a stout-hearted old stake-horse. Jackie O'Day saw Farrell bear out and leave that wide opening for Rapid Fire; he saw the latter take quick advantage of the move. Down went the youngster's head, out came

bown went the youngsters nead, out came his whip, and the real race was on!

"G'wan, you Joe!" he shrieked. "Lay down to it, ol' boy! Gotta get up, we have! Hug the rail, Joe! Now you're drivin'. Smash through, Joe! Get up there!

G'wan! . . . G'wan! G'wan!"

Halfway up the stretch their path was blecked but the structed Owner. Teles.

blocked by the exhausted Queen's one position out from the rail and wabbling dangerously in her stride. To go around her meant fatal delay. There was but one chance, and Jackie O'Day took it. None but a desperate midget could have squeezed through that narrow opening. He brushed boots with Chick Collins as he went by, and the pain from his crushed ankle added the last touch to his agony. Ahead of him he saw a blur of colors to the right, Rapid Fire leading the pride of the Ryan stables by a length!

Then the youngster laid down his face to the steaming neck of Corporal Joe, closed his eyes, and banging away with his whip,

WHETHER it's soft music WHETHER it's soft music on the water or dizzy jazz inside, the Carry-ola Master always fills the bill. You can pack it into auto, trunk or duffel bag. It's strong—treat it rough and take it anywhere. Enjoy big model performance at a fraction of the cost.

The Carryola Master is the ideal "portable." Carries easily, Packs easily, Holds 15 full-sized records, Plays all makes, Comes in four attractive colors and black—all in Genuine Du Pont Fabrikoid with 2 Tone Embossed Art Cover and Record Album.





property on land, sea or

PYRENE MFG. CO.

Newark, N. J.

ution: Use only Pyrene Liquid (patented) with Improved Pyrene Extinguishers

in the air.

ARRUOLA MASTER came on to the crowded stands, straight on to where Baltimore Ryan stood, biting clean through a black cigar, and watching a miracle of miracles unfold!

Neither Whip Farrell nor the boy on Rapid Fire perceived the new challenger until it was too late. They were too busy watching each other. Not so the crowd! All Latonia saw that run through the stretch from the moment it started, and the roar of voices was like a great organ note swelling in crescendo. Kentucky hailing the winner of the Sweepstakes! The mob paying thundering homage to a Tom Thumb hero, the tiniest mud-bug of them all!

In the very last jump he made it, nodding out Rapid Fire at the post itself, but he alone of all that vast assemblage was unaware that the race was over. Blind with pain, sick with vertigo, he rode on and on, until the field fell back, Corporal Joe slowed up of his own accord, and a man with a scarlet coat came galloping after him to lead Jackie O'Day back into the flower-laden winner's circle.

He heard Jiggs Bradley's excited voice he heard jiggs bradleys excited votes booming in his ear, "Sit still, Kid—while they take your picture," and then Baltimore Ryan's volcanic outburst: "Hell and seven hundred dollars! Look at the stirrup! Good God, his ankle's smashed! Easy, son! Leggo, Jackie, it's all over. Leggo, I've got

"Yes sir," he faltered; and tumbled, saddle and all, into the arms of his employer.

DUSK fell on Latonia the Lovely. Mother Slap's place basked in the afterglow of drama. All her progeny, with two exceptions, sat on the front steps discussing enthusiastically the events of the day. Whip Farrell was missing from the picture.

Up the steps came Captain O'Connell of the special service squad. He encountered Baltimore Ryan in the hallway upstairs. "Whip's made a clean breast of it," he re-ported. "Ruled off, of course, and we've nailed the other rats too. How's Jackie?

"No," said Ryan. "I can't talk to him."
"No," said Ryan. "I can't talk to him, either. But come here a moment, and I'll let you take a peep at the hero. Go easy, now-don't disturb him, for he's gettin' the kind of comfort that you and I will never get again!"

Sportsman and sleuth tiptoed to Jackie's room and peered past the door that stood ajar. The hero of the day lay in his cot, one small leg safely bound in splints. His eyes were closed, and his head was nestled contentedly on the lap of the first lady of Latonia. Mother Slap, her voice trembling with pride and tenderness, was soothing the hero deeper into slumber:

> "Skeeters am a-hummin' On the honeysuckle vine, Sleep, Kentucky Babe.

Gently, Baltimore Ryan closed the door. "That," said he, "is the very best finish of the day!"

GRANDMA AND THE GIGOLO

(Continued from page 55)

"Oh, no," said Grandma. "I think sociability makes the time pass quicker."

He looked at her with the first personal

interest he had shown. "Yes, I suppose so. I am Comte d'Es-

Grandma's heart leaped-a count! But she managed to say:

"I'm Mrs. Ives," then added, "from New York. A-are you going far?"

"To Monte Carlo."
"So am I!" exclaimed Grandma.

They began to eat. Grandma thought: "I'm glad I spent all that money on clothes." Then she put on

her glasses.

It was the most wonderful meal she had had in France-the excitement and adventure of it. She laughed, she talked, she dis-played the diamonds Charley had given her, Charley being in the wholesale jewelry busi-

"I'm glad I came first-class," she thought. Grandma began to set herself up as a woman of the world. She managed to let him know that she lived at the Claridge and to foster the idea that she was rich.

"I've been a widow for twenty years," said Grandma, and her eyes lowered respectfully, and she swallowed, as one should on

such an occasion.

Grandma left a space for Comte d'Esterel to tell something of the big events that had happened in his life, but he volunteered nothing. And as Grandma talked to him, she used her eyes as she hadn't used them in years, and laughter danced on her lips. Grandma didn't know she could do it, and her heart beat exultantly at this return of her youth. She managed to create the impression that she was quite gay—once she said that she thought the Folies Bergère was tame. That was probably the most exciting moment of all.

'Are you going to Monte to play?" Grandma understood just in time. It was the polite word for gambling.

That is what I am coming down here for," she replied brightly.

The Count put away his yellow-backed book, and his eyes rested almost continuously on her face. For years she had not known anything like the sweet pleasure of being able to talk to a count-she, plain Grandma Ives from Freehold, New Jersey Such perfection of manners Grandma had never known. He had always been a gentleman; he had devoted his life to reading, study, to looking at pictures, to music and to cultural things. But now and then there was a wicked gleam in his eyes. The gay old dog knew the world.

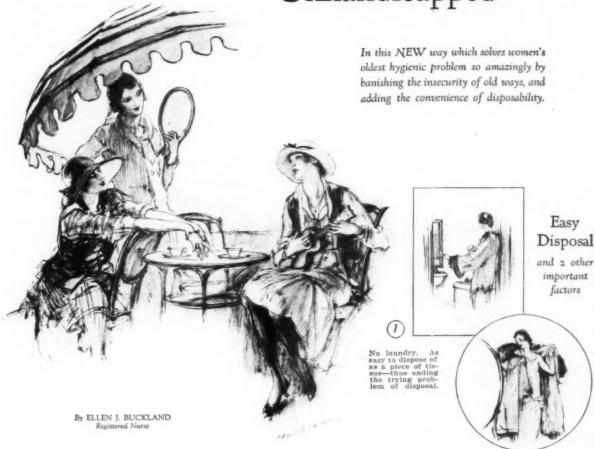
RANDMA had planned to go to a pen-G sion, but instead of that when she arrived she went to one of the most expensive hotels in Monte Carlo, and that evening. putting on her most daring gown, she went to the Casino.

The great white, highly ornamented building, surrounded by palm trees and gardens, before her. Splendid automobiles were arriving, and doors were being thrown open by footmen to let out ladies and gentlemes. of fashion, and there was the buzz and chatter of many languages. But it did not look wicked to Grandma, and was quite without the sinister aspect that she had expected. for she saw only its well-ordered surface glitter.

opera."

"Why, it looks like opening night at the era," she thought. Grandma showed her passport, was asked a few simple questions and was then given her admittance-card. But Grandma's kindly, old, unsuspecting eyes did not see two or three men in evening clothes loitering in the brilliant lobby, their own hard, keen eyes sweeping all who entered. "Physiognomists," they are called in Monte Carlo—men who never forget a face. If a person enters once, he is forever known; although he may come twenty years later, he will be recognized, and if anything goes wrong with him while he is in the Casino, the doors close in his Nor did Grandma know that in face. addition there were guards and spies and detectives, some in evening clothes and some even wearing decorations; nor did innocent, unsuspecting Grandma know that every action of the guests is watched by half a dred unsuspected eyes. Nothing is left to chance, and Precaution stalks the carpeted

You Live Every Day—Meet Every Day —Unhandicapped



OTHER women have told you about Kotex; about the great difference it is making in their lives.

Now from the standpoint, both of practicing nurse in charge of more than 500 women and girls ... and as a woman myself ... I urge you to try it.

It converts most trying situations of yesterday into the mere incidents of today. You can wear your most exquisite things, your sheerest frocks and gowns without a second's thought. Once you try it, you will never again use a makeshift sanitary pad.

Eight in every ten of the representative women of America have adopted it. Highest hygienic authorities advise it. Virtually every great hospital in America employs it.

These new advantages

Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad, is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads. Kotex also deodorizes by a new secret disinfectant. And thus solves another trying problem.

Kotex will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind—and in your health. 60% of many ills, according to many medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe or unsanitary makeshift methods.

There is no bother, no expense of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would waste paper—without embarrassment.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way. Obtain a package today.

Only Kotex is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the only sanitary napkin embodying the superabsorbent Cellucotton. It is the only napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super. Cellucotton Products Co., 166 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

2 Utter protection — Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



Easy to buy anywhere.*
Many stores keep them ready wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.





Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue



Powder

Made by the largest

silverware manufacturers

ALSO IN CAKE OR CREAM

in the world

playing halls. Once, so the tale goes, bandits descended upon the white palace, cut the electric light wires and tried to hold up the Casino, so that now there is also gas, and inaccessible oil lamps.

Grandma walked into the salle de jouer

bit slowly (Grandma had not walked quickly since she had fallen at Charley's in

icy Detroit), making a brave pretense that this was an old, old story with her. The inner guards looked at her in surprise. Accustomed as they were to the world pouring through their doors, they stared at the plump, motherly figure, and one of them, leaving fashion to wait upon itself, touched

his cap and helped her through. Grandma had the sense of being in a monster, murmuring, human hive, for the room was filled with a low, steady hum, ris-ing and falling. Here and there were tables with low lights hanging over them, and gathered around these tables she saw distinguished-looking people in evening clothes, strange-looking foreign men with bushy beards, men with saber-cuts across their faces, rich Chinese, Egyptians with red fezzes; and there was a fat maharajah in his Oriental robes with a great diamond blazing

"They don't look so wicked," was Grandma's private comment.

on his thumb.

SOMEHOW she had expected to see the playing rooms in wild confusion, to hear an uproar, and to find people shouting and as excited as she had been told they were on the stock-market in New York; but there was none of that. In fact, the whole humming hall seemed orderly, as if a huge cardparty were being given, with everybody quiet and well-behaved. But it was because Grandma did not see all—for the people who seemed so quiet and orderly were in reality crouched over the tables with the fierce lust of gambling in them, watching every movement of the croupiers with the motionless intensity of tigers. She did not see the hard, set faces and the glittering eyes she saw only the evening clothes, the gold lace on the uniforms of the officers, and the ribbons and decoration on other guests; nor did she see the guards and money-changers walking up and down behind the intent players, nor the unexpected doors that opened out of innocent panels.

There was the sharp rattle of the ivory ball on the notched flying wheel and the sing-song of the *croupier* as he called out: "Messieurs, faites vos jeux. Rien ne va plus." Grandma was disappointed; there was none of the wild disorder and confusion that she had seen in motion pictures of gambling-Grandma hesitated over the word-"hells;" there was no swaggering, no shout-ing, no hands clutching money. In fact, all was quiet and subdued, and at the table where she paused not a word was spoken she could hear the breathing of the players And there was no money on the table, only commonplace chips, such as her sons-in-law sometimes played poker with for a fifty-cent

"Is that all it is?" thought Grandma.

She saw people sitting with pads of paper in front of them marking down the numbers, but she did not know that they were playing systems, playing with quiet desperation. Hands reached out, stacking chips here and there on the checkered green cloth. Then the wheel was sent on its fascinating, noiseless flight, and the little ivory ball went spinning in the opposite direction. The people, who a moment before had been flinging chips on the table, froze in their places. It was like the small parlor motion-picture projector that Charley had, and with which he showed tiny pictures on the wall; sometimes he would stop the film, and the people who had been moving so gayly suddenly became as rigid as rocks. So was it with the players at the tables. The little ivory ball gave up

its flight, and the croupier sang out the number, and instantly the people came to life, just as if the film had started to move on again; furiously little rakes leaped out and jerked back the chips, and then the rakes were dexterously wielded to catch the winnings flung like lightning across the table. Hands shot out; chips again grew on the green cloth, and again the little ivory ball sang its chattering, rattling song. But it seemed innocent to Grandma-there was merely the wheel spinning, the ivory ball, and nice correct people in evening clothes sitting silently in comfortable padded chairs. Why, sometimes when the boys took her to the Country Club-well, it was a shame how they carried on there Saturday nights!

A guard approached her.
"This is a five-franc table," he said. It was the cheapest and least expensive table on the floor, kept for beginners and timid souls. Grandma played, but it was not

exciting; after a time she arose, and again a

solicitous guard approached her.
"There is the opera tonight," he said, and xplained that it was in the same building. The opera company was very good, he said

he would help her get a ticket.
All the guards took a kindly interest in her; they watched over her, shielded her and led her to a comfortable chair. Even the croupiers, always so impersonal, such cold machines, managed to give her the best of it. In fact, all the employees put themselves out to be helpful and protective to Grandma. She should have a pleasant time the pleasant time that a dear, sweet-faced grandmother should have.

Grandma wandered about the playing rooms, from table to table; and there was only the song of the flying ivory and the drone of the *croupiers*. She was disappointed; it was not exciting in the least. She was an outsider looking on; she would never be one of the party. She felt sleepy

Grandma looked up, and suddenly all sleepiness was gone—before her in evening clothes was Count d'Esterel, a striking and immaculate figure even in this world-capital of fashion. He approached her eagerly, and taking her hand, lifted it to his lips and kissed it. It was the first time a man had ever kissed her hand. Grandma had always thought she would not like it, but now it was done with such simplicity and lack of affectation that it gave her a flutter of

"I have been looking for you, Mrs. Ives, because I hoped you would be here, and now I am delighted."

It was pleasant to be called something besides Grandma.

"Will you play?" he asked.
"I should like to," said Grandma, and put her glasses on.

"Not in here," he said with an expressive shrug of his shoulders. "It is for tourists."

HE led her toward an inner chamber where Grandma had seen privileged people disappearing. The Count spoke a word to the guard at the door, and then to a manager who seemed to walk straight out of a mirror, and after a few minutes Grand-ma was escorted into the salle privé, the holy of holies, where the great players of the world gather. It was here, from time to time, that stories went out to the ex-cited world, of men who break the bank at Monte Carlo. The Count knew many of the players; he spoke to them or nodded to them and whispered their names to Grandma-names she had seen many times in the papers. One was a duke-in fact, there was a grand duke, a prince and one or two American millionaires. Grandma This was really the wicked part of the Casino, the inner soul, and it was due to the Count that she had been permitted to enter. She looked upon him with growing appreciation.

A Personal Service for Parents

ARE you, perhaps, faced at this very moment with the serious problem of selecting a school or camp for your son or daughter or some young relative, one which will carry out your aims for them with due regard to their individual traits and temperaments?

In making this selection, you have only family tradition and your own personal knowledge and that of friends, which is obviously limited. Perhaps you long for the assistance of some one who has made a study of private schools and camps to give you impartial advice and comparative evaluations.

The Director of The Red Book Magazine's Department of Education is a Vassar graduate. With her are associated a group of college men and women. During the past five years, we have been privileged to develop the most complete private school and camp information service ever maintained by a magazine. We have visited, not once but many times, over 800 private boarding schools of all kinds in every part of the country. Our associate director, lecturer, explorer and all-round authority on outdoor life, has traveled 16,700 miles by automobile and visited and reported on 425 private camps for boys and girls in New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, the Middle West, and the South and we have investigated some 300 others.

The catalogues and confidential reports on these camps and schools are on file in our office. An interview can be arranged by writing two days in advance. If you live at a distance, fill out the application for information or write us a detailed letter about the boy or girl and the kind of school or camp you wish. Please note all the points given below. Your letter will have personal attention. You incur no obligation in making use of this service either immediate or in the future.

The right environment during school and camp days has often proved the deciding factor in a young life. It is obviously impossible for parents individually to learn much about any adequate number of schools or camps so that they may select the institution best suited to deal with a particular child and make the most of its individuality. We have this information, the close personal knowledge of schools and camps, their equipment, educational ideals and the personal qualifications of those who conduct them. We are glad to put it at the disposal of our readers.

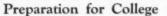
Please remember this is not a paid service, either to parents, schools or camps, but merely one of a great magazine's many ways of serving the American family.

Director, Department of Education,

The Red Book Magazine, 33 West 42nd Street, New York City

Please send me information and catalogues about	ut boarding schools or camps (Please check) for
Boy, agedyears. Girl, aged	years. Grade in school
Now attendingschool.	Health
Location of { camp school desired (name states)	
Fee (Approximate fee for board and tuition for school y	ear or camp season) 8
	amp desired and special features)
Please send catalogues and information to	
Name(PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)	Address





has become a highly specialized branch of education.

Not all good schools are good preparatory schools and the college trained staff of our Department will be glad to help you make a wise choice. Please state the age of pupil, schooling to date the college you have in mind, location, and approximate amount of tuition. Enclose stamped return envelope and address:

The Director, Department of Education THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE 33 West 42nd Street, New York City



selop it. It takes practice but so does anything worth while.

The Federal Course is A Proven Result Getter

The Federal Authors include such nationally known
artists as Neysa McMein, Norman Rockwell, Charles
Livingston Bull, Clare Briggs, Fontaine Fox, Sidney
Smith, and fifty others. Exclusive, original lessons and
drawings especially previated by these famous arrists are
drawings especially previated by these famous arrists are
training is needed. Every step is clear and simple. Students get personal instruction and help, originality is
encouraged and every aid is offered for the achievement
of final success.

of final success,

Free, illustrated catalog on request. Shows work of

Students and testimonial letters. Complete outline of

course with all the details, Just write your name, age,

occupation and address in the margin and send it to us.



176 Federal School Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn



Grandma began to play with the bold air of having played many times before, placing her chips in a delicious, floating vagueness on the numbers. Her money disappeared. Again she bought more chips, and they in turn melted away. Count of Esterel laid a desiring hand on her arm.

"You will excuse me, but I think you should play a system. A system has faults, but it is much better than hit and miss."

Together they played his system.
"I wish the folks back home could see me," she thought. Then she put on the largest sum of all.

Sometimes she won, but mostly she lost. She liked this game of playing the part of a rich widow—what a thrilling game it was—much more thrilling than the one on the green tables! She must pretend that money wasn't anything—and she doubled her stake.

WHEN she left the table, she realized that she was quite without money. It had been expensive, but it had been worth it. Monday she would telegraph to Paris for funds

They withdrew to great, luxurious chairs, but in their ears was the intoxicating song of the ivory ball and the calls of the croupiers, and over the tables Grandma could see the tense, excited faces of the players.

see the tense, excited faces of the players.
"I'm so glad I found you this evening," said Count d'Esterel. "I was afraid I was going to have a lonesome time this scason at Monte. But now I have you," he added gallantly. "I think you are the most charming lady I have ever met," he said with the sincere impetuosity of his countrymen. He paid her other compliments; it had been years since Grandma had had a com-

He paid her other compliments; it had been years since Grandma had had a compliment paid her—unless it was about cooking or mending or being able to make a baby stop crying when all others had failed.

By now Grandma had quite established herself in the rôle of a rich, worldly widow.

and her heart beat excitedly at her daring. "Already I have a great esteem for you," said Count d'Esterel in the accent which Grandma found so charming. "I will hire a motorcar, and we shall see the Côte d'Azur— Oh, it is glorious!" And he k'ssed' the tips of his own fingers in his enthusiasm. "And then we shall go to Italy—ah, I know Italy as I do my own heart. We shall see the great picture galleries, the art treasures, the cathedrals, the beauty spots. It is done often," he said, and waved his hand at the players at the tables, and Grandma understood that their lives were not the ordered,

conventional ones accepted in a lesser world. Grandma's heart leaped; it was so daring, and yet as Count d'Esterel proposed it, it did not seem wicked. In fact, she listened to his words quite without shame. Of course he thought that she had money. Once he found that she had only enough to travel on in comfort a few weeks more, he would drop her. But it was stimulating to be

Thyra Samter Winslow

The author of that much-discussed book "Show Business" has written for The Red Book Magazine a characteristic and wholly delightful story which will appear in an early issue. Watch for it, under the title—

"Just Real Good Friends"

on the fringe of adventure—the thing she had pined for all her life.

"Let us talk about it more," said Count d'Esterel, "while we eat. We shall go to the buffet," he said in his careful English.

y started toward the refreshment-All the guards knew Count d'Esterel and were eager to speak to him. Some even called him by name, and as people of title passed him, he paused for a word with them and Grandma was introduced. She thrilled at meeting these great people.

Suddenly out of the dancing haze of faces one face—a young and pretty face—impressed itself in Grandma's mind. It was a tense, troubled, frightened face, and for a moment Grandma wondered where she had moment Grandma wondered where she had seen it before, and then as the girl's eyes fastened on her, she knew. It was Lolita Harris. Something in the intensity of the girl's look compelled Grandma to excuse hergirls look compelled grandma to excuse her-self to the Count and his friends and to go to the girl's side. The two sat down on a divan, by a friendly pillar. "Oh, Mrs. Ives," said the girl as she seized Grandma's hand, "I am so glad to

see you. Please don't leave me. Just stay a few minutes, that's all. Adolfo will soon

be back."
"Who?" asked Grandma.

"Who?" asked Grandma.

"The young man I met in Paris—I'm engaged to him. I've run away from my aunt. She doesn't know where I am. And I've lost all my money gambling." The girl began to sob, and one of the guards moved nearer-there must be no sobbing in

"Tell me about it, dear," said Grandma, suddenly herself, and put a gray, wrinkled hand on the slender, white one.

It was the dancing-man, the gigolo. Fascinated by him, Lolita had run away, and now they had met, and Grandma under-stood from the broken sentences that Lolita had promised to marry him, but it would take two weeks to go through all the formality necessary in France. "And now he wants me to—to li—" She could not finish it, but added: "—while we are waiting. I—I promised him I would, because when he kisses me I just can't say But when he is away-

no. But when he is away—"
"Why don't you go back to Paris?" demanded Grandma.

manded Grandma.

They glanced at the train bulletin on the wall. A train would leave in an hour; Grandma could send her clothes next day.

"I—I would," sobbed the girl, "but I've lost all my money. I can't go anywhere."

An intense desire to help the girl came over Grandma, a desire to help her as she had helped so many people in distress; but her own pocketbook was empty. To save Lolita, she must have morey, and have it. Lolita, she must have money, and have it at once. Could she borrow it from Count d'Esterel? No, she could not do that.

"I don't see what made me do it," said the girl in a low, tear-filled voice.

A MAN in immaculate evening clothes walked by with the air of a player, leaving the tables for a moment's stroll But some sense told Grandma that it was one of the guards ever on the alert to see

that no hing went wrong in the Casino.

Grandma hesitated; if anything interfered now, it would spoil the one big adventure of her life. Of course, she would not go with the Count d'Esterel to Italy, but it was pleasant to think about. It satisfied the yearning that had slept in her heart all

"Let her aunt look after her," Grandma thought bitterly, but she could not harden her heart against the girl, could not get those troubled eyes out of her mind. But how could she help when she herself was without money? Cashing a check was impossible; even under the most favorable circumstances, it is almost unheard of in France.

Stabilized Construction

means more than Balloon Comfort

THE Dayton Stabilized Balloon is a tire that combines the comfort of balloon design with the smoothness of motion. strength, safety, ease of steering, long mileage, and economy of stabilized construction.

It is a tire that on balloon wheels offers as many new advantages as the Dayton Thorobred low air pressure Cord continues to offer on the large style wheels.



It gives complete road contact at deflections as low as five per cent. It is built with a quick-grip, extra-wide Semi-Flat Tread of tempered rubber. It doesn't sing. It doesn't cause rumbling. And it does resist wear.

Examine the construction of the Dayton Stabilized Balloon. Then judge for yourself. The way it is built tells the story. Ask the Dayton dealer to show you this tire today.

THE DAYTON RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.

DAYTON, OHIO

The Pioneer Builder of Low Air Pressure Tires

Dauton

Irresistible is the charm of a smooth clear skin

O other element of beauty has the alluring appeal of a fresh, velvety skin, glowing with health and color. Every man admires it and nature intended every woman to possess it.

But no skin, however lovely, will retain its beauty unaided and thou-sands of women have found the solution of their problem in the daily use of Resinol Soap. There are three ex-cellent reasons why this soap appeals so strongly to the woman who wishes to preserve or restore the fresh, youthful charm of her complexion.

First, it is a decidedly pleasing toilet soap giving a quantity of creamy, pore-searching lather that invigorates while it cleanses,

Then its ingredients are absolutely pure and wholesome. There is no trace of free alkali-that harsh, drying chemical which makes so many ordinary soaps injurious to the skin and hair.

But best of all it contains the soothing Resinol properties which give it that distinc-tive. refreshing fragrance and rich color, and cause it to keep the skin clear and velvety.

For special irritations, apply a little Resinol Ointment and see how quickly it clears them away. This healing ointment has also been used successfully for years for the relief of itching, burning skin troubles. Your druggist sells the Resinol products.

Send for free trial of Resinol Soap and Ointment. Dept E, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.





And then Grandma decided upon something else. She rejoined Count d'Esterel.

said to him. "I want to run over to my hotel a moment."

The Count covered up his surprise politely, and then Grandma returned to Lo-

"Come with me," she said. "Let's get some air.'

As the two went down the steps, another guard eyed her suspiciously, for already the word had passed among those silent impersonal watchers that she had been losing heavily. The losers were the ones to watch heavily.

not the winners.
"You wait here," said Grandma, and left
Lolita at one of the tables on the terrace of the Café de Paris.

Grandma returned toward the steps leading up to the Casino, but instead of mounting them, she turned aside and passed into the garden, and then looked carefully around. No one was in sight, and the quiet that comes to Monte Carlo lay over the little city by the sea. Rearing itself above her was the Casino with its hundreds of mysterious lights and its heavy, cloaking curtains, and beyond, the whisper ing Mediterranean. In the sidewalk cafés for the small merchants and townspeople, music could be heard, and now and then the sudden gay laughter of southern France and Italy. An Italian workman, picturesque in the moonlight, was pushing a great cart down the street and singing with heartbreaking sadness to the swimming moon.

"God help me," breathed Grandma, and

reaching into her bag, drew out the pistol with a quick, determined movement. shots crackled sharply into the night; Grandma teetered uncertainly a moment, then pitched forward. The singer stopped; the people in the cafés leaped up, for the thing that Monte Carlo dreads most of all had happened. If the Casino stops, then there is nothing.

There was the soft shuffle of feet, and two guards in plain clothes loomed over the prostrate figure. Skillful fingers opened her pocketbook. It was empty as they had expected—empty. There was the sound of bills being pushed into it, and then the two figures scuttled through the shrubbery. few moments later a whistle blew and there was the heavy clump of policemen's

They were old policemen and they had spent most of their lives in discharge of their duty, and during this time many strange and baffling things had happened to them, but never anything quite so astounding as tonight, for they couldn't find the They poked here and they body anywhere. poked there, but without success. It was unbelievable.

While they were poking, Grandma suddenly appeared before Lolita.

"Here," she whispered, "take this." And she thrust a handful of bills into Lolita's fingers. "Now run for the station.

just barely have time."

In a moment the bewildered Lolita was on her way to the station which sits perched on the edge of the beautiful, innocent Medi-

A DRAMA UNREHEARSED

(Continued from page 43)

She smiled-as only she could smile, an uncovering of witchery-and answered him in that low-toned musical voice which sent a thrill through one.

"You honor me too much, Monsieur le Consider me at your service.

"Alas, madame, beauty such as yours is never at the service of old age."

The compliment was perhaps a little dar-ing, but Eulalie did not resent it. Her eyes brightened momentarily as she renewed her

"The courtesy of a great gentleman, Monsieur le Duc, brings all things to its service. It can become, I imagine, irresistible."

younger men had instinctively withdrawn together at one side of the salotto. There was a quietly assured dignity in the bearing of the old Duke which im-posed upon us. It would have been pre-sumption to have intruded in the conversation of that pair who were so splendidly matched-she in her marvelous beauty, he the very incarnation of a great aristocrat, both indefinably remote from—superior to us. But at her reply, my heart jumped. I sent a swift glance to Antonetti. Things seen a swift gance to Antonetti. Tamis were moving with a vengeance. Eulalie's an-swer was scarcely equivocal. We both looked to old Lenormand. He had gone white as a sheet, was gnawing his fingernails harder than ever. Antonetti grinned. I'm afraid none of us had much sympathy with the poor man's agony of apprehension.

I turned my attention again to that man and woman who were the provocative center of the emotions which had so suddenly filled the room. The Duke, with a suave perfection of good breeding, had not taken implied challenge to more explicit gallantry, but had reverted to compliments on her performance that night-a performance, indeed, which had been a masterpiece. Eulalie smiled at him—and I could feel that her eyes were measuring him, were appraising his susceptibility to her magical fascination, while her face remained in an expression that was exquisitely innocent of those thoughts. Their words to and fro were visibly mere polite banalities—a mask, I could feel, for deeper mutual interrogation that was unuttered.

As I stood watching them, I noticed on the Duke's ungloved hand a ring of re-markable if somewhat exotic splendor. It was a marvelous piece of sixteenth-century goldsmith's work, set with a great diamond that must have been of colossal value. Eulalie's eyes also rested on it, involuntarily. As have said, she could not resist jewelry.

"You will permit me, Monsieur le Duc, to admire your ring? It is antique, is it not?"
He held it out toward her.

"Pope Alexander VI gave it to one of my ancestors, madame. I regret that it is an heirloom. Only that fact prevents me from asking you to honor me by accepting

She examined it, cupidity in her eyes. "It is magnificent," she said with genuine enthusiasm.

She handed it back to him with a sigh.

He smiled at her.
"At my castello, madame, I have a collection of sixteenth-century gems which is perhaps unique. They came with the wedding-portion of one of the Borgias who married into my family. Since you appreciate antique jewelry, it might perhaps one day interest you to examine them-and to choose

any which pleased you."

The old Duke spoke with perfect calmness, as though he were merely suggesting that she should pick a few peaches out of his garden. Eulalie's great eyes opened wide

"But you are too good, Monsieur le Duc! Jewels of the Borgias!" Her exclamation was almost childish in its delighted surprise.

"May I presume then, madame, that you will do me the honor of accepting my invitation?

"But willingly, Monsieur le Duc!" Eulalie's eyes sparkled involuntarily for a moment, were instantly quelled to their normal limpidity. Eulalie never overplayed her hand. "It is I who will be honored." She smiled at him, a smile that mimed an ingenuous—almost a virginal—humility. The old Duke reflected for a moment.

"Today is Sunday, madame. On Mondays, I believe, there is no performance at the theaters. Would tomorrow evening be entirely convenient to you? You will, I trust, flatter my poor hospitality by dining with me. San Durato is scarcely thirty kilometers distant, and your chauffeur will find the road is good. I trust that you have no prior engagement for tomorrow?"

Eulalie smiled again at him.
"If I had, Monsieur le Duc—it should be canceled, soyez-en sûr!"

The old Duke bowed gallantly to her. "You make me your debtor, madame." He turned to where we stood at the side of the room, swept a comprehensive glance over us. "And if these gentlemen would care to accompany you, madame, I should consider myself additionally honored." He bowed also to us. "You are all friends of Madame Délibes, I believe?"

We all accepted, with appropriately phrased thanks, this unexpected invitation—all except poor Lenormand, who stood white, shaking and speechless. I have never seen a man's face look as his looked then—never. But the old Duke seemed not to notice anything abnormal in his appearance.

"Excellent!" he said cheerfully. "You will all come." He turned again to Eulalie, bowed courteously before her, raised her long-fingered white hand for the slightest touch of his lips. "Till tomorrow then, madame. And I promise myself a very great pleasure."

Eulalie was the very embodiment of bewitching fascination as she surrendered her
hand to him. She had a knack, when she
wished, of slightly swelling her bosom, as
though with repressed emotion, of curbing,
as it were, in a control of modesty, a glance
that unrestrained would have been too
warmly ardent. It is possible that on this
occasion her emotion was genuine. Borgia
jewels are not offered every day. But one
never knew whether Eulalie had any genuine
emotions at all. Anyway, the old Duke
seemed quite unaffected by this little display. His self-possessed good breeding was
perfect. He exhibited merely a gravely dignified, somewhat old-fashioned courtesy, as
he repeated: "Till tomorrow, then."

Eulalie answered him in those low musical tones which seemed to continue ringing subtly in the air:

"Till tomorrow, Monsieur le Duc." He turned to us, with a smile and a short

"Good evening, messieurs. And remember, I expect you all tomorrow."

HE went out. The door had scarcely closed after him, when Lenormand leaped in front of Eulalie.

"You shall not go!" His voice quivered. At the sight of his contorted face, we all made an instinctive movement to interpose ourselves.

But Eulalie merely looked up at him and laughed.

"Of course I am going! Don't be absurd, Lou.'s. Who will prevent me?"

He stood gasping for a moment, his rage and despair inarticulate by their very intensity. At last he got his voice.

"I will give you a million francs if you do not go. I will give you the check now!" He commenced to tug at his breast pocket.

Eulalie laughed again.

"Mon cher Louis, I know that million francs—it is your last. I leave it you. Keep it for the chorus-girl with whom you will console yourself."

He bellowed at her—there is no other word to describe the sound he made: it - G O E S



A Name that is Gold in the Night

The names of men and products are lifted above the average through distinguished service or accomplishment. Such are the names that help to brighten any Broadway—names that are gold in the night. The General Tire is one.

Now, more than ever before, the confidence in General's policy of absolute maintenance of quality is shown by the big swing to Generals everywhere a confidence that has been earned through General's policy of not tampering with quality.

This is the reason you hear users everywhere speak of General in terms of almost unbelievable mileage, comfort and safety. ' In a brief period of ten years the name General Tire has taken first place in car owner preference.

The General dealer has a plan that enables you to change to Generals now without sacrificing the unused mileage in your present tires, no matter what make or how much or how little they have been used.

THE GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER CO., AKRON, OHIO

GENERAL TIRE

GOES A LONG WAY TO MAKE FRIENDS



The Work is Fascinating as decocan you imagine anything so fascinating as decoating Art Novetties at home? Could any other kind
work be so pleasant as applying beautiful designs
n colors to such artistic objects as candlesticks,
ooden tors, parchment lamp shades, wall plaques,
deture frames, sewing tables, gate-leg tables? Then
here are greeting cards to be colored, and cushion
pas and other textile articles to be decorated in
salit, and fascinating objects of copper and brass
o be etched in brautiful designs.

Many women do this work solely for the pleasure?
I creating beautiful things, but it is also a splenid way to make money at home, for there is a tresendous demand for art novelties.



WRITE for the "Fireside Gabriel Andre Petit Book"—FREE

Art Director

The Beautiful Book of Fireside Industries, filustrated in color, which explains all about this new
way to earn money at home, will be sent to you on
request and without obligation. Read what womes
asy—how they earn money and heautify their homes
and their lives. Just like a beautiful dream come
true. Wonderful outfit furnished without extra
charge. Simply mail the coupon, or write, enclosing
two-cent stamp to help pay postage.

	in last the same	-		
FIRE	SIDE	INDI	ISTR	IFS
CASA	ESIDE	1112	POLICE	
(1)				-21
Jab D	ent 32 K	Adria	n. Mich	dal

	Industries,				
	send me				
	d Book of				
	ay earn m				rating Art
Novelties.	I enclus	e two-e	ent st	unp.	

Name	(Write plainly	in pencii)	
Address			
City		State	

was the bellow of a desperately wounded animal

"Eulalie!"

Her bright laugh made me, for one, shud-

der.
"My dear Louis, you are making yourself a little ridiculous. Of course I am going to-morrow night." She waved her hand toward "And so are my friends here. And you shall come too-to say good-by." I the perfection of cold-hearted cruelty. It was

The gross old fellow stood there staring at her, his purple lips moving as if in speech, but uttering no sound-and then suddenly he collapsed into a chair, white, looking like death.

I found myself in the incongruous position f reviving my hated rival with brandy. Eulalie had quite calmly gone into her dress Antonetti and I took him in a ing-room. cab to his hotel, handed him over to his valet.

WE went home wondering what the devil was going to happen tomorrow. We were all perfectly sure that nothing in the world would prevent Eulalie going to San Durato. But we were all not a little surprised to see Lenormand follow her docilely out of the hotel, and take his seat in her great limousine car. He still looked like death, and uttered not a word. Eulalie, on the other hand, was in the highest spirits, and never have I seen her look more beau-A repressed excitement flushed her cheeks, sparkled in her long-lashed wonderful Wrapped in her voluminous furs, she eves. looked exquisitely precious. She offered me a seat in her car; and I found myself cravng for her-craving in every fiber for this heartless woman who was going deliberately to bewitch that fabulously rich old duke -until it was almost madness.

(Mordaunt broke off abruptly. don't know what it was to be in her vicinity," he said through his teeth, gripped for a moment by that old memory. "She was a moment by that old memory. the sort that makes men commit crimes just for a touch of her hand." He took another sip at his glass, glanced again at his half-consumed cigar, plainly composing himself.)

Well, it was not a very exciting ride (he resumed). As the Duke had said, San Durato is about thirty kilometers across the Campagna and then up a winding road into the Alban Mountains. It was quite dark, and Aloan Mountains. It was quite dark, and the only thing to be seen outside was the following headlights of the car which contained Antonetti, Voltarini, Desmarets and young Villiers. I remember that Eulalie sang softly to herself all the way, and once the course a brilliant element. gave me a brilliant glance. She was thinking of those Borgia jewels. Lenormand moved nor made a sound. His neither face looked green in the light of the overhead lamp.

Eventually, we arrived. I can't tell you what the exterior of the Castello di San Durato was like, save that I saw our headlights theatrically illuminating a drawbridge and a narrow medieval-towered entrance. We slid into a courtyard, stopped in front of an arched doorway where—a picturesque touch—four servants stood holding blazing torches The whole thing plunged one back into the Sixteenth Century. I could imagine enemies of that Borgia bride being welcomed in just this fashion to the fatal repast. It was an absurd idea-I remember communicating it to Eulalie as a servant came to open the door of the car, and being told not to be "ridiculous, mon cher." Eulalie's mind was full of anticipations far removed from fatal feasts.

The Duke himself stood within the highvaulted entrance-hall to receive us-the same tall, aristocratic figure, but somehow more than ever just such an old man as Giovanni Bellini used to paint, austerely thin-lipped above his little white tuft of pointed beard,

his eyes impenetrable under his strongly modeled denuded brow, a head of subtlety It was an impression one halfforgot in the charm of his perfect manners as he bowed to Eulalie and lifted her hand to the merest touch of his lips, then bowed briefly to us with a courteous word of wel-He was very much the grand seigneur come. -and Eulalie was a vision of queenly love-liness as she stood smiling at him, her furs slipping from her bare shoulders, head proud in its exquisite beauty. Once again I had the sense-despite the disparity in their years—that they were perfectly matched. Jealous though I was, I almost could not grudge her to him.

A waiting-woman came and took her off

some prepared toilet-chamber. And we, after our coats had been removed, were led by the Duke into a small Gothic-arched room adjacent, where, on a table lit by silver candlesticks, cocktails were standing prepared for us. He invited us to them, with that same charm of perfectly dispensed hospitality, and then-with almost exaggerated old-fashioned ceremony—begged us to excuse him for a moment or two. "My servants of late years have been unused to entertain-ment," he said, "and I wish to see for myself that the table is worthy of Madame.'

I remember the six of us standing there-Lenormand, Antonetti, Voltarini, Desmarets, young Villiers and myself, five of us with glasses in our hands. There seemed a peculiar oppression in that room.

I wonder what comedy we're in for tonight," said Antonetti suddenly, with a little laugh, as though to dissipate a similar feel-

"I hope it is a comedy-and not a tragedy," I replied, glancing at Lenormand, who stood a little removed from us. He did not He said nothing. He just stood like drink. one dazed, his lips moving silently. sonally, I believe that for the first time in his life—normally he was a Gallically ribald free-thinker—the old fellow was praying, "Poor devil!" muttered young Villiers.

"And to think that only yesterday I was planning to provoke him to a duel and shoot him in the Campagna."

We all stared at the kid-he was scarcely more.

"You young ass!" I said. "D'you mean to say that you'd smash your career-even if escaped prison-over a fellow like VOIL that?"

"She's worth it," he muttered, blushing to the roots of his hair.

At that moment a gong boomed sonorously somewhere beyond the room, and the Duke entered.

"Pardon my leaving you, messieurs," he He spoke French throughout as a common medium for our mingled nationali-ties. "The dinner is, I believe, waiting for

E led us out into the hall again, where Eu-Halie was just at that moment descending the candelabra-lit staircase. She looked a Borgia herself in her rich dress-there was a temporary fashion for high collars at that moment-perfectly assimilated to that semimedieval setting. And her beauty was su-perb. I heard a little choking gasp from Lenormand behind me. The Duke bowed and gave her his arm. A curtain in front of us was suddenly drawn aside at a low word from a statuesque old butler immobile in front of it, and we followed them into the dining-room.

There was nothing particularly remarkable about that dinner except that it was as good as I have ever eaten. Lenormand scarcely touched a mouthful-as, also, he never spoke a word—but the rest of us did justice to it. Eulalie was brilliant. She could be dazzlingly witty when she liked—and she liked just then. Quite evidently she set herself to captivate the old Duke, and

apparently she succeeded. He laughed with more than politeness at her sallies, and when she turned her head away, I saw his eyes almost hungrily searching her face. In fact, he would have been made of stone if he had not been captivated-for the man who could have resisted Eulalie's power of fas-cination, welling effortlessly from that as-tounding beauty of face and figure, is not yet born. For myself,—and the other guests I know shared my feelings,—I felt that I was at a funeral feast, the funeral of my own wildly absurd hopes. Five of us at least tried valiantly to be merry at it. I recall only one definite fragment of the conversation at that meal. It was a question

asked by the Duke.

"Did you ever meet a young Italian-the Marchese di Marignano-in Paris, madame?" Eulalie reflected a moment, plainly searching among a multitude of memories.

Yes," she replied, "I do vaguely remember him. A pleasant young man. He fin-ished badly, I think—a suicide." I saw Antonetti look up sharply, but he

made no remark, and the talk drifted on to other topics.

THE dinner terminated, and the Duke rose, a wineglass in his hand.

"Madame," he said, "before we take our coffee in an adjoining room, I should like to drink a toast. This evening is memorable in my life. It happens also to be the birthday of some one very dear to me. Madame, messieurs,"-his eyes swept round to us,-"will you join me in drinking to that person

—a pledge of enduring felicity henceforth?" Eulalie stared at him in surprise, her face

vivid with delight.

"But, mon cher Duc!" she exclaimed, for she had now got beyond formal ceremony with him, "how did you guess? How did you find out? Not even my friends here knew it was my birthday-it is an anniversary I never keep!"
"Madame," he smiled at her, performing

one of his courtly little bows, "shall we say that I have an instinct for anniversaries? Will you not yourself drink to that enduring

"With all my heart, mon cher Duc!" She rose, radiant with a brilliancy of triumph, clinked her glass against his. "And to clinked her glass against his.

We all drank the toast-even Lenormand, who smashed his glass in setting it down again. Antonetti winked at me. Things were indeed moving. Young Villiers drank boisterously "To Eulalie!"—and received a fascinating direct glance of thanks that made him change color.

I could feel that Eulalie already considered

herself the Duchess. We left the dinner-table, and passed through a nail-studded door that was opened

I remember Eulalie's little cry of admiration as, on the Duke's arm, she entered that adjoining room. "Mon cher Duc, what a magnificent apart-

ment!" It was indeed magnificent; its lofty roof was raftered with medieval painted beams; immense and priceless tapestries covered its walls; a fire of gigantic logs blazed in a vast carved-marble fireplace. Its excessively large area was reduced to more comfortable pro portions for us by a linked series of high Cordoba-leather screens which shut off twothirds of it. On a great oak refectory table, lit by cinquecento silver candelabra, a servant was at that moment placing coffee for us, by the side of an array of decantered liqueurs. His task finished, the servant de-parted noiselessly. The old Duke bowed courteously in acknowledgment of Eulalie's reiterated enthusiasm.

"I am flattered by your appreciation, madame. It is the Hall of Justice of my ancestors."

Auto-Intoxication · · - a form of self-poisoning

The poisons you yourself set up within you weary your nerves ~ cheat you of good health

UR grandparents walked, but we ride in motor cars. They bent to heavy tasks-we touch a switch and our work is done for us.

This is the age of ease—the era of comfort. But it is not the age of sane and normal living.

We have too many pleasures and interests. There are so many things to do-so little time to do them. We skimp on true rest-we over-tax our nerves. We eat too often and too much. -we work our muscles far too little.

How Auto-Intoxication affects the health of nearly everyone

Our bodily functions need prompting. We've lost the regularity of habits that goes with the state of perfect health. All too often food remains within us for more than the span of a day, fermenting, setting up poisonscausing intestinal toxemia, or as it is more usually called, Auto-Intoxica-

These poisons of Auto-Intoxication are spread through the body by the blood. They cause headache, mental dullness, sudden fatigue. They not only lead to intestinal disorders, but

they have a bad secondary effect upon the central nervous system. Sapping vitality and fraying the nerves, they make men

> SAL HEPATICA is pleasant to take and prompt in its action. Sold in three sizes in drug stores everywhere. Buy the large size for economy.



civilized existence.

Sal Hepatica relieves and helps prevent Auto-Intoxication by clearing away stoppage. Its use is the correct method, for the best results are had by the mechanical action of water, plus the eliminant effects of salines in solution.

us free from the troubles of an over-

Sal Hepatica is a palatable effervescent saline. It is a delicately balanced combination of several salts. Because it acts promptly and directly upon the intestines—the seat of Auto-Intoxication—it is indicated in correcting this self-poisoning, where the first step is always to wash the intestines clean of those waste products that are at the root of so many of our modern ills.

You ought to keep Sal Hepatica in the house always.





Buescher Band Instrument Co. (8) 1734 Buescher Block Elkhart, Ind.

He deposited her in an antique but com-fortable armchair and turned to us.

"Will you please serve yourselves, messieurs? I directed the servants to retire, that we might be left in more complete in-timacy. I have to show Madame those Borgia jewels." He smiled at us.

We did help ourselves, both to the Duke's coffee and liqueurs and to his cigars. There ensued a little pause, almost awkward. There was no disguising the reason of that constraint. We were waiting for those jewels to be produced. Eulalie could scarcely contain her feverish impatience. Her eyes glittered. Not once did she look at poor Lenormand.

The Duke did not keep her long in sus pense. He went behind the screens, returned after a moment bearing a large and heavy casket embossed with cinquecento silver cupids in relief upon a ground of antique red It was a museum-piece in itself. He set it carefully upon the table, unlocked its heavy fastenings with a key he drew from his pocket, opened the lid. Then, again with that little courtly bow, he turned

"These jewels, madame, for nearly five centuries have been the portion of the lady who marries the heir of my house."

She had risen from her seat, had ap proached the casket from which the old Duke now drew long ropes of immense pearls, great tiaras that flashed in a blaze of diamonds, pendants and breastpieces wrought fancifully in a perfection of the goldsmith's art and studded with a glowing wealth of precious stones, ear-drops of colossal single emeralds and rubies and sapphires, rings that were strung together in dozens. For once I saw Eulalie turn pale in an indisputably genuine emotion. She trembled as she half

stretched forth her hand.
"And, mon cher Duc,"—a nervous little laugh accompanied her words,—"I am really to make my choice?"

The old Duke smiled that impenetrably courteous smile at her.

"They are yours by right, madame.
"By right?" She stopped, stared a She stopped, stared at him, incredulous of his words—was this a declaration in form?-a declaration to which we who crowded round could be testimony? "You mean?" For once she lost her poise, almost stammered. She had not expected the event to come on her quite so brusquely. The old Duke still smiled.

"I mean, madame, that-unless I am incorrectly informed—you are the wife, or rather the widow, of that Marchese di Marignano whose name you so vaguely remember. These jewels are therefore yours by right. I now give them to you before witnesses."

W E gasped in the shock of that surprise.

Antonetti uttered a sharp exclamation. Lenormand blew heavily in miraculous re-lief, mopped his damp brow. Only Eulalie stood absolutely silent, stock still, staring at the old Duke. It was impossible to divine what was passing in her mind at that moment. I can only say that in that immo-bility she looked divinely beautiful, though utterly expressionless was her face. Eulalie had a will of iron-and she was not a great actress for nothing. When at last she spoke, it was in a tone of the most complete bewilderment.

"The Marchese di Marignano-The old Duke nodded his head.

Marchese di Marignano, madame, whose birthday we celebrated just now. He happened to be my only son—although, since we had foolishly quarreled, no doubt he did not inform you of that fact when he maryou."

"This is absurd!" said Eulalie contemptu-ously. "Quite absurd!"

"Do you deny it?" "Of course I deny it!"

"Then," he smiled at her, the smile of an authentic Borgia holding an enemy in his inexorable grip, "I must produce a photo-graphic copy of the entry of your marriageat the Mairie of the fifteenth arrondissement in Paris." From his breast pocket he drew a folded document. "You, madame, are al-ready familiar with it." He half-turned and showed it to us. "I must ask you, messieurs, to identify a signature that is doubtless well known to you." I glanced at the document. The signature was incontestable. that bold "Eulalie" on a half-sheet of scented paper myself. "None of you protests it? Then I think we may take that matter as proved, madame?"

ONCE more she stood silent. Our divine Eulalie was thinking hard. Suddenly she shrugged her shoulders.
"Well," she said, "suppo

she said, "supposing I admit it? It was a foolish affair-done on an impulse. One that I immediately regretted-and have

since striven to forget."
"Precisely, madame," said the old Duke, still with that same ominously cold cour-"but some of us have memories are more tenacious. And I must take leave to revive yours."

She drew herself to her full height. "Monsieur le Duc, I do not understand you. And I cannot permit you further to abuse the perfidious hospitality you have seen fit to offer me. Whatever ties there were between your son and myself have been canceled by his death. I was ignorant of his family, and desire to remain ignorant of it. I must request you, Monsieur le Duc, to send for my car."

Again he smiled. "Unfortunately, madame, my servants have instructions to ignore—for the next hour—any summons from the bell of this room.

Her fine nostrils expanded under this outrage as she faced him.

"Then, Monsieur le Duc, I must find it myself. Young Villiers half-sprang forward, and I held him back by main force, writhing in my Instinctively I felt that this was not matter in which we could yet interfere, that there was yet more to develop between her and the old Duke. The others felt the same. No one else moved. She strode across the room to the iron-studded door, tugged at it. Then, her face ablaze with indignant fury, she swung round again to her suavely smiling host.

'Monsieur le Duc! Be good enough to unlock this door!"

He made no gesture.
"You must pardon me if I decline, mame. We have still somewhat to say to dame. each other.

She glared at him, looked toward Lenormand.

"Louis! Take me home!" Her actual words were: "Mene-moi chez nous." Lenormand started, with an infantile joy on his big face, at their astounding overwhelming significance of reprieve for him. Before he could make a movement, however, the Duke had checked him with a lift of his hand. "Madame," he said to her, still with that

same deadly courtesy, "whatever M. Lenor-mand's good-will, he is powerless to assist you. That door is locked, and will remain

you. That door is locked, and will remain locked until I—who am the only master in this house—give orders for it to be opened." Young Villiers could no longer be restrained. He broke from my grasp, sprang toward the tormentor of his idol. "Monsieur le Duc!" he burst out passionately. "I must protest! This is not the act of a gentleman! And we here—I at any rate—capnet stand hy and see Madame Eulalie -cannot stand by and see Madame Eulalie detained thus against her will! Please be good enough to open that door!"

The old Duke smiled at him. "Gently, young man, gently!" he said.

"The door shall be opened presently. But first we have an important matter to settle."
He turned to all of us. "Messieurs, I invited you all here tonight partly of course for the pleasure of your company,"—he bowed slightly,—"but chiefly because you are all gentlemen of some standing in the world and because you represent three nationalities. You represent the fairest tribunal I could,

at short notice, collect."

I, for one, at any rate, gasped at that word "tribunal." What was coming? The others stared. Old Lenormand, pathetically impotent, not daring to meet the glance of that imperious woman who still stood by the door, mopped his face with a big red handkerchief. The Duke continued:

"Nor was it fortuitously that I brought

you all into this room which, as I remarked, is the Hall of Justice of my ancestors. I chose it as an appropriate place. I have a very serious charge, gentlemen, to bring against Madame la Marchesa di Marignano —if she will permit me to designate her by her correct title." He turned to her. "Ma-dame, may I suggest that you give yourself the trouble of listening to it?"

SHE strode magnificently from the door toward us, halting by the table where the jewels lay in a glittering heap. "What is this mummery?" she demanded

with a superb contempt, her splendid eyes flashing at him. "I do not profess to un-derstand you, Monsieur le Duc-mon beau-père." She, as it were, underlined scornfully his quality of father-in-law.

nt le

it

e,

o

0

at

in

He smiled quietly at her.

"You did not profess to understand me just now," he said. "And yet, madame, I succeeded in making you understand." He addressed himself again to us. I think your deliberations will be calmer if you are seated. May I suggest that you—
M. Antonetti, M. Voltarini, M. Desmarets,
M. Mordaunt, M. Villiers—draw chairs for
yourselves to each side of that table. You
shall be the jury—unofficial, but, I hope,
just. You, M. Lenormand, shall be judge—
oblige me by taking this chair at the head
of the table."

of the table.

Lenormand began a feeble stammering protest, but the old Duke silenced him with a wave of his hand. There was a concentrated authority in that old aristocrat which crushed him utterly. Almost grotesquely the gross old fellow obeyed; mumbling at his own impotence, he seated himself in the chair pointed out to him. And we also obeyed, awed by that same authority, very uncomfortably placing ourselves in chairs at either side of the table. What was coming? old Duke continued, after the pause in which we took our seats: "I, messieurs, propose to constitute myself prosecutor. If any one of you cares to offer himself as advocate for the defense

Young Villiers sprang impetuously to his

feet.
"I do!" he cried. "And I protest in advance, Monsieur le Duc, against the whole of this monstrous proceeding!"

The Duke bowed and turned to M. Le-normand, stupid in his chair.

"M. Lenormand-kindly register the protest of M. Villiers." He swung round to Eulalie, scornfully erect at the corner of the table and motionless as a statue. me, madame, to offer you a seat—the seat of the accused." She flashed at him:

"I decline to be a party to this absurdity!"

The Duke smiled.

"Kindly register, M. Lenormand, that the accused declines to recognize this court. Register also, that from time immemorial the Signori of San Durato have possessed the right of high and low justice in this hall, and that this right, although of late years disused, has never been abrogated. The protest of the accused is invalid."

Here's new dental way to Gums like Coral

Also lightens cloudy teeth remarkably

Accept, please, full ro-day tube of this scientifically-proved, film-removing dentifrice, urged by world's dental authorities. Note the great difference in your teeth and gums.



GLORIOUSLY clear teeth, gums like coral to contrast them! Add their attractiveness to your smile. Do this for social and business reasons.

Modern dental science now proves teeth seldom are naturally "off color" simply clouded with a film coat that ordinary dentifrices do not clear off successfully. Clouded teeth now are given sparkling whiteness, and one's whole appearance thus often changed.

A way scores of motion pictures' noted stars use to whiten teeth before going on a scene. A way leading dentists of the world now are widely urging.

Just a film dulling them and inviting gum troubles

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on teeth. Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it- a slippery, viscous coating that covers them.

That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color," dingy and noticeably unattractive.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and decay.

Old ways won't clear it off

Mere brushing is not enough. And even ordinary dentifrices won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. Note how your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

Now new methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent — entirely different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

Largely on dental advice, the world has turned to this new method.

Clears film off-Firms the Gums

It accomplishes two important things at once. Removes that film, then firms the gums.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Send the coupon. Clip it now before you forget and mail

See what a difference 10 days will make in the whiteness of your teeth.

Pepsodent FREE

The New-Day Quality Dentifrice for 10-Day Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities Tube to

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY. Dept. 600, 1164 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U.S. A.

Name...

Only one tube to a family.

The Pepsodent Co., Ltd., 137 Clarence St., Sydney, N. S. W., Australia adian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto, Can. Landon Office: 40 Southwark Bridge Rd., London, S. E. 1



THERE is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well-which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which is really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion-the fleeting glint

of gold.
You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J. W. KOBI Co., 672 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wn.

Golden Glint



M. Lenormand merely mopped his face with his red handkerchief and stared as if he were drunk

The old Duke turned to us, his thin lips tight above the little pointed beard he stroked with one hand. He was in perfect command of himself, and spoke with a quiet suavity that gave me a shudder.

"Messieurs, I shall not detain you long. The facts of the case may be briefly stated. My son, the Marchese di Marignano, was a highly placed officer on the General Staff of the Italian Army, and two years ago he was detailed to go with a military mission to Paris. By virtue of his position he was entrusted with military secrets of vital importance to his country. In Paris he had the misfortune to meet this lady who is now his widow. He fell violently in love with her-an affection she undoubtedly failed to reciprocate—and carried his passion to the absurd extreme of desiring to make her his wife. Nothing else would suffice him—he wife. Nothing else would suffice him-he had dreams, it seems, of making her an honest woman."

EULALIE stood motionless, did not even quiver under this stinging sarcasm. She divorced herself entirely, by an arrogant silence, from these proceedings. The Duke continued: "Despite Madame the present Marchesa di Marignano's great and well-de-served fame as an actress, and the sums she earned thereby,-despite the multitude of her extremely wealthy admirers,-Madame was ip debt to an immense amount. It is possible that she had indulged in some unfor-tunate speculation; I do not know. But the fact is indisputable. I have in my possession, and can produce for you, her canceled notes of hand."

Eulalie turned upon him, with a biting scorn.

You sent your agents to burgle my apart-

He smiled at her.

"Precisely, madame. To resume: Madame was appallingly in debt and seriously pressed by her creditors. At this juncture one of those society jackals who make it their business to ferret out and profit by the embarrassments of-er-such people as Madame, presented himself to her as the agent, unofficial of course, of a certain foreign power. He knew of my son's passion for this lady—and there is no doubt of the proposition he made to her. I say 'no doubt,' for another of my agents, not a burglar this time, madame," he smiled at her, "persuaded him with certain potent arguments to write and sign a confession of the fact—which again I can produce for you. I have all the necessary documents here. I can produce to you the letter which she wrote to my son saying that unless he proved his perfect trust in her by the test he knew of, not only would she not marry him but she would never see him again.

"She had made his willingness to share with her this vital secret the test, as she called it, of his genuine love for her, of a faith in her that would justify their marriage; he had no idea, of course, of the foreign agent in the background. I can produce my son's despairing letter to her in which he begs her to impose any test but that. And I can produce another letter, the letter of a man wrought up to madness,—all of you, messieurs, can I believe testify to Madame's quite remarkable powers of seduction,—in which, wretchedly, passionately, he succumbs. The next historical document I shall put on rec-ord is the entry of their marriage. There is one more-it bears no date, but it is of the same day. It is a note from Madame to my son-they had not taken up residence together, but he believed they were to start for their honeymoon on the morrow. That note, which is signed merely 'E,' but of which you will identify the writing, briefly

and cynically informed him that the matter he knew of was now the property of that foreign power.

"Madame is a shrewd judge of men. She was sure that he would not denounce her. She was equally sure that he would do pre-cisely what he did do—blow his brains out. Messieurs, I charge Madame la Marchesa di Marignano with having stolen the honor of my son. I charge her with having deliber-ately, though indirectly and using his own despairing hand, murdered him. Madame, the court awaits your reply—or if you pre-Madame, fer, the reply of your self-appointed advo-cate, M. Villiers—to this accusation." She turned slowly toward him, her beau-

tiful face utterly expressionless under her iron self-command.

"I prefer to answer it myself," she said ughtily. "It is false. False from beginhaughtily. "I ning to end!" You have nothing else to say?'

"Nothing. Except that I await your pleas-

ure, Monsieur le Duc, to unlock that door."
"That will be presently." He smiled at her. "And in the meantime I must produce the evidence." He moved to the casket the evidence." He moved to the casket which had contained the jewels, drew out one or two more glittering handfuls, and then—from under them—produced a small bundle of documents. "I made your marriage-portion quite complete, madame, said, with that terrible cold suavity. "Everything is here. Permit me, messieurs, to put the evidence under your eyes." He un-fastened the tape around the documents, took up the first and opened it. "This, messieurs, is the signed confession of Aris-tide Morand alias Sicefried Knaphaires the tide Morand, alias Siegfried Knapheimer, the go-between I spoke of. It is dated at go-between I spoke of.

Eulalie held up her hand. "It is enough. It is all true." She spoke with a marvelous calmness, actually smiled at him. Never once throughout that ordeal did her presence of mind forsake her. "I could not be sure that you actually possessed those documents."

AT that, every man of us drew a long breath. I thought your 7 Villiers was going to faint—he looked deathly, his teeth chattering. As for Lenormand, his face was a study in muddled bewilderment. Antonetti, Voltarini and Desmarets looked grimly serious, like judges on the bench. They had a very definite, if Continental, code of honor.

The old Duke turned to us.

"Messieurs, you have heard the confes-sion of the accused. It absolves me from the necessity of asking you, as gentlemen and as honest men, to return a verdict of guilty. Do you enter a plea for mercy, madame?"
She smiled at him, regal in her superb

beauty "If I admit the fact, Monsieur le Duc, I do not admit your jurisdiction. I have no pleas of any kind to make to you."

He smiled back at her.

"Nevertheless, madame, whether you admit or not, my jurisdiction will be effective. It is-er-a tradition in this Hall. On the spot where you are now standing, a faithless bride of my family was executed. She was beheaded." He smiled again as Eulalie instinctively took a step to one side. "Reas-sure yourself. I do not propose to inflict that supreme penalty—morally deserving of it though you are." He looked toward us. "Has any member of the court any remark to make before I pass sentence? —You must pardon me, madame, for combining in my own person the functions of prosecutor and supreme judge-it is again an inherited prerogative in my family, and in virtue of it I withdraw my delegated powers from M. Lenormand, who indeed seems incapable of exercising them." It was true. Poor M. exercising them." It was true. Poor M. Lenormand could only stare, speechless, his eyes protruding from his flabby face. "I

We sat in an awful silence.
"No? Then I proceed." He turned toward her. "Madame, you stripped my son of honor and of life. I am more merci-I do not propose to deprive ful than you. you of your life."

She smiled again, but her eyes had a

dangerous glint in them.

You become fatiguing, Monsieur le Duc. You have no power to deprive me of any-thing." She lifted her proudly beautiful

"You are in error, madame. I have the power to deprive you of your honor as you deprived my son of his. And I propose to do so. I will forestall your remark that anything I may say will be only my word against yours. I took the precaution to conceal a shorthand-writer behind this screen—"

As he spoke, he went to the end of the wall of antique-leather screens, and pulled one aside. There, at a small table, sat a young man with horn-spectacles, pen in hand, and a writing-pad in front of him. "Every word that has passed in this room tonight has been taken down, and I have no doubt whatever that these witnesses"—he in-dicated us with a wave of his hand—"will as honest men and as gentlemen cheerfully sign that proces-verbal. And unless you comply with my conditions, madame, that proces-verbal will be printed in the shortest pos-sible time in the principal newspapers of Rome, Paris, Berlin, London, New York.
Madrid and Buenos Aires. Even your celebrity, madame, will scarcely survive that."
She gasped at him. For the first time
her armor was pierced. I saw her sway as

her armor was pierced. I saw her sway as she stood by the side of that table, saw her eyes go wide with genuine horror.

"You could not!" she gasped. "These—these are all my friends—not one of them would sign!" She gazed wildly around on us, fixed herself finally on Lenormand. "Louis!" she cried. "Louis! You would not sign! You would protest that it is fa'se! You would not sign, you who swore you loved me!" you loved me!"

Poor Lenormand stared at her as though in a horrible fascination. His lips moved soundlessly. I have never seen anything so horrible as this denial of her by the gross creature who had loved her so passionately. He nodded his head.

She uttered a little cry of desperation, turned to young Villiers.

"You—you, Monsieur Villiers—you would not sign! Say you will not sign—you do not know what love can be—I will teach you—I will be your slave! You will not sign!" Her voice came in an agony that wrung the heart.

Young Villiers stared at her as speechless as poor Lenormand. And then he also nod-ded his head—and suddenly buried his face in his hands upon the table, burst into an awful sobbing. She looked at Antonetti, Voltarini and Desmarets. There was no read to each them the superior Their force. need to ask them the question. Their faces were hard. She looked at me, and I—I turned away my head.

THE old Duke had stood quite impassive during this outburst.
"You see, madame," he said suavely,

"these gentlemen are gentlemen who have not yet lost their honor."

She confronted him, suddenly and cynical-

ly cold and calm.

"I must be losing my powers," she said with a dazzling smile. "That little piece of acting failed. I beg you, Monsieur le Duc, to believe that it was not genuine. I am not craven. What are the conditions you mention?"

"The conditions, madame, which for many centuries have been the prerogative of the ladies of our family who have inadvertently

ask you again, messieurs, if you have any 1876 — GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY — 1926



A Suggestion—Try Happy Home Mixture, too, the Bunte Candy with hard and "Stuft" centers.



Candy-The Universal Gift-Appropriate and appreciated always -BUNTE BROTHERS

THIRTEEN spades in a hand and Diana "Stuft" Confections on the table-that's the ideal summer evening bridge combination.

Serve these thin . . . crispy . . . sugar shells "Stuft" . . . with pure . . . luscious fruit-jams . . . nuts and marmalades . . . on every summer-time social occasion.

The pure sugar shells are purpose-ly thin to hold more of the pure fruit-jams we make ourselves.

Keep some on hand at home always. Packed in air-tight containers-they keep fresh indefinitely. In air-tight jars, 21/2 oz., 20c; 4 oz., 30c; 9 oz., 50c; 16 oz., 75c-or in 2, 3 and 5 lb. air-tight decorated tins. Pacific Coast prices are slightly higher. For sale everywhere.

Demand the genuine. Look for the trade-mark name - "Bunte." Choose always from the 1200 Bunte Candies.

BUNTE BROTHERS - CHICAGO







Stuft" - Confections -

RASTUS ON MULE POWER

S this mule a local or an express?" we asked the genial darky as we appraised the somnolent hulk of bones and kick before us. "Dat depends," replied the lordly proprietor of the hack. "Ef he's goin' somewhar, dat mule is suttonly a slow local. Ef he's coming home, den he sho' am a fast 'spress." We understood. The spirit of mankind is somewhat similar!

"Mules am 'culiar," Rastus reminisced. "Take dis one. He only work on Sunday 'cause nobody else does. Den he rest from de Sabbath to de Sabbath in de meanest and most honry way a mule have. No wondah we git airships, motah cars, 'spress trains and subterenes. Since mules has ceased to is mules—de world am gone plumb crazy."

According to this Sage of Senegambia the mule is directly responsible for the lamentable fact that people now travel farther painlessly in a day than they used to travel painfully in a month, and that nations which were remote are now our neighbors and week-end guests.

It is, indeed, a long cry from the mule power and stagecoach of '49 to the luxurious travel equipment of the present day. We now board a palatial New York train in the afternoon and land at Chicago early the next morning, rested and refreshed by every creature comfort known to the best hotel and train service. Our trains and steamships render travel easier and safer than dodging rampageous taxis at home.

It is fast dawning upon the average citizen that the home-staying habit is a state of debilitating imprisonment and deadly in its deteriorating effect upon our natures. There is no place like home—to come back to. But never to leave it, to see the world and the strange people in it, is to dwell in ignorance and obscurity.

Some of us are, indeed, like Rastus' Sunday mule—slow to come, slower to go. Yet all the while a great impressive world is hustling around its orbit every day, its teeming millions working, playing, loving and hating with real human intensities.

Are you content to miss every joy and interest, beauty and glory in life while dreaming in Idle Street just off Indolent Square? Get up with a healthy snort tomorrow morning and plan a ship and train trip around the continent that will open your eyes, thrill your heart, richly furnish your mind and treble your joy in living. Once travel three thousand miles and you'll wish to travel three hundred thousand.

Mule power is dead. It is man power that keeps this world agoing. Why not go along?

America's Finest

Even more than faith in Wheary standards inspire the growing preference for the Wheary Wardrola. A child's strength can roll it open; a touch closes it, protecting its contents from dust and "light fingers" in hotel rooms; there are no rumpled rugs; no marks on bare floors; yet no rollers exposed to damage in transit. The solid base is a bulwark against breakage, saving repairs; prevents tipping; keeps out the dirt of baggage rooms.

See the new VACATION and VARSITY SPECIALS now on display by Wheary mer-chants. Also the WHEARY TRAVELITE for automobile travel. Booklet on request

WHEARY TRUNK COMPANY, Racine, Wis. The only trunk manufacturer bonored by membership, Rice Leaders of the World Manufacturers: M. Langmuir Mig. Co., Ltd.

Cushioned Top WARDROLA

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



THE TRUNK THAT Rolls OPEN

committed crimes. An opportunity for re-It is, madame, that you will impentance. mediately take the veil and enter a convent for life.

Eulalie recoiled. Then, recovering herself, she laughed.

You jest, Monsieur le Duc!" He was coldly stern as he replied:

"Not in the least, madame. "I refuse!"

"Then, madame, I shall be under the painful necessity of publishing your dishonor to the world-of following you from place to place with the detailed story of your crime -of making you an outcast-of driving you eventually to die like a beggar in the gut-

SHE staggered, supported herself by the table, plainly thought hard.

"At least you will give me some days to

decide?

"I will give you one minute, madame, to decide." He drew a paper from his pocket, put it on the table before her, beckoned to the shorthand-writer for his pen. "To decide whether you will sign this, which states that of your own free will you voluntarily renounce the world and irrevocably enter into the Order of Clarice nuns-or whether these gentlemen shall sign the other document.'

She stared at him for a moment, and then impulsively drew the paper toward her, snatched up the pen and signed it.

There, Monsieur le Duc-does that suffice you?

"Perfectly. You will at least have the consolation, although the Order is strict and vowed to perpetual silence, of being in a convent which is in some sort under the patronage of your own family. The mothersuperior, it happens, is even your cousin-by marriage."

"Enough of jesting, Monsieur le Duc! Now, perhaps you will be good enough to

open that door for me!"

He smiled. "Not that door, madame. I must inform you that the solemn engagement you have signed can only be set aside by a special dispensation—which will not readily be granted. Your signature, in fact, validates what is in some sort a letter of cachetanother little privilege, although medieval, which is still hereditary in the family into which you chose to enter-a privilege like many of those attached to us, disused but never abrogated.

He retained his terrible smile.

stood, bleached to her trembling lips, staring at him. "I am afraid that you cannot again go out by that door, which would lead you once more into the world of sin. I may say, madame, that I anticipated this decision, which does honor to your conscience-and took measures to have you suitably escorted to your new sphere of life."

With a brusque movement he pulled down the wall of screens. Behind them stood— piously telling their beads—a priest and

Eulalie went down in a dead faint upon the floor. They carried her out-very reverently and tenderly.

MORDAUNT ceased, tossed the end of his cigar into my fireplace.
"Good God!" I exclaimed. "What a fin-

ish!"

"That's not quite the finish," said Mordaunt. "Next day the old Duca di San Durato shot himself."

"Shot himself?"

"The poor devil was in love with her himself. Sent a note to old Lenormand, asking his pardon." Mordaunt got up, reached for his hat and coat. "There was damn' nearly another suicide too," he said brusquely. "Good night!" brusquely.





Largest Fleet of Liners on the Great Lakes

A 4-day round trip cruise on the luxurious steamers Easiern States and Western States, the fastest ships out of Chicago Music, deck games, dancing, with hostess in attendance, aboard. Equipped with wireless. Autos carried. Unlimited stop-over privileges at Mackinac Island and either Detroit or Chicago. Service three times weekly from Detroit, June 28th to September 4th; from Chicago, June 28th to September 6th. Tickets limited to sleeping accommodations.

Illustrated Booklet of D&C TOURS mailed upon receipt of 2 cent stamp. Address Dept. R B

Overnight Service to Mackinac Island

"The Summer Wonderland" from Chicago or Detroit
Three times weekly June 24th to Sep-tember 6th. Week end trips. Round trip including berth and meals \$31.

Grand Cruise between

Buffalo and Chicago

Special round trip rate including berth and meals on all steamers in effect every Monday, June 24th to Sept. 6th. Eight-day limit. Stop-overs at Niagara Falls, Detroit, Mackinac Island, or Chicago. \$80

Overnight Service between

Detroit and Cleveland

daily to Dec. 1st. Fare \$3.60 one way; \$6.50 round trip. Also daylight trips during July and August. Autos carried. Wireless aboard.

7,000,000 GREATER DETROIT GREATER BUFFALO'

—the largest steamers of their type in the world —550 feet long—with et long-with class staterooms w of 300 men.

Between Detroit and Buffalo and Niagara Falls

The Greater Detroit, "The Leviathan of the Great Lakes," and Greater Buffalo, "The Majestic of the Great Lakes," provide overnight service daily to November 1st, between Detroit and Buffalo and Niagara Falls. Fare 36.00 one way; \$11.50 round trip.

FOR RESERVATIONS or ther information address E McCracken, Acting General racken, Acting General Paser Agent at Detroit, Mich.



DETROIT & CLEVELAND NAVIGATION CO.

"The Sunshine Belt to the Orient"



Fujiyama from Lake Shoji-Japan

\$11.37 per day Round the World on palatial liners

You may circuit the globe for about what it costs you to live at home. Fares range from \$1250 to \$3500 per capita including meals, accommodations and transportation. Visit 22 ports in 14 countries. Commodious outside rooms on magnificent President Liners. A world-famous cuisine and luxurious appointments. A personal service.

A sailing every Saturday from San Francisco (every two weeks from Boston and New York).

Ask any ticket or tourist agent or write for complete details.

Dollar SteamshipLine

604 Fifth Avenue, New York City Robert Dollar Building, San Francisco

Travel Facts

The transportation companies advertising in THE RED BOOK MAGA-ZINE will gladly provide you, free of charge, with all information on routes, rates, time required, etc., for the trip you are planning. Write to them directly, or if possible, call at their offices.



Atlanta Biltmore

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Where Southern Hospitality Flowers

Visit Atlanta, 1050 feet above sea level, in the heart of the South. A climate that is winning universal recognition as one of the most pleasant on the continent. Another great reason is the Atlanta Biltmore, one of the famous Bowman group and the South's supreme hotel.

RATES: Single, \$3.50, to \$6.00 Double, \$6, to \$10.00

Write for descriptive literature. 405 W. Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga.

TIDES

(Continued from page 85)

the bar; he remembered the laying of bored-log water-pipes, the wagons from which water was sold in bulk to householders, and earlier still, the days of the old public well. In the 'thirties he had hunted wolves with Zenas Wheelock where now stood the great industrial district of which the pump-company was a part, had danced at the Shauganash Hotel, Chicago's first inn, and there had seen the young wife of an officer, dressed in the height of New York fashion, paired off in a quadrille with a carter, heavily booted, while her husband trod a measure with the halfbreed consort of a leading citizen; he had seen the paddles of voyageurs flash in the sun as their cances swept down Lake Michigan, had heard their boat-songs ring across the water, had accompanied Zenas Wheelock and Dufourmere youngsters, then, all three of them—when they landed, climbed a massive oak at the edge of the grove and from among leaves and gnarled branches gazed across the interminable reach of prairie, its grass and wild-flowers billowing in the wind.

A BOUT one memory he was uncertain. If authentic, it was undoubtedly the earliest memory of his entire life. Dimly he seemed to recall being lifted at night from a closed carriage by a pair of strong arms which bore him toward a house. There was fog, and when the front door opened, he saw people dimly silhouetted in a queer blurred light.

Always at the recurrence of this dreamlike picture he had a feeling that his mother had been with him then. He didn't remember her face or the sound of her voice—only a kind of tender radiance that, throughout his later life, had remained in his mind the symbol for her.

the symbol for her.

Wondering if his aunt could identify the episode, he spoke to her about it.

"I should doubt that it was an actual memory," he said, "but for one part of it: I was very proud of my new hat, and was determined that everyone in the house should notice it."

Already Martha was smiling.

"There were two wide ribbons hanging over the back of the brim," she told him, "and you were chattering about it like a little magpie. You weren't three then. You had been away for the summer with your father and mother, and we were in the hall to meet you when you came home. Your mother was very ill at the time, and died soon after."

He fell silent, perceiving, he believed, an allegory in the vision of his mother passing through the doorway on that foggy night so long ago. The allegory seemed to suggest an answer to a question on which, since his grandfather's death, he had often found himself reflecting. Might not the arrival of a soul in the Hereafter be like that remembered homecoming—the opening of a hospitable door, light beyond the mist and darkness, and friends waiting?

GRADUALLY the family became adjusted to their loss. Little by little they found it less difficult to mention Zenas Wheelock, speaking of him as if he were away on a journey and would presently return to review what they had done. When during the next summer Alan learned that a warehouse was to be built on Napier Place, his first thought was of the satisfaction this significant intelligence would have given his grandfather. The Republican stand against Free Silver and the defeat of Bryan by McKinley in 1896 were witnessed by the Wheelocks as if through the old man's eyes; and again, in the fall of the same year, when Colonel Burchard appointed Alan assistant treasurer of the company, it seemed only

the bar; he remembered the laying of natural that Martha should receive the bored-log water-pipes, the wagons from news with the exclamation:

"Oh, I hope Father knows!"

Chapter Thirty-one

C HANGES, more or less gradual, continued steadily throughout the neighborhood. New building was confined almost entirely to flats, the latest of which, taller than their predecessors, had elevators and were referred to as "apartments." These brought a further influx of strangers, and the custom under which old residents promptly called on newcomers having necessarily been abandoned, there were now many neighbors with whom the Wheelocks were unacquainted. However, the older and the newer social groups overlapped at the edges; Marie Hayes became engaged to a young man who had resided in Oakland but a year; and Mrs. Purnell, though still regarded by the older families as comparatively a new arrival, acquired social leadership among ladies of the flats with whom she wielded the prestige of long-established residence.

"Mother's whist-club is to meet here this afternoon," Leta explained to Alan when, calling for her one Saturday, he found the parlor crowded with card-tables. "They've elected her president, and she's terribly impressed with herself—aren't you, Mother?"
"Don't be ridiculous!" Mee Pureal flut.

"Don't be ridiculous!" Mrs. Purnell, fluttering among the tables, frowned slightly through her smile. "You shouldn't say such things. People might believe it."
"Oh, I guess we needn't worry about

"Oh, I guess we needn't worry about Alan's misunderstanding us—not after all these years." Leta shot him an amused glance, and thrusting her hand through his arm, moved with him toward the front door.

"Where are you children off to?" the mother asked; and upon hearing that they were bound for a tennis tournament at the new Kenwood Country Club, she made a further casual inquiry:

"You'll both be home for supper?"

Leta looked up at him. "I suppose we will, wont we?"

"Why, yes," he answered, and she relayed his acceptance to her mother.

It was the usual routine, a pleasant routine, he reflected. He took almost as many meals at the Purnells' as at his own table, and felt as much at home in one house as the other.

As they started up Lake Avenue, Alan observed a junk-wagon drawn up at the curb before the Burchards' house, and on the lawn behind the low stone paling saw the Colonel, accompanied by the junk-man, circling about the fountain, which he now perceived was dry. The scene told its own story. Tom Burchard, who for several years had ridiculed the fountain as a relic of a bygone era of bad taste, had won his point at last. With the phalanx of brick flat buildings across the way, even the Colonel had come to see that the iron children under their umbrella were an anachronism.

Similarly, to the Wheelocks' lawn had come a change. By contrast with the flats beyond, their green lattice summerhouse had become absurd, and when the wood began to rot, they did not repair but demolished it. Jersey Belle, the only cow left in the neighborhood, had now no other grazing-place than the back yard; as her years increased, she gave less milk, but any talk of selling her elicited from Jason instant opposition. "Me and her don't like changes," he declared, shaking his kinky head, now touched with gray, and Martha Wheelock perceived that in the alley as on the avenue, the times were making themselves felt. The

period of business depression on the one hand, and upon the other, the improved transportation provided by trolley cars and bicycles, had caused some families to give up their horses, and a further threat against the horse might be heard at times reverber-

ating on the air.

Grant Hayes, who was of a mechanical bent, had transformed the carriage-room of his stable into a machine-shop where he was spending his spare time in the construction of a small steam engine designed to propel the family buggy. After months of labor he announced that this horseless carriage was ready, and it was pushed over to Michigan Terrace for a trial trip, Alan, Leta and other friends of the inventor in attendance. The kerosene burners under the boiler having been lighted, Grant opened the valves; whereupon the buggy, giving off jets of steam and whistling shrilly, lunged forward in a series of jerks accompanied by grinding sounds so violent as to alarm spectators and cause a lymphatic horse to run away and wreck a laundry wagon. The cloud of steam became more dense; the vehicle, stationary, shook and roared; and Grant began to dash around it, trying frantically to shut off the overheated burners.

or shut off the overheated burners.

"Don't come too near!" he shouted, and the warning was heeded, for flames were beginning to lick at the sides of the body, and when a few minutes later the firengine came clanging up, nothing remained of the experiment but a pile of metal, black and twisted in, a bed of smoking ashes.

Welling horseway with Alon and Lete.

Walking homeward with Alan and Leta, Grant philosophically discussed the failure. "Apparently steam's not the right motive-power," he said; and a few weeks later he assured them enthusiastically that within a year he would have a buggy running by electricity.

THAT spring Colonel Burchard gave Alan further responsibility. In charge of the company's accounting, he had occupied what was hardly more than a head clerkship, but now he was sent to New York to arrange an issue of bonds, and when after several conferences with Mr. Broderick, he telegraphed the Colonel of the favorable terms he had secured, he felt an elation such as no previous business experience had given him.

The banker's office, wainscoted in dark wood and heavily carpeted, suggested the library of a residence, and sometimes as they sat there, this suggestion was enhanced by Mr. Broderick's conversation, for he had a way of dropping business and discussing economic and political conditions throughout the world: the Dreyfus case, the territorial ambitions of European powers in China, Cuba's suffering under Spanish misrule.

"General Weyler seems to be making things worse in Cuba," he said. "I don't know how long this country is going to put up with it, but it seems to me that unless conditions change, we shall have trouble with Spain, and you young fellows had better be getting ready for it." His son, he said, was an officer of the Seventh New York Regiment, and he expressed approval when Alan mentioned that he was a sergeant in the First Illinois.

With the exception of one evening when Mr. and Mrs. Broderick took him to hear Calvé and the De Reszkes in "Faust," Alan was alone after nightfall, and though on every side diversion offered, he found little pleasure in solitary diping and theater-going

Pleasure in solitary dining and theater-going.

Arrangements for the bonding having been complete, he was left with a day to himself while the papers were being drawn. The afternoon he spent in sightseeing, and following a solitary dinner, set out for a walk, moving up Broadway amid a crowd of theater-goers.

Around him eddied scraps of conversation: "We'd better"—"I think we"—"Shall

Who wouldn't?

FOR THAT perfect "balance" of fine Turkish and American tobaccos, that extra delicacy of taste and aroma which are Fatima's and Fatima's alone—who wouldn't pay a few cents more?



What a whale of a difference just a few cents make

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Travel Plans

Planning the details of a journey is a pleasure for some people—for others it is a tiresome job. No matter which way you feel about it, you'll need the valuable and helpful information which the travel organizations advertising in THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE are prepared to give you.

If you prefer to have your trip planned for you, the tourist companies will make all your arrangements from the moment you leave your home until you return to it. On the other hand, if you want to make your arrangements personally, the steamship and railroad companies and hotels will gladly give you information on routes, and rates free of charge. Call at their offices or write them.

ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. F. A. e. edit 3ct. 400 to \$10,000 is readthereof the property of the Accountance of the Accounta

Clark's Famous Cruises
By CUNARD-ANCHOR new oil burners at
rates including hotels, guides, drives and

62 days, \$600 to \$1700 MEDITERRANEAN

ss "Transylvania" sailing Jan. 29 23rd cruise, including Madeira, Lisbon, Spain (Madrid-Cordova-Granada), Algiers, Tunis, Carthage, Athens, Constantinople, 15 days Palestine and Egypt, Italy, the Riviera. Europe stop-overs.

South America Cruise, including the Mediterranean Feb. 5; 86 days, \$800 to \$2300. 7th Round the World Cruise Jan. 19; 121 days, \$1250 to \$2900.

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N. Y.



avender Soap

35c the Large Tablet. \$1.00 the Box of Three

IT IS THE FINEST PRODUCT of the soap makers' craft and has been cherished by my lady of fashion for more than a century.

Its mellow lather caresses the skin and preserves and enhances the beauty of the complexion. The luxurious fragrance with which it is so lavishly perfumed lingers long after use.



Obtainable at all good stores.

YARDLEY

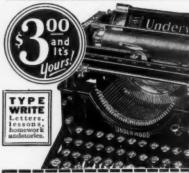
8 New Bond Street

15-19 Madison Square, N. NEW YORK

LONDON 145, Adelaide Street, W. Toronto, Canada

YARDLEY:".LONDON

WRITE THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE for School information. Be sure to state whether for boy or girl, age, location desired. Address Director, Department of Education, 33 W. 42nd St., New York City



FREE BOOK! 30 netructions free n-Ward Mfg. Co.

"I'm on the stage now," she told him.

Girls with their escorts -always we. alighting from the Broadway cars; girls with their escorts stepping out of hansoms and moving toward the glittering entrances of playhouses; girls clinging to the arms of young men, turning pretty heads and looking up into their faces with eyes that shone with the desire to please. At a fruit-stand on the corner of Twenty-eighth Street, near Weber & Fields, he saw a youth select a red apple, polish it on his sleeve and hold to the lips of his girl companion, who laughed and opened wide her mouth as her white teeth bit through the glossy skin.

As he moved along, wondering why the fleeting picture stabbed him with a sense of loneliness, a painted woman with unnatural yellow hair passed close to him, touching his arm and slyly murmuring a greeting. Perhaps she could tell that he was lonely. Perhaps a woman of that kind, with her experience, was shrewd enough to read it in his face.

How many, many lonely people there must be in New York tonight! Thousands, probably, among them girls-nice girls, who'd be glad of the chance to go to the theater with any decent man. Yet there theater with any decent man. Yet there was no way for him to find such a girl, or for her to find him.

WITH Hammerstein's Olympia, at Fortyfifth Street, the brightly lighted part of Broadway ended, but he walked on, reaching presently the wide boulevarded highway above Fifty-ninth Street, with its private houses and its arching elms, and coming after a time to the cross-street on which Blanche used to live, suddenly realized that without admitting it to himself he had made this his objective. Turning off, he passed the house, and when, looking up from the opposite side of the street, he saw a shadow flit across a glowing curtain, he was startled. Immediately he became annoyed with himself. Naturally the rooms hadn't stood va-cant through the two and a half years since Blanche and Ray went abroad. When they moved out, others of course moved in. He paused for a moment, staring at the topfloor windows, golden patches on the night, and reflected on the curious, inescapable association that exists in the mind between people and the scenes they have inhabited.

Unable to shake off the feeling that the windows still belonged to Blanche, he turned back. Somewhere in the darkness down West End Avenue he heard a tenor voice singing:

"Soon we shall be married; Then happy we'll be, For I love sweet Rosie O'Grady, And Rosie O'Grady loves me.'

He moved on, and turning down Broadway, retraced his steps till he came again to the district of bright lights. People were in the theaters; the sidewalks were less crowded now, and as he strolled along, he watched the passers-by. Near Forty-second Street he noticed a girl coming toward him and was struck by something familiar in her graceful undulating gait. In the shadow of her hat-brim her features were indisfinct, but he was aware, as she drew near, that she was looking at him.

'Why, Alan!" "Sophie!"

"I thought it was you," she said, "only I couldn't believe you were in New York. But as I was saying to another Chicago fellow I ran into just a few nights ago, everybody gets here sooner or later, don't they? That's one thing about New York."

In his delight at meeting some one he knew, he forgot for the moment the unpleasant episodes with which she had been associated in his mind, and thought of her only as the girl he had known in the old days at business college.

"Me and Sarah Bernhardt!" Her familiar slow laugh was pleasing to his ears. "I'm playing the maid in the first act of a farce, so I get away early. You must come and see it. What are you doing-living in New York or something?

When he replied that he was going home

next day, she was visibly disappointed.
"I was hoping maybe you'd be around here awhile," she said, looking vaguely up at a street-lamp. "It's sort of nice to see somebody from home. These New fellows'll take a girl out and all, but they don't care anything about her—really—" Her eyes came back to his. "After all, there's no friends like the old friends."

Studying her face, he saw that though something of her freshness had departed, she was still extraordinarily preety; moreover, in her trim tailored suit and dark neckpiece, she had now more style than formerly.

"Were you feeling kind of lonesome?" she asked, almost hopefully. almost hopefully.

"Horribly," he said. "Let's go some place where we can sit and talk—let's drive." And he helped her into a hansom. "Let's go some In the shadowy cab she slipped her hand into the crook of his elbow, saying: like old times, doesn't it?"

I haven't seen you sincechecked himself, watching her as the light from a street-lamp swung across her face. "Not since the World's Fair," she put in

"Remember? I was with the man was working for then, and you were with a girl that looked as if she'd like to claw my eyes out because I spoke to you."

The mention of Leta gave him a little feeling of contrition; yet meeting Sophie by chance, like this, after so long, what else could he have done?

"I was going around with that fellow "I was going around with that lenow trying to hold my job," she ran on, "but as soon as I found he was married, I quit going with him and he fired me." She laughed indolently. "Lordy, how I hated shorthand! I wonder what makes these married men want to run around with girls. anyhow? I never did get so's I could read my notes, and when I'd ask them to repeat it, they'd get cranky and pretty soon I'd be out reading the want ads again. Even you got sort of tired hearing about

my troubles, losing my jobs and all."
"It wasn't that," he said, "but I saw you weren't cut out for office work and—"
"I should say not!"

"I used to like to watch you struggling over your notes. There was always a little wrinkle between your eyebrows, but it would disappear as soon as you got out on your bike."

"Do you still write shorthand?" she asked as they rounded the corner of Fortysecond Street and started up Fifth Avenue. "Not much any more."

"I thought not. We all sized you up as one of those solid fellows that would get on in the world. You have, haven't you?" "I'm trying to. How did you happen to go on the stage?"

"Oh, my father died a couple of years back, and my mother went to live with my aunt in Milwaukee, and there was a little money, so I took my share of it and came to New York with another girl who knew a fellow that got us chorus jobs. Maybe you didn't know I could sing?" Again she laughed. "I didn't know it, either, but I found I could sing as well as most of them. The show went on the rocks, but after a while we got in another one, and my girl friend got married and went to live in New Rochelle—she has a baby now—and I got a little speaking part in this farce that looks like it would run until hot weather comes. I certainly hope so."

EAVING Fifth Avenue, the cab moved into the relative darkness of Central ne

iar

re.

nd ew

me

up rk

ey ll,

er,

e,

nd

ns

[e

nt.

e.

h

le

it

e

"Notice how cool it is in here?" She nestled closer to him and he was strongly conscious of the softness of her shoulder. When he asked about a lighted building in the distance, she told him it was a restaurant, the Casino, but she rejected his suggestion that they stop there, saying she would rather drive.

"I just love this park," she said, and became quite the New Yorker, dilating upon the superiority of Central Park over the Chicago parks, and calling his attention, as they moved along, to Cleopatra's Needle, the dim gray bulk of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and McGown's Pass Tavern. always thinking I'll come up to the Museum and see the pictures," she remarked, "but I just don't know where the time goes."

Working in the theater," he said, "you ought to have lots of time."

She shrugged. "Oh, I know, but I can't help it—it's the way I am, that's all."

"Well, you shouldn't let yourself get-"
"Now, don't scold me." She looked up at him, pleading like a spoiled child. "I know I have lots of faults, but I hate to hear about them." Her face was close to his, and in the semidarkness he could see the liquid blue of her eyes.

"I didn't mean—"
"Kiss me," she whispered. . . .
It wasn't "New-mown Hay," this per-

fume she was using now.

HIS arm was still about her, and her cheek was resting against his, as, having made the circuit of the Park, they emerged from the West Drive at Fifty-ninth Street. The tide of traffic he had breasted as he walked up Broadway earlier in the evening had turned, and the street was now filled with vehicles coming from the theaters.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Sophie as again they

faced the lights. She sat upright, arranging her hat and fingering her golden hair. "I was always crazy about you, Alan, and I guess you knew it. Couldn't you possibly

stay over a day or so?"

He shook his head, saying: "I wish I could."

That means I wont see you any more?" "I'm afraid it does."

"You'll be coming back to New York, though, wont you, dear?"

'I hope so. They drove for a time in silence, turning into a side-street lined with brownstone houses all alike. In a moment they would be stopping at her door. He would be leaving her. He didn't want to leave her, but he knew that he had better.

As the cab-horse slowed to a walk and a wheel scraped the curb, Sophie pressed his arm against her.

"I'm not going to let you go!" she whis-red. "I'm just not going to let you pered. that's all!"

His pulse was singing as he released her from a swift embrace, but by the time they reached the vestibule, doubt was beginning to assail him.

"Look here, Sophie," he said, "I oughtn't to be going in with you as late as this. It doesn't look well."

"It's a theatrical boarding-house." Her tone seemed to imply that this fact elim-

inated any possible impropriety.
"Well, I don't want to give people a chance to talk about you."

By the dim light filtering out through the ground-glass panel of the door, he saw that there was a faint quizzical smile upon her face.

"You're sweet, Alan," she said.
The term annoyed him. "I'm nothing of the kind!" he told her. "Just because a fellow has some sense of responsibility about a girl, it doesn't mean-

She took a step toward him, and at short range looked him fairly in the eyes.

If that's all that's troubling you," she



Tube Free See coupon



But see what white Teeth do

This is what Phillips' Dental Magnesia | tooth paste does to beautify the teeth. Just by removing the cloudy coats, stained by

food, coffee, by tobacco, etc.
You should see what a difference it will make with you. Let us send you a

tube to try But Phillips' Dental Magnesia tooth paste does more than that. It neutralizes acid between the teeth, the cause of tooth All those acids, formed by candy, decay. starch, etc., perish at its touch.

It combines in one tooth paste the best that science has found for tooth and gum protection. You will never go a night or day without it when you know how much it means.

Let us send you enough for 20 uses. See the new beauty it brings to the teeth. Learn how it purifies the mouth, how it sweetens the breath. Watch all the good results, then let our book explain the reason for them. You will be amazed to know what a modern tooth paste can do.

Trial Tube



Ten-Day Size

All In One

Its 16 ingredients combine in one application

Antacids Cleansers Antiseptics Polishers Iodides Deodorants

It is five tooth pastes in one, to meet every modern requirement.

20 Uses Free

Mail this coupon to Chas. H. Phillips Co., 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill., for a 10-day tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

Every Deat Person Knows That I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, Drums, I wear them day and night. They stop head noises and ringing ears. They are perfectly comfortable. No



APerfect Looking Nose

\$6 a Day ng orderp for Zanol Pure d Products. Toilet Prepa-nos, Soaps, Laundry and aning Specialties and House-Supplies. Nationally adver-from coast to coast. Not in stores. Fast repeaters. income every day. Exclu-sale. No capital meded American Products Co.

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S Department of Education will help you noive the problem of your child's future training—see pages 6-25.



Remove Hair

below the surface of the skin with De Miracle, the original LIQUID. Ready for instant use, no mixing, will not coarsen hair. Used by beautiful women for more than 20 years.

60c, \$1, \$2-Everywhere, or direct from De Miracle, 138 West 14th St., New York

FRECKLES

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Removes This Ugly Mask

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion. complexion.

sure to ask for double strength ne as this is sold under guarantee of y back if it fails to remove your Othine as



\$158-\$225 Month - RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS 18 up. Steady work. Travel-See your country. Common stion sufficient. Write IMMEDIATELY for free lists of U. S. nt positions now open to men and women. Do it today sure

WRITE THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE for School Information. Be sure to state whether for boy or girl, age, location desired. Address Director, Department of Education, 33 W. 42nd St., New York City.

Banishes Gray Hair. in 15 Minutes



WITH invariable success hundreds of thousands of WITH invariance success numereds or invosance of American women are regaining the youthful glory of their hair by using INECTO RAPID NOTOX. And the success of these is guiding thousands more to use this, the one tint that is perfectly natural and perfectly safe; strictly scientific, conforming with the most exacting laboratory standards.

the most exacting laboratory standards. It is specifically guaranteed to impart to gray, streaked or faded hair all its former harmonious beauty of lustre, of silken texture and shade. Its mes cannot be detected. It is guaranteed permanent; its color withstands any condition or treatment that Nature's will—brushine, rubbing, shampooing, sunshine, salt water, perspiration, Turkish baths, permanent waving, marceling and curling. It is safe; it cannot injure texture or growth; it contains no paraphenylene diamine. The ease of application enables anyone to apply it in the privacy of her own home.

Send No Money

Merely fill out the coupon belo INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th St., New York

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th St., New York City Please send me without cost or obligation full details of INECTO RAPID NOTON and the Beauty Analysis Chart Form E-20.



said, "you haven't got a thing to worry about. I've learned a lot about life since business college." And for an instant her eyes hardened. Then swiftly, hotly, she kissed him.

After all, what did it matter? They were free agents, both of them, accountable to nobody, and they were going into this with their eyes open—without any sentimental illusions about love or marriage. He had always been too straight-laced anywaytoo damned straight-laced!

"You can't go now!" she breathed.

"You bet I can't!" he answered savagely and grudgingly released her, that she might unlock the door.

Within, a gas jet burning dimly revealed dark woodwork, brown wall-paper and a worn green carpet. The stairs creaked where they curved to meet the second floor, and the short hall down which Sophie led him toward the rear of the house was very dark. As he stood waiting for her to light the gas in her room, a telephone-bell sounded from the floor below, and a woman's voice, answering, carried up to him: "Miss Wainwright? No, she's not stopping here any more. The show's gone on the road."

Simultaneously the light went on in Sophie's room.

"It isn't much of a place to bring you to," she said with an odd air of shyness, and having closed the door behind him, she swiftly scooped an armful of clothing from the white iron bed and carried it to the closet. "It looks nicer in the daytime, though. You can see the back yards, and the sun just pours in. Mrs. Bakewell, the landlady, is awfully nice—an old actress. She's been promising to do this room over, and I wish she'd done it before you came." It was in Sophie's nature to be always a little apologetic.

Tossing her neckpiece to a chair, she slipped out of her jacket, puffing up the full sleeves of her shirtwaist as she crossed to the bureau, where, standing before the mirror, she removed her hat and with deft white fingers smoothed her pompadour.

"My goodness, I'm a fright!" Her frowning disapproval of the image in the glass struck him as droll, for Sophie, with arms uplifted and shapely hands fluttering about that golden coronal, made a picture infinitely

She turned and took him by the hand, drawing him toward the window, where stood two earthen flowerpots, each containing a geranium.

"They sort of brighten up the place, don't they?" And as he nodded, she went on: A man was selling them off a cart the other day when I came home-two for a quarter.'

She leaned over one of the scarlet blooms. breathing in its fragrance; and Alan, watching her, was fascinated as he used to be long ago by the indolent grace that imparted to every movement of her body a suggestion of physical strength combined with lassitude.

Standing erect again, she turned slowly toward him, a wavering brilliance in her eyes, her red lips slightly parted in a sibylline smile; and as his arms gathered her in, he felt a furious pride in their hard strength. With head thrown back and eyes closed, she gave herself to his embrace, whispering tremulously, "Sweetheart, sweetheart!

ONE of the windows was lowered from the top, and occasionally the shade fluttered against the sash with a sound like the beating of wings.

Presently from below came again the insistent ringing of the telephone, and after a time a tap on the door and a woman's

breathy voice:
"Oh, Sophie!"
"Yes? What What is it?" Gently she released herself.

"You're wanted on the telephone."

"Well, please say-say I've got a headthe—say I've gone to bed."
"All right," came the voice from outside,

and the steps retreated.

Sophie stood frowning for an instant, then moved swiftly to the door, and opening it, called into the hall:

"Oh, Mrs. Bakewell-did they give any name?

"Mr. Keppler," answered the landlady from the stairs.

Sophie's frown deepened to a scowl, and after a moment's hesitation, she called again: 'Well, then, tell him I'll be down- Damn

it!" She glanced back at Alan. "I've simply got to speak to him-that's all; he's a man that can do a lot for a girl on the stage. Don't get lonesome—I'll be right back." And with a quick smile she went out, closing the door.

LEFT to himself, Alan took to walking the dim flowered carpet. No doubt, as Sophie said, the room would look better by daylight, though in any light at all its shabbiness must be apparent. The wall-paper was streaked, and among the pictures he noticed two colored lithographs, one a rural scene showing a cow standing knee-deep in a creek, the other the familiar strip entitled Yard of Pansies

The hemmed scarf, too small for the top of the bureau, revealed margins of oak marred by rings in memoriam of glasses that had stood there heaven only knew how long ago. Unpleasant, he thought, living in a place peopled by the ghosts of others who

had come and gone. The silver toilet set engraved with Sophie's monogram looked out of keeping on this bureau. A present, probably—she could hardly afford to buy such things for herself. Vaguely he wondered who had given it to her.

At the back of the bureau, leaning against the bottom of the mirror, stood a row of the bottom of the mirror, stood a row of photographs, theatrical pictures, most of them, he judged, some of girls in costume, others of men. Only one of the pictures was framed, and observing that the silver frame matched the toilet set, Alan picked

Why had Sophie framed the picture of a man who looked like that? The perfect curl of his mustache, the carnation in his buttonhole, the very set of his coat ex-pressed complacency; yet there was a kind of strength about his face. He looked about What could he mean to Sophie?

The other photographs bore inscriptions affectionate or familiar, but on this one merely a signature was scrawled, and Alan might not have been able to decipher the name had he not heard it spoken.

Keppler—the man she was talking to now! Abruptly he put down the picture and turned away.

Sophie hadn't wanted to go to the tele-phone. She hadn't wanted to talk to this man, but evidently felt she had to. Keppler could help her, she'd said. Probably it was only to flatter him that she had framed the photograph. The frame matched the silver toilet set, though. Had Keppler given it to Had he given her the set too? And how would the framing of the picture flatter him unless he saw it—unless he was in the habit of coming here?

Again from the window came disturbingly the sound of the shade, flapping. He closed the sash and resumed his pacing of the floor. She had been downstairs quite a while. Evidently they had plenty to talk about, she and this Keppler.

As he walked, his eyes roved about the room. A flimsy screen with panels of printed muslin gathered on rods half concealed an old walnut washstand on which stood a pitcher and basin of heavy white crockery an oilcloth splatterback tacked to the wall behind them. In a corner by one of the windows, beside a sagging couch, was a small table, and upon it, with the upturned cover of a soapdish as a receptacle, there lay, among fragments of ash, the short butt of a cigar.

He stared down at it.

From the moment he entered this room he had felt an aversion to it and to its sordid implications, and now he loathed the place. The ghosts he sensed about him were not the ghosts of people who had lived here before Sophie, but of the men who had come here since. As they had come, so he had come tonight, excusing himself on the ground that she was fair game now.

ground that she was fair game now.

Fair game? What did "fair game" mean?
That she was weak, that she had succumbed to her weakness, and that, where she was concerned, men therefore had no moral responsibility. The feeling Sophie aroused in him long ago had been protective—so at least he used to tell himself—but how quickly, in the presence of weakness, a man's protective instinct could turn predatory, preying upon the very quality that inspired in the process of the state of the s

A spasm of disgust possessed him—disgust for himself, disgust for these other men, disgust for Sophie—pretty Sophie, shiftless, warm-hearted, indolent, pleasure-loving and slack, never breasting the adverse currents of life, but drifting always with the tides. Intensely he pitied her; yet he knew that to pity her was futile. Of all people, those wanting stamina were the most impossible to help. It was no more possible to help Sophie against her own supineness than to make a rope stand on end. The one thing he could do for her and for himself was to get out of here.

Snatching up his hat, he flung open the door and started down the stairs.

From the hall below came her voice at

a

the telephone:

"Honey, I don't think it's very nice of you to say that." Even her reproaches sounded apologetic. "But, honey, I've told you over and over I can't—I've got an awful head-

He had intended to wait and speak to her, but what could he say? He had come here because of what she was, and now for the same reason he was going; but no amount of explanation could make Sophie understand. It would only wound her.

In a few swift steps he passed from the foot of the stairs to the front door. At the back of the hall she was still talking on the telephone as he went out.

Chapter Thirty-two

THE affairs of the pump-company were now in such favorable condition that for the first time in several years Colonel Burchard took his family abroad that summer. During the Colonel's absence, new responsibilities devolved upon Alan, and these afforded him a good excuse for declining a proposal of Frank Murphy's.

One sweltering evening in July, when Alan was sitting with Leta on the Purnells' stoop, Frank came hurrying across the street.

Frank came hurrying across the street.

"I'm going up to the Klondike and hunt gold!" he cried, waving his hands as he approached; and joining them on the steps, he proceeded to exercise the persuasive powers of his race.

"Jakey Steinberg's crazy to go with me," he told them, "and I'll bet he could find the gold; but it's a tough trip, and I don't believe he's strong enough to stand the gaff. You're the one I want, Alan."

"Oh, I couldn't go."

"Yes, you could too—you're just the one that ought to. You oughtn't to be sticking around the city like this. Come on and do like your grandfather did before you—get out into new country where the opportunities are!" And he began to paint alluring



"A Fighting Love"

A Thrilling Romance of the Sahara

By ROSITA FORBES

On the little-known Italian battle-front in the interior of Tripoli—land of blazing days and glittering nights—transpire the tremendously dramatic events of this fascinating novel by a famous writer. Not since "The Garden of Allah" has there been published such an alluring desert romance; do not fail to enjoy it.

Eighteen Other Stories and Novels

E. S. Pladwell's "The Lost Frontier," a novel wherein a surviving fragment of the old wild West provides action in plenty, is another noteworthy feature of the August Blue Book Magazine. And no less interesting are. H. Bedford-Jones' absorbing detective-story "The Regency Bar;" Stephen Hopkins Orcutt's exciting sea-story "Pirates and Politics;" Lemuel De Bra's intriguing

tale of Chinatown "Gar Sing Makes a Profit;" Wallace Smith's sprightly "New York West," Clarence Herbert New's latest and best story of the "Free Lances in Diplomacy;" Holman Day's "The Ratch-off"—the story of a New England seacaptain who went to prison rather than be laughed at; and the many other widely varied but consistently interesting stories—

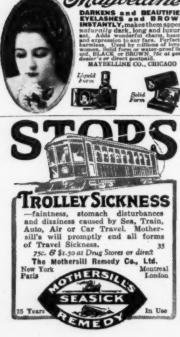
All in the great August Issue of -

THE BLUE BOOK MAGAZINE

Now on Sale

The Consolidated Magazines Corporation, Publishers, 36 So. State St., Chicago





pictures of adventures culminating in vast wealth. "Why, I saw in the paper today where a fellow came back and said they just picking it up off the ground in baskets!"

"Then what did he come back for?" Alan asked, but Frank was too dazzled by the baskets of gold to perceive any weakness in the story.

"I guess he must have got all he wanted,"

he replied enthusiastically.
Frank's ardor was but momentarily dampened by Alan's refusal; he continued to regale them with eloquent descriptions of the Klondike and its riches, and on leaving issued a final solemn warning:

"I'm afraid you're going to be mighty sorry you didn't get in on this, Alan," he declared. "I wouldn't be surprised if you'd be regretting it all the rest of your life."

Leta, however, did not share this view. "Imagine that crazy Irish boy's thinking you'd give up a good job," she said, "to go on a wild-goose chase away up in Alaska!"

When a few days later they went to the railroad station to bid Frank farewell, they found Jakey Steinberg with him on the platform.

"My advice to you," Alan heard him say to Frank at parting, "is don't go and tire yourself all out digging, but take supin the paper where lemons are fifty cents apiece." plies up there and sell 'em.

Much was going on in the outside world that year, but for Alan the summer passed uneventfully. Colonel Burchard, returning in the fall, brought accounts of brilliant pageantry in London on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, and of renewed agitation in France over the Dreyfus case.

In Paris he had seen Blanche and Ray, and he confided to Alan that he was dis turbed about them. Ray had invited the Burchards to dine, but arriving at his apartment they found Blanche alone. Ray's work as a correspondent, she explained, made his hours uncertain, but doubtless he would get home before they left. He loved Paris, but for her part, she had never got over being homesick. After dinner they had heard a commotion in the hall, and the concierge came in assisting Ray, who was helplessly drunk. Blanche had volunteered no information, but from the attitude of the concierge it was apparent that such occurrences

were not unusual. "Monsieur est encore saoùl," was the phrase he had used.
"She is a fine girl," the Colonel said to Alan, "and I'm afraid she made a bad bargain when she got that grandson of mine."

STOPPING in New York on his way home from Europe, he had found Mr. Broderick and other financiers more than ever concerned about the critical situation in

During the past summer the Spanish crown had redoubled its efforts to quell in-surgency, resorting to methods that threatened extermination; meanwhile in the United States popular demand for armed intervention steadily grew; the recall of General Weyler, brutal military governor, came too-late to affect American sentiment; and when in mid-February, 1898, the battleship Maine was blown up while lying at anchor in Havana Harbor, fury flamed throughout the land.

Illinois, acting immediately, was the first State in the Union to offer the President full support in such action as he might take for the maintenance of the nation's honor; less than a month later a board of inquiry found that the destruction of the Maine was due to an explosion outside the ship; whereupon Congress promptly appropriated for defense the staggering sum of fifty mil-

As the break with Spain became imminent,

the National Guard made active preparations; April twenty-fourth, the day on which war was declared, found the First Illinois ready, and within a few hours after Mc-Kinley's call for volunteers, Alan was marching with his regiment down Michigan Avenue behind a band which played "There'l Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," "There'll while excited crowds upon the sidewalks went and cheered.

Swinging with his company past the gray stone pile of the Auditorium Hotel, Alan raised his eyes obliquely to a third-floor window previously designated, in which stood his father, his aunt and Leta. She was holding a flag in both her hands, wildly waving it, and above the sidewalk shouts and the blaring of the band, he fancied he could hear her voice.

HE events of the past few days, the I innumerable errands, the farewells, the rush of rearrangement at home and at the office, the orderly chaos of the armory, and his hasty marriage at St. Marks, left in Alan's mind a series of blurred pictures like recollections of dreams; and now, glancing at the window, he found it impossible to realize that the girl in white up there was actually his wife.

During the years Leta and he had, as they termed it, "gone together," no such thing as an engagement to marry had been spoken of: nevertheless he had come to feel that they were engaged, and had understood that Leta felt so too. Until a week ago, however, marriage had seemed entirely remote, a step to be contemplated at some vague time in the future when he had more money put away.

But the ragged rebels of an island jungle, with their machetes and their cries of "Cuba Libre," had changed that; for when it became apparent that war was a certainty, Leta announced that she wished to marry him before he went. Mr. and Mrs. Purnell shared his opinion that it would be wiser to postpone the wedding until his return, but as usual her determination broke down parental opposition. His own father accepted placidly the news of the proposed marriage. "It seems rather romantic, doesn't it?" he suggested with a dim smile; but no smile appeared on Martha Wheelock's face when Alan told her. "I hope you'll be happy, dear: I hope everything will come out all right," she said; and there were tears in her eyes as she embraced him.

This morning a little group of friends and relatives had hurriedly assembled at St. Marks. Mrs. Purnell, Alan remembered, had been crying—mothers usually cried at wed-dings; and his aunt had looked sad and tired—naturally it disturbed her to have him going to war. As he stood at the chancel waiting for Leta, he heard behind him As he stood at the chancel Grant Hayes' whispered reassurance: "Don't worry. I've got the ring." But he wasn't worrying about the ring; he hadn't even thought of it. Leta was coming up the aisle. Never had he seen her look so beautiful; never had he experienced such a sensation of terror.

The spasm of fear was so intense that it made him weak, and for an instant he felt that his knees were giving way; but as quickly as it had come, the moment passed, and he comforted himself with the reflec-tion that just as mothers wept, so, when face to face with marriage, brides and bridegrooms probably were overpowered, at the last, by a sense of the finality of what they were doing.

From the church he had gone directly to the armory; tomorrow he would be in camp at Springfield, and presently in Cuba. Gazing down the vista of the flag-filled avenue, he tried to realize that he might never see this street again. Certainly there'd be some who wouldn't come back. But each of the others, Alan supposed, felt as he did-that ne

ara-

hich

nois

Mc-

rch-

ve-

re'll

alks

ray

lan

oor

iich was

dly

uts

the

ind

in

ike

at

lly

ev

ng

k-

at at

er,

ut

ba

ut

ed

n

11

n

d

d

d

no matter who else might be killed in battle, he himself would not be numbered among them.

How many of the world's heroic deeds would never have been accomplished but for man's instinctive and unreasoning faith in his own luck! Always death was an accident that happened to the other fellow. Luck! His grandfather, not a professional soldier, had passed safely through the Civil War and two Indian wars; yet his Uncle Lyman, only a few years out of West Point, lay dead on the field at the end of his first combat. But that was different. Fighting these Spaniards wouldn't be half as dangerous as fighting Indians.

the Illinois Central Station trooptrains were waiting; eagerly the men scram-bled aboard, and those in Alan's car were singing "All Coons Look Alike to Me" as the train began to move. But for their uniforms and the equipment cluttering up the aisles, they might have been going to a

As the train passed Oakland, Alan looked out at the familiar scenes-the old wall on which, as a boy, he had so often sat and watched the trains go by; Colonel Bur-chard's stable, with its back to the rail-road; and his lawn with the roque court and the black cherry trees, through the branches of which he caught glimpses of Shire's green stone houses, a block distant; Leta's house—third from the corner; the flats; and the old four-square house in which he had been born.

A man in the seat ahead was smoking a cigar, and the breeze from the open win-dow swept the smoke into Alan's face. It stung his eyes and made him blink.

Detraining a little after dawn next day the State Fair Grounds at Springfield they found several companies from other regiments already encamped; throughout the day troops kept pouring in, and by night eight or nine thousand men were quartered in tents and in the various fair buildings.

DURING the three cold rainy weeks that followed, the camp was continually crowded with visitors, and twice while Alan was there Leta and his Aunt Martha came to see him. In the middle of May the regiment, mustered into the Federal service, left the chill of Illinois, and after pausing for a fortnight at Chickamauga in the warmth of the early Georgian summer, entrained for Tampa, where they sweltered through the month of June, boarded a transport, and landing at Siboney nine days later, struggled in their woolen uniforms through the tropical jungle to the trenches before Santiago.

Already Cervera's squadron had made its futile dash from the harbor to meet de-struction in a running fight with Sampson's ships; and when, a week after the arrival of the First Illinois, the besieged city surrendered, and the American army went into camp, Alan reflected with satisfaction that his return there would be another sword to hang over the mantel in the library with the swords of his uncle and his grandfather; for now he was a first lieutenant.

Homeward bound after six weeks upon the island, he leaned against the transport's rail and watched the shore of liberated Cuba draw astern. No sign was visible to indicate that any change had taken place behind that masking line of foliage. . .

War. War hadn't been in the least what he expected it to be. He had witnessed no dashing cavalry charges, no assaults with fixed bayonets; he had scarcely seen a Spanish soldier until after the surrender, and the comparatively few losses in his regiment had been caused not by bullets but by Spain's deadly allies, climate and disease. War, he deadly allies, climate and disease. War, he concluded, was a matter of heat, humidity, fatigue; of canned goods, smells and flies; of mosquitoes gathered thick upon blue woolen Slowly the transport voyaged north to Montauk Point; slowly the sick and weary men debarked; slowly dragged away the hours at Camp Wikoff, hot, congested, illequipped; slowly the troop-train crept across the States in the direction of Chicago.

The heat of early September hung like a copper lid above the city as the regiment marched to the armory, where several hours passed before Alan was able to leave. It was twilight when he alighted from a suburban train at Oakland, and as he hastened toward the avenue a block away, the turreted green mass of the Shire house at the corner was a welcome sight because it was near home.

AT the corner his objective changed. He had been heading for his grandfather's house; but now with a start he realized that was not going there, but to Leta.

She was at the window. The parted curtains dropped as he ran up the steps and he knew that she was rushing to the door. Hardly speaking, they clung to each other in the hall, and only drew apart on hearing Mrs. Purnell's voice calling a greeting

as she hurried down the stairs.

"Remember, I haven't been home yet," he presently reminded them, leading Leta presently reminded them, reading toward the door, "and Aunt Martha will

"Indeed you haven't been home yet!" Leta laughed, and looked at her mother knowingly. "You've been away so long you don't know where your home is any

"Tve been thinking about that," he said as they went out. "We'll have to be getting a place of our own, wont we?" But she shook her head.

"No, we wont-we've got one now!"

"We have? Where?"
"Over there on the top floor." She indicated the apartment-building on the next "It's all furnished, and we're going corner. to move right in."

When Alan had seen his father and his aunt, Leta took him over and proudly exhibited the home that she had made.

"Father and mother gave us the piano," she explained; "and your aunt gave us the silver and the chinaware and the linen."
"This furniture's bully!" He dropped into

leather-seated chair in the little parlor and drew her to his lap. "I suppose Father

must have—"
"Books," said Leta, quickly comprehending, and she pointed to the shelves. "I'm perfectly delighted that you like the furniture, dear. I was sure you would. I bought it myself, and it's the very latest thingmission, you know.

"Mighty comfortable," he approved, "and stout, too.

"That's what I felt. I could have got something cheaper, but I thought I'd get things now that would do us always."

'That's sensible.'

"Of course it isn't paid for," she went on, "but Mr. Bailey said practically any arrangement that suited you would be all right." She jumped up and took him by the hand, complaining archly: "But you haven't said a word about the pictures. Really, I'm quite hurt. You can't imagine the time I put in copying those two Gibson drawings!

Volubly he admired her handiwork, and having done so, must needs accompany her upon a second tour of the rooms, praising everything from the rugs and portieres to the tinware in the kitchen.

"And see," she cried, "I'm going to cook with gas! Isn't it perfectly wonderful the things they think of nowadays?"

Never before had she seemed to him so lovely.

"Leta," he said, taking her in his arms, "you're just the sweetest thing that ever lived, and I'm the luckiest dog on earth!"



Dissolve—Don't Cut Unsightly Hair

from underarms, arms and legsdissolving it leaves skin clear-gives beauty that thrills. Lear Learn

gives beauty that thrills. Learn By Test Free. Send the Coupon.

Your skin shouldn't feel like a man's face. Underarm surfaces rub. Sharp hair ends prick and show. Also when shaved, skin becomes coarse, dark and the pores enlarge. There is a far better method of ending hair. Millions are using it. Both in this country and in fashion centers abroad. Druggists everywhere sell it. 50c per tube. A trial is free. Just send coupon.

Then you will know how to dissolve hair with this amazing cream. And you simply rinse all the hair away. See how skin stays velvely smooth. Also soft and clear. On arms, underarms or legs this cream works like declinated.

The test shows free why this method called Next ends sharing. How it brings greatest beauty and comfort to yout. And why declore endorse it. Clip coupon now.

Perfect loveliness depends no less on freedom from perspiration odor than on pleasing free-dom from unsightly hair. So we send you also a trial tube of the dainty cream, Immac. It banishes perspiration door as this test shows.

Trial Tube FREE

Hannibal Phar. Co., 4340 Duncan Ave., St. Louis

Earn'100 a Week🤇 Profits in Advance

Sell Gibson extra fine men's made-to-order all-wool suits at \$31.50, direct to wearer. Regular \$55 values. Biggest commissions paid in advance. We deliver and collect. 6x9 cloth samples (over 100 styles — all one price) and complete outfit in handsome carrying case, furnished to ambitious men who want to carn \$100 weekly. Write today.

W.Z. GIBSON, Inc., 161 W. Harrison St., Dept. V520 Chicago

ear Your

Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or the body, Barbers' Itch, Ec-zema, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin

Now are Easily Removed by a Simple Home Treatment

Mr. E. S. Givens of Kansas City worked out for his own use a new discovery for skin troubles. This preparation cured Mr. Givens in a few days, after he had suffered great embarrasament for 15 years. Use like toilet water. Apply at sight and notice the change by morning, Approved by doctors, barbers and over 100,000 enthissastic men and somes.



CLEAR-TONE Clears Your Skin Like Magic Fine After Shaving Get Amazing Free Proof



Their hair defies summer breezes—

DON'T expect so much of your hair! It takes more than mere brushing to keep it smooth in face of summer breezes.

To keep your hair in place, smooth, lustrous—all day—use Stacomb. Never leaves it matted or sticky. Counteracts dandruff, too. In jars, tubes and liquid form. All drug stores.



----FREE OFFER--

Standard Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. P-33, 113 W. 18th St., N. Y. C.
Send free sample of Stacomb checked:—
Cream form

Liquid form

Cream form . Liquid form

Addres

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S Department of Education will help you solve the problem of your child's future training—see pages 6-24.



Chapter Thirty-three

LIFE in the new apartment settled down to a happy routine. Parties were given for the bridal couple; and Leta, who had taken cooking lessons during Alan's absence, gave a series of small dinners at the first of which the guests were her parents and his father and aunt. Intensely proud of his young wife's domestic skill, Alan was pleased when Harris Wheelock—habitually as vague about his meals as about everything else—praised the dishes she had prepared; but to Mrs. Purnell no laudation of Leta ever seemed adequate, and with the arrival of each course she exclaimed anew, dilating on her daughter's divers talents until Leta, embarrassed, reproved her. Once launched upon this theme, however, Mrs. Purnell was not easily checked. "That just goes to show how modest she is!" she announced to the others. "I've always said that modesty was the crowning jewel in a woman's character."

"Oh, Mother!" Leta, with a platter of chicken in her hands, gave a pained grim-

ace across the table.

"Well, you are modest," the other persisted, "and I'm sure there's not a soul here but what will bear me out in saying so." As if demanding confirmation, she looked around the table, her glance finally settling upon the face of Martha Wheelock, who, with a quick murmur of assent, became suddenly voluble, telling how Grant Hayes, experimenting with his new horseless carriage, had done something—Martha didn't know just what—which put out all the electric lights in the neighborhood. She made a considerable story of the episode, describing the subsequent call of a man from the light company who had been sent up to threaten a discontinuance of service, but who, under the spell of Grant's enthusiasm, stayed until midnight, helping the young inventor with his electric motor.

"I guess that must have been the night the lights went out in our house," commented Mr. Purnell; and there followed some discussion of the practicability of self-propelled vehicles, Mrs. Purnell taking the stand that they would never be permitted on the streets because they would frighten

horses.

More than once that evening Alan was grateful to his aunt for covering with a deft conversational touch the innocent vulgarities of his mother-in-law and his father-in-law—vulgarities of which he had always been aware, but which in the presence of his own people he felt more keenly, notwith-standing—or perhaps in some measure because of—his aunt's kindly efforts to appear oblivious to them.

After dinner, when the men were smoking in the parlor, Mr. Purnell, strolling up and down the rug, advanced the theory that contrary to the general belief, walking after meals aided digestion. "It takes away that stuffy feeling," he explained, and catching his reflection in the mirror above the carved cherry mantelpiece, drew out his pocket comb and groomed his opulent mustache, continuing, the while, his dissertation upon diet and digestion. This time it was Leta who shifted the conversation, sparing the company what threatened to become an evening of alimentary reminiscence; but the comb remained in operation until Mr. Purnell, after critical examination of his handiwork, returned it to his pocket.

Standing in the doorway as the guests departed, Alan and Leta heard Mr. Purnell complaining good-naturedly about the stairs. "Quite a climb up here, isn't it, Miss Wheelock?" he said, adding benevolently: "But they don't mind. When you're young, it doesn't matter—your wind's all right and you haven't developed any trouble with your feet yet."

"Yes," Mrs. Purnell's voice came drifting





"Eridence" books free Business Tonk WRITING
Apacities for Story St

ing of the Sport-Story Laught by LP. J. Berg Rassivent tor of The Writer's Boothly. 150 page catalog free. Please actives: THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL Dept. 52 Springfield, Mass

Selecting the School

The training, association and environment experienced during school years lay the foundations for success or failure in future life. The selection of the school best suited to develop each individual therefore should be a matter of thought and thorough investigation. This is especially true of boarding schools which prepare for college and for life, but it also holds good for schools of professional and special training.

We will gladly help you make a selection, if you do not find a school in pages six to twentythree which seems to meet your needs.

Write giving all necessary details, enclose a stamped return envelope and address:—

The Director, Department of Education
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE
33 West 42nd Street, New York City

up to them. "That's one thing I'll say for Leta-I've always been particular about her shoes, and she's got as nice feet as you'll ever see on anybody."

Leta was frowning as they closed the door. "Mother and Father can certainly make a mess of things when they set out to do it, can't they?" she said. "And of course to-night it was just our luck that they had to be extra bad."

"Nonsense, dear," he answered, putting his arm around her as they moved toward the kitchen. "They're no different from any-body else."

Yes, they are," she insisted. "And you know it-you know they aren't like your Aunt Martha and your father.'

Again he equivocated, telling her that she had worked too hard over the dinner and was tired.

Drying the dishes, as Leta washed them, he reproached himself for having let their ineptitudes disturb him. It was petty in him to have noticed trifling infringements of good taste in people of such sterling char-Certainly, in all the things that counted, the Purnells were fine-otherwise how could they have such a daughter? It was true that Mrs. Purnell sometimes talked too much about Leta, but why shouldn't she be proud? She had a right to be! It would be a good thing if there were more people in the world like the Purnells, people who, whether or not they dotted all their "i's" and crossed their "t's," brought up their children as Leta had been brought up. He'd like to see any other girl of her age who was as sweet and fine as she, or as pretty, or who could sing and dance and draw as she could, and who, in addition, could make a home like this one, and cook and serve as good a dinner as she had cooked and served tonight. His aunt and his father had been better educated than Mr. and Mrs. Purnell; that was all. differences between them were purely super-ficial, and he knew that his aunt and his father would be the first to say so-they weren't snobs.

That night, with his head upon his pillow, he found himself defending the Purnells against imaginary detractors. Nobody had better try to make fun of them in his pres-ence! Nobody even had tried, either, except the thought of Ray. Ray had made fun of them, but that was long ago. Even then he had been annoyed by Ray's attitude, and now the recollection of it angered him. As drowsy thoughts merged with dreams, he was having it out with Ray, giving him a piece of his mind. In the old days Ray's nimbleness of speech had been too much for him, but in this visioned dialogue each stinging rebuke administered by Alan struck home, leaving the other silent and abashed.

NOVEMBER saw the regiment mustered out of the Federal service; a month later a treaty of peace with Spain was signed, and on January first, 1899, Spanish rule in Cuba came formally to an end.

Meanwhile, however, there was trouble in the Philippines, where the "little brown brother" Aguinaldo and his followers were engaged in activities anything but fraternal; and for this reason Admiral Dewey, captor Manila, remained in the distant islands with his squadron for some seventeen months after his victory, thereby tantalizing an entire nation.

On the twenty-sixth of September, the day on which New York was wildly cele-brating Dewey's long-delayed arrival, a son was born to the young Wheelocks. He was christened Zenas, but because of certain pugilistic gestures in which Alan saw a likeness to the sparring attitudes of James J. Corbett, his parents early fell into the way of calling him "Gentleman Jim," a nickname which, in abbreviated form, persisted.

Jim Wheelock, unlike his father, was born into a world not unacquainted with scandal. Pritchett's attentions to Florence Holden had through the past year become increasingly conspicuous, and after a series of quarrels with her husband, she had eloped to Europe with the bicycle manufacturer.

Luke's suit for divorce aroused bitterness between him and the Shires, who maintained that he had brought the trouble on his own head by his unfeeling treatment of their daughter. Luke's answer to this took the form of a pair of tall spite fences, one darkening the windows of the end house in the Shire block, while the other cut off light from the first- and second-story apartments in the "Florence," now owned entirely by

THENCEFORWARD the Holden house became more than ever an abode of m. Luke no longer nodded to his neighgloom. bors when he met them on the street, kitchen gossip brought in by Delia related own servants hated him. Willie, the gangling son left behind by Flor-ence, was under the ban of his father's displeasure: never popular among the other boys, Willie, after his mother's elopement, withdrew still more into himself, and forbidden to go to his grandparents, became a

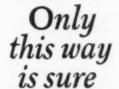
figure solitary and pathetic. None of these condi conditions, troubled young Jim Wheelock, whose appetite was his chief concern. The Boer War, then absorbing the attention of the world, Jim ignored; the victory of McKinley and Roosevelt over Bryan and Stevenson did not interest him; and when at the age of two he was carried in to look at baby Katherine, his new sister, he yawned and turned away. To the activities of Santos-Dumont, Carrie Nation and Marconi he was wholly indifferent; the discovery by the Wright brothers of a new principle in aëronautics seemed to him, at five, infinitely less impor-tant than his own discovery of Delia's cookyjar; and when one evening his father came home with the announcement of his promotion to a vice-presidency of the company, Jim, glancing up from his apple-sauce and cream, clearly wondered why his mother clapped her hands and danced around the dining-table.

The promotion brought about domestic changes. To the household of the young Wheelocks came rosy-cheeked Annie O'Shea, of the faithful Delia, to cook, wait on table, and-when Leta went out-take care of the two children.

Leta meanwhile was conducting a cam-paign against Oakland as a place of resi-dence. "There's no doubt about it," she announced to Alan; "the North Side is the place to live, and I sha'n't be satisfied until we move there.

No subject could now be mentioned, it seemed to Alan, that did not lead by a conversational path to the North Side. According to Leta, the nicest people in Chicago either lived on the North Side or were about to move there; because of the absence of the railroad it was cleaner and the air would be better for the children; moreover Alan's office was on the North Side, and Leta found in this another argument. don't see how you stand that tedious journey back and forth," she said. "There are lovely apartments within walking distance of your work."

In Leta's persistence there was something which curiously associated itself in Alan's mind with her little white teeth, so even, so pretty and so hard; her very smile expressed determination; she would draw back her lips, showing her teeth firmly set, as if she had sunk them in the object of her desire and was not to be shaken off. Smiling her resolute smile, she would describe to Alan apartments she had looked at; smiling, she took him to inspect them; and smiling she





Norhing else can clean toilet bowls so thoroughly and surely as Sani-Flush. It does away as Sani-Flush. It does away
with mops, pails and acids.

Just sprinkle Sani-Flush in the
bowl. Follow directions on the

bowl. Follow directions on the can. Flush. Every mark, stain and incrustation is gone. bowl is white and clean. Even the unreachable trap, so espe-cially dangerous if neglected in hot weather, has been cleared of all sediment,

Always keep a can of Sani-Flush handy in the bathroom. Harmless to plumbing connec-

Buy Sani-Flush in new convenient punch-top can at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25c for a full-size can. 30c in Far West. 35c in Canada.

ani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS Co. Canton, Ohio



American School rexel Ave. & 58th Street Dept. H-C 81 Chicago Money Back When You Finish If Not Satisfie American School, Dept H-C 81 Draxel Ave. and 50th St., Chica

- Architect
 Building Contracts
 Complie Engine
- .Civil Engineer .Structural Engine
- C. P. A. & Audit



THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S SCHOOL SECTION



van

MISCELLANEOUS CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

Have you a Child to educate?

You can teach your child yourself right in your own home easily and satisfactorily.

Thousands of children in this country and abroad are being educated by the Cal unique correspondence methon. The pre-school years to high school. The pre-school years to high school. The limited supply the in The headquarters in Baltimore supply the instruc-tions, furnish all books and materials, guide, correct and grade the work.

Operated on the most advanced methods f child education, the courses

are the same as those given in the famous Calvert Day School in Baltimore. Write for free booklet. Address,



137 West 40th Street Baltimore, Md.



For High School Credits

The Balfour Johnstone School Room 1900-32 W. Randolph St.

Send for Circular. CHICAGO, ILL.



ents for 288-page book on Stamme , "its Gause and Cure." It tell self after stammering 20 yrs. B. N e Bidg., 1147 N. III. St., Indiana

st school for stammerers in the world. Write today, Millard stitute of Normal Speech, 2340 Millard Bidg., Milwaukee, Wis.

Of Interest to Parents

"A Guide to 230 Good Camps"

"A Personal Service for Parents" These booklets will be sent free on request to Department of Education,

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE



FREE Catalogs and refluible information and Congress EDUCATIONAL AID SOCIETY Dept. 601, 168 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS School and College Bureau

Offers You Its Specialized Services in Choosing a School

Last year the School and College Bureau of The Chicago Daily News saved many busy parents and questioning boys and girls both time and worry by sending them prompt, reliable information about just the kind of school they wanted—personal requirements as to location and tuition charges being considered in each individual case.

Again this year many young people will be perplexed by the problem of finding the right school. Why not let us help you? right school. Why not let us help you? The Chicago Daily News maintains this service absolutely free of charge to you. No need to hurriedly select a school on mere hearsay when expert advice can be obtained by telephoning, writing or calling for a personal interview at

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS School and College Bureau Dept. A, 15 N. WELLS STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

saw their furniture carried to a moving The new apartment was larger, and there

were two servants now, allowing Leta more freedom and more ease in entertaining. Occasionally she would accompany Alan on a trip to New York, sending the children to Oakland, or getting Martha Wheelock or Mrs. Purnell to come and stay with them.

Leta enjoyed New York with a peculiar intensity; yet Alan, knowing this, was as-tonished and disturbed by her attitude when, his return from a brief trip East, he spoke of a proposal he had received there.

"Mr. Broderick's been after me again," he said, "but I told him I didn't think we'd

ever want to leave Chicago."
"You did? What made you say that?"
"Well, it's so, isn't it?" In the act "Well, it's so, isn't it?" In the act of unpacking his traveling bag, he looked quickly up at her.

"I should say not!" From her chair by the window she smiled at him, showing her

"Why," he protested, "what did you tell me when we took this apartment?"
"But New York's a different matter. I'd

love to live there—anybody would"
"Blanche doesn't." He was emptying the contents of the collar-bag into the top drawer of the chiffonier. "She told me she's delighted to be back in this country, but she'd like to live out here. From what she said, I gathered that Ray's doing pretty well on the newspaper; and her little girl—they call her Dot—is lovely, perfectly lovely. She's nearly six now—speaks French better than she does English—and she looks just the way Blanche did when we were kids, sort of demure, with big hazel eyes and-

"Did Mr. Broderick make a definite proposition?"

With his back turned, Alan was stacking shirts in the deep drawer of the chiffonier, and when after a long moment he replied, there was a kind of dullness in his tone.

"It wasn't entirely definite," he said.

"Just what did he say?"
"Oh, he told me he had asked Colonel Burchard's consent before broaching the sub-

"And what did the Colonel say?" "Said he wouldn't want to stand in my That's what he's always told me.

Did you get any idea what salary Mr. Broderick would pay?"

"He spoke of a junior partnership."

"A partnership! Why, that would mean ten or twelve thousand, wouldn't it?"

'I guess so.

"Alan Wheelock, do you mean to tell me you had an offer like that and didn't grab it?

"We're getting along all right," he retorted most sullenly. "I'm doing well enough almost sullenly.

"A lot more! Why, just the other day one of Father's friends told him you were known as one of the ablest young business men in this city.

"What else could a person say-to my father-in-law?"

"Just the same," she persisted, "I've always said Colonel Burchard wasn't paying you anything like what he ought, and I-"Nonsense, he's done everything in the

world for me."

"If you weren't worth more than you're

getting," she countered, "Mr. Broderick wouldn't be offering you more." "It's just that Broderick & Company is a rich firm," he said, "and that salaries are higher in New York."

"That's because the ablest men go there."
"Not altogether. It costs more to live in New York."

"Yes, because it's worth more."

"Not to me—when all our friends are in Chicago." He sighed, closing the empty bag and throwing it into the closet.

"Oh," she answered quickly, "we'd make new ones fast enough! The Brodericks know everybody, and the first thing I'd set out to do would be to get on Mrs. Broderick's right side."

"If you set out to do it," he said wearily, "you'd do it, all right."

A file of papers he had taken from his

bag was lying on the bed, and now, as he began to sort them, Leta watched him with the shadow of an ironical smile upon her

"When you said all our friends are in Chicago," she declared in a voice smooth as velvet, "you forgot about one—even if you don't forget her when you go to New York." And in a mocking tone she added: "Blanche is there. That ought to be an inducement."

Slowly straightening up, Alan looked at her with cold eyes across the bed.
"It is," he answered deliberately.

you make a point of it, it very definitely is."
(The concluding chapters of Mr. Street's much discussed novel are of special interest. Be sure to read them in our forthcoming September issue.)

WHY MEN JOIN CLUBS

(Continued from page 71)

Miss Venables—used me for his purpose. He fitted the photograph into this ridiculous leather frame; he wrote this singularly uninspired love-letter, and kept both in his pockets in fear and trembling lest you should not discover them. You did. I owe to that discovery the pleasure of your acquaintance—and to it you owe, Miss Venables, the delight of knowing that Mr. Holmes loves

you enough to wish to make you jealous.'
"Thus, my dear Mr. Vernon, I soothed the poor pretty creature. Had I allowed her, she would have kissed my hand on leaving me. And indeed, I had done my best for her happiness. She rushed away from me, eager to be with her Geoffrey. That, however, would not be for some little time, since he, having called immediately first house the haring writed trambling. ately after her, and having waited trembling in the next room until she had gone, im-mediately rushed in to see how I had taken the news of a rival. I was speechless with pain and indignation. At last I said:

"'Why did you not tell me of her? Geoffrey, how dared you keep me in ignorance of your engagement to so beautiful and good and trustful a girl?'

"He tried to interrupt me, to placate me.

But I was moved beyond the solace of kisses. I said:

"'Go! Go to her! You are pledged to

her. She loves you. Go!"

Mrs. Chester relived her emotion. She could not continue for tears. The Reverend Vernon could not resist crying out:

"My dear lady, you are to be praised! I am indeed grateful that you thought of

"Yes, he went!" sobbed Mrs. Chester.
"Never mind, never mind!" cried Mr. Vernon cheerfully. "There are other things, other pleasures! You will no doubt console vourself." vourself-

"Console myself!" cried Mrs. Chester in a storm of weeping. "I did console my-self! What do you think! Of course I consoled myself! I got him back. Do you think I was going to let that pretty little cat take him from me! But to keep him, I had to marry him. I married him last week. And now I'm so bored with him I don't know what to do, and that little cat refuses to take him back! I can't help thinking now that she came to see me on purpose, just to get him finally off her hands!" ine

nean

you rted ugh day vere

ness

my al-

ing

the

i're

ick

is are

ive

in nag

ke

cks

set er-

ly,

his

he

ith ner

hi-

ou he

at

ce

st.

ng

f

o

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S SCHOOL SECTION



HOTELS, restaurants, clubs, spartments, everywhere need trained are and women. Over 70,000 high-class positions paying up to \$10,000 a year are open each year in the hotels of the United States, in 1926 the Hotel business is America's largest industry in new carriculton. Over a billion delians' worth or NSW HOTELS AND SESTA URANTS being built this year will need over 200,000 trained with living usually included. At any time 70th bare your choice of over 1,000 hotel positions open.

Yes on have one of these high class, big may positions, fascinating work, with huxurious apartment and geals, smally farmished PRESI to previous experience necessary. The Lawrie's Schools guarantee to give you the valuable knowledge that it has taken some of the most care to will be a supersisted to obtain men who are now making 56,000 common school of the property of obtaining the care of the most chance for success. Find experience absolutely unnecessary. A common school education is all that you seed. And remember, the "vanishaction or money back."

"natisfaction or money back."
We train you with the Lewis Simplified Study Pian and put you in touch with big opportunities. All of your training under the personal direction of Cilifford Lewis, former U. S. Government Hotel and Restaurant Expert, now Managing Consultant for over 225 Hotels of 50 to more than 600 rooms such, throughout the United State, total-dorsed by leading hotel men overywhere.

nd today for FREE BOOK, "Your Big Opportunity," showing we can train you for one of these sptendid positions, and sining our Monor-back Guarantee.

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS

CLIFFORD LEWIS, Pres.

Hall E-176

Washington, D. C.

NEW MEXICO SCHOOL OF MINES 4. - year college courses to Mining, Metallurgical, and Geological exerting, and General Science. Strong faculty. Excellent equiphedividual attention given. Hequired proparatory subjects. A lease metal and coal mining districts. Profe work throughout and the subject of the

TELEGRAPHY

CHIROPODY Men and weaven mass \$5,000 to \$15,000 at \$15,

ARN\$10 to \$20 per day

LEARN SIGN PAINTING, INTERIOR DECORATING, PAPER HANGING, AUTO PAINTING, GRAINING AND MARBLING, Practical training—No Mail Courses, Dept. 12 CHICAGO PAINTING SCHOOL 129 West Aurtin Avenue, CHICAGO

Learn Watchwork, Jewelerywork and Engraving A fine trade commanding a good salary, and your services are al-ways in demand. Address HOKOLOGICAL, Dept. 12 Bradley Institute, PEORIA, ILL., for our latest catalog.

Two Years' Engineering Course With Diploma and Degree Civil Mechanical Electrical Chemical Compact courses of essentials. Rich in higher mathematics, higher science, mechanical drawing and field work. Planned for those short in time and money, but strong in purpose. Courses distinguished alike for what is embraced and what is omitted. Adapted to

Engineers with Practical Experience desiring a Degree No Entrance Examination or High School Diploma Required Irdispensable preliminary work provided for students with only elemenary school education. Modern laboratories. Students may begin a course n Sept., Jan., Mar., or June. Expenses low, For catalog address. TRI-STATE COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING, Box R-86, Angola, Ind. POUNDED 1899 Chicago Engineering Architecture

Drafting College
Day and Evening Classos
Earn While Learning
months' course in Drafting.

VALUE people.

Electricity

Enter any time. Courses adapted to YOUR needs. No time wasted. Expert instructors. Graduates are in constant demand. Opportunities for self-support while studying. Athletics. Low tuition—easy terms. 23rd year. Write for copy of 72-page "Blue Book," mailed free.

Chicago Technical College Dept. K-16, 118 East 26th St., Chicago



In this wonder city of California you can get a more intensive practical training in electricity than in any university. Hydro-electric developments on every dee with Bill 24Y jobs open. National has 16,000 graduates adverted to the second of the second

Bates Now Lor Big
Fares. end NOW for Big
Free Catalog.

NATIONAL BISTRA
Dept. 639, 4004 S. Figueroa
Los Angeles, California

A BETTER JOB NOW! Learn a good trade in a few weeks, 23 and tractors need service. Renairmen needed. Write today for

BE AN EXPERT AUTO

Learn the best of all trades.

Earn 375 to 3150 weekly repairing America's 20,000,000 autos

B WEEKS Training all you need. I pay
myself. Save ONE-THIRD Now! Your money
back if not satisfied. Write quick
for Short Time Reduced Price Train
ing Offer and big 64 page book.

MCSWEENY & Mr. Tracter Depl. Cincinnett, O.

MCSWEENY & Else. School M850 Chicago, III.

and tractors need service. Repairmen needed. Write today it FREE Big Catalog giving full particulars. Factory Indors school. No Negro students accepted. Michigan State As tomobile School, 3328 Auto Bidg., Detroit, Mich. Your Future Assured



We are in need of a high capacity type of young women, to be trained for positions as Supervisons of Heauty Shops, Sales Representatives, Educational Demonstrators, Instructors of Schools and Operators. Sales Representatives of the Hudson Method will have the privilege of traveling in the United States and Canada. Salarles can be earned commensurate to your earning power. Write for catalog S.

Madame Hudson School of Beauty Culture, Auburn, N. Y.

400 SCHOOLS!

This is the Greatest Number Ever Published in One Issue of Any Magazine

THIS great school directory—comprehensive not only in numbers but in variety and quality—restifies to the condifference reposed in our Department of Education by schools and parents. It is the result of six years of constructive service in guiding our readers to the right schools.

We have visited most of the residential, vocational and professional schools of this country, and will be glad to
help you find one which will meet your requirements. Please be sure to give full details in regard to age, sex, previous schooling, locality preferred, and the approximate price which you wish to pay. Address your letter personally to

The Director, Department of Education THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE, 33 West 42nd Street, New York City



The New York Electrical School

Gives complete training by actual practice. You get the knact of "HOW" and the theory of "WHY" and the best business methods used in the World of Illectroni Activity. This subnow have completed the Course you will be rally qualified to bandle ALL branches of Electrical industry. Equipment unequalited to learn on any day of any week throughout the whole year. 37 W. 17th Street

Open all Summer New York City

ELEC	TRICI	TY as	endors
by UNCLI	ESAM!		Great concern
At the request Gov't., S. of I made the Ac	ceptance		
test of this hus erating Unit for Panama	re gen-		118
Canal.			
4.00	1 300		(8)
-414			
2.5	上野家了多点	2.72.8	\$3200 ⁴



Just Touch

a Corn or Callus With This

Acts like enaesthetic Stops all pain in 3 seconds

HERE'S scientific treatment for corns and calluses. A new way that's ending dangerous paring, that's ending old-time ways. First it deadens all pain. Then it removes the corn completely.

A single drop will take ALL PAIN out of the most painful corn. Instantly and at once, you walk, dance, stand in comfort. Acts just like a

local anaesthetic.

Then the corn begins to dry and shrivel. You remove it with your fingers, like dead skin.

Noted dancers use it. Doctors approve it. You will find it a great comfort. The name is "GETS-IT." At all druggists. For your own sake, try it. Satisfaction guaranteed.

"GETS-IT" World's Fastest Way Cuticura Talcum Unadulterated **Exquisitely Scented** ----

GERMAN WAR GLASSES

8 power \$9.85 Postpaid These genuine German War Glasses pur-hased at exceptionally advantageous rates

chased at exceptionally advantageous rates of exchange.

Manufactured by most prominent of German optical factories. Many were received direct from the Allied Reparations Commission. Conservative \$20.00 value.

Finest achromatic day and night lenses, 40 m.m. objective. Dust and moisture proof. Pupillary adjustment. Built for service, regardless of cost, according to strictest military standards. All glasses guaranteed in perfect condition. We have sold \$5,000 pairs of this model to date.

Shipped promptly on receipt of check or money order for \$9.85. Positive guarantee of full cash refund if not satisfied. Order your field glasses today.

SWIFT & ANDERSON, Inc. successors to

HENDERSON BROTHERS Largest importers of field glasses in America 95 S. Federal Street Boston, Mass

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS

(Continued from page 50)

dreds of this, were filled with goings-away Probably and forgettings, or else makings. most of Stephen's ancestors, with their habit of thinking that to allow anything to slip between their fingers was more or less a sin against nature, would have chosen the latter course, their carefully charted religion allowing them considerable latitude of conduct so long as there was some eventual longitude of repentance. If by any chance there had been, in a moment of unwise ex-ultation, a proposal of marriage such as had taken place in Stephen's case, that too could have been easily set in order; what were monetary arrangements for?

All very well, but it would not do. Ste-phen could not rid himself of the disturbing and rather newfangled notion that almost everyone has a personality, and that if this personality is delicate and sensitive, as it seemed to be in the case of Mercedes, it is necessary to exercise some care in what you do with it.

HE was entirely clear-sighted in the real-ization that he was probably making something of a fool of himself in marrying Mercedes. Perhaps—he didn't know. There was a vague but fundamental reassurance about Mercedes. But on the other hand, he realized with even more clearness that he would make something more than a fool of himself if he didn't marry her. hurt more than her; he would hurt himself. He suspected beneath the mistrustful languor of this girl, the careful unconcern, a humbleness, an eagerness, that only a Mr. Hyde could trample on. He recalled his longing of the previous night to fortify this humbleness and turn it into a thin clear pride.

There were moments, however, when, his ancestors getting the best of him, he reflected that perhaps after all the easiest outcome would be if, within the next two months, Mercedes should forget him entirely. Then he would have no sense of remorse. No, no sense of remorse, but how about a sense of loss? Very confusing, the whole thing. At all events, his coolest and most worldly reflections were constantly being interrupted, and reversed, by the memory of that final kiss. A curious kiss—the sort of kiss a woman should never give a man unless she wants him to follow it up. An odd mixture of knowledge and innocence, as if Mercedes had lent her lips to other people before,—no more of her,—but had never before given her real self to anyone, not even ever so little.

Stephen sent Mercedes some flowers from the station and repressed a desire to telephone her. He looked back across the Jer-sey flats with the feeling that he was leav-He looked back across the Jering, behind the sprawling hills that bounded them, a memory that suddenly made New York more intimate to him than it had ever been before. By the time Philadelphia was reached, he had determined that he could not live without Mercedes. As a concession to an impulse to take the next train back, he sent her a picture postcard of an impossibly clean City Hall rising into an impossibly blue sky.

Consequent upon his final determination,

Stephen decided that he must inform his family at once of his engagement as a sign to himself that he had burned his bridges and that there was to be no future hesitation. But he was disgusted with himself, tation. But he was disgusted with nimsen, once the interview with his father and mother was over, to discover that his fine enthusiasm was lagging and that he was once more catching himself thinking that there was nothing, when you came right down to it, ultimate about such an an-nouncement. The way was still quite open for Mercedes to forget him completely. His heart stirred at the thought of such a reprieve in a fashion that made him ashamed of himself.

What did he want, anyway? He didn't know. He only knew that in the present state of his emotions, the one thing he must not do was to go back to New York
—no, not even for an hour. He was no safe man at the moment.

To be sure, the interview with Mr. and Mrs. Londreth had not been of a kind to maintain anyone's enthusiasm above a certain very low level. Instead of a Cassandralike denunciation, which Stephen had ex-pected and which would have kept the blood running in his veins, he was met by a gloomy and Cassandralike acquiescence.
As if this final blow had always been expected, and Stephen's past life had been no more than a preparation for it. Stephen could not imagine what there had been in

his not unsuccessful history to merit this. Mr. Londreth massaged his short side-whiskers and regarded Stephen with the air of a man exhausted by nonsense, while Mrs. Londreth, although feminine (it is also masculine) curiosity trembled on her lips, fol-

lowed in the main her husband's lead.
"I suppose," he said, "we'll meet Miss—"
"Ga-Garcia." Stephen wished it wasn't such a queer name.
"Miss Garcia, sometime?"

Stephen met with casualness a casualness

he knew was not felt.
"Oh, yes, of course. I expect we'll ge-get married very quietly when I get back the end of May—just a couple of wi-witnesses, and then I'll bring her over here for a night. I'll be in a hurry to go West by that time."

Mrs. Londreth smiled her most charming deprecating smile.

"I see. Is she— What sort of a girl is she, Stephen? A—a lady?"

It was said with delightful carelessness, What sort of a girl is

as if it didn't really make much difference nowadays, but one was none the less mildly interested.

Stephen frowned.

"I do-don't know exactly what that means. She's pretty and good and knows more or less how to behave, or I wouldn't have asked her to marry me. Per-perhaps she behaves too well. But she'll get over that. She's not 'smart,' of course. You don't find many heiresses in the chorus."
"You've met her people?"
"I'm not sure she has any."

Mrs. Londreth sighed.

AFTER she had gone to bed, Stephen's father took him into the bay window and gave him a cigar. Mrs. Londreth had kissed Stephen good-night with an unwonted lingering tenderness that would have touched him had he not realized that it was a final argument against Mercedes.

'Stephen,"-Mr. Londreth was using his best man-to-man manner, seldom used except when he realized that command would only hurt his cause,-"tell me about this You-you've got into trouble girl. her?" He managed to finish with difficulty on an arch note.

Stephen laughed shortly.

'No. I'm trying to keep out of it." "But you can't really-you can't be so unwise, my boy, a man of your age, to wish to make such a marriage?"
"Why not?"

"Well--marriage is a social contract. You have obligations to your family, to the

Stephen leaned forward, his hands between his knees.

"I do-don't understand," he said. "I thought in America it was still a question of whether you wanted to marry a girl or not. Naturally"—he raised his head and looked at his father—"you ta-take it for granted, if a man has any brains at all, he thinks he knows what he is doing."

ed

nt

k

16

0

y

e.

n

n

S.

g

"Naturally," agreed Mr. Londreth as if he didn't think so at all.

"Well, then, why all of this—this mamaking of what ought to be a pleasant thing so dreary? You're told to marry for love but you must only love within a limit love, but you must only love within a limited circle. Hon-honestly, that is. Dishonestly, the horizon seems wider. I wish we'd either give up democracy or else try it."
"Um," said Mr. Londreth, "very pretty!"

And Stephen decided there was justice in the remark. He felt slightly hypocritical about his own statements, for he realized that it was only by the merest chance that he happened to be making them. His original intentions had not been in accord with them at all. He was building his arguments after the fact. Actually he did not believe, more than his father did, that you could go out into the highways and byways and select at random a suitable bride. You should be able to, but the truth was, you couldn't.

Mr. Londreth smiled grimly.

"Well," he reflected, "I dare say that a foolish marriage or two is now our more advanced young men's way of sowing their wild oats. In my day we were a trifle less blatant and complicated. I am glad you are living in Wyoming. You will excuse are living in Wyoming. You will excuse me if I say it is because Wyoming is a long way off. As a family we have always tried to move as quietly as possible." He rolled his cigar from one side of his mouth to the other. "I have a strong family sense," he continued. "I have always had a strong family sense. My children can demand a good deal of me if they will only treat me halfway decently. When you get tired of ranching, Stephen, and your wife leaves you, you can always get a job back here with me, as I've told you once or twice before."

He spoke in the solemn manner of a prophet.

TWO days later Stephen departed for New Orleans, where, still determined to avoid New York, he intended to take a boat for Panama. He was in no very cheer-ful mood, and the boat did not increase his amiability. It was small and uncomfortable and preempted by overflowing men and women who belonged to some sort of secret society calling itself "The Condors." Stephen wondered if they knew what condors really looked like and what their habits were. But he brightened considerably at the white and pink and brown beauty of Havana; and the strange controlled tropic ferocity of Panama appealed to his imagination. This narrow northern lane of orderliness seemed to march bravely, looking neither to right nor left, before the immo-bile eyes of the jungle that watched it, ready for a spring at the first signs of weakness

Panama and Mexico, where he spent more than a month, presented themselves to as curiously dramatic examples opposite poles-of what the world of white men might come to unless more intelligence was used. They fitted in with and expressed concretely a thought that had recently become more and more troubling to him, and engrossing. A thought that, as a lover of empty countries and the people who sought them, he had been forced to consider as he saw these empty countries gradually settled up and disfigured by the thing called civilization. Surely there was some sort of decent medium between socialism and anarchy, between the huge state that obliterated the individual, and the selfish individual who obliterated the state? Surely some such mean must be found if life were to remain even as desirable as it was at present. Panama and Mexico furnished negative illustra-



BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR

EARN UP TO \$280 per Me., expenses paid, in fac-cinating uncrowded profession. Travel; report to high rillway officials. Fleasani, stands work advancement rapid with experience. See The Course For You Upon graduation or upare time. Send for Secklet Dev. To the Section of STANBARD SUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTE, - SUFFALO, N. Y.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

HELP WANTED

Everybody needs food. Our plan gives customer better tality and lower prices. Representatives wanted. \$100 week and free automobile. Write quick.

AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO. 5108 American Bidg., Cheris CO.

Amazing large cash commissions introducing beautiful \$3.95 and \$4.95 fit-to-measure guaranteed Shoes. Actual samples furnished. Write for your territory. STYLE ARCH SHOE CO. Dept. 132, I Cincinnati, Ohio

PATENTS, PATENT ATTORNEYS, ETC.

INVENTORS—Write for our guide book "How to Get Your Patent" and Evidence of Invention Blank. Send model or sketch of invention for Inspection and Instructions Free, Terms reasonable. Randolph & Co., Dept. 38, Wash., D. C.

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED on cash or rogalty sis. Patented or unparented. In business 24 years. omplete facilities. References. Write Adam Fishet fig. Co., 63 Enright, St. Louis, Mo.



THE MORLEY CO., Bept. 778. 10 S. 18th St., Phila.





Every married woman should send for

this frankly written book

THE truth about the use of poisonous antiseptics is something every physician knows, and every trained nurse. They have seen the havoc wrought among innocent, well-meaning women who were ignorant of the risks they ran of mercurial poison.

Physicians and nurses know also of the hazards of carbolic acid and its various compounds sold under the deadly label of the skull-and-crossbones. Usually mixed with soapy ingredients, these carbolic acid preparations always contain the threat of injury to delicate membranes, finally resulting in hardened areas of scar-cissue.

Does away with women's risks

Startling as these scientific statements are there is another scientific fact which is a welcome reassurance. It is this: there has been discovered a powerful antiseptic which is absolutely non-poisonous. Its name is Zonite. It is over 40 times as strong as peroxide of hydrogen. It is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the body; yet it is harmless to human tissues and even with little children in the home, there is no danger of accidental poisoning.

From woman to woman the knowledge of Zonite has quickly swept over the country. The complete surgical cleanliness it provides has brought a new feeling of satisfaction into the home life of millions. Already practically every drug store in America has it in stock. Send for special free booklet prepared by the Women's Division. It is frank and scientific. Read it; pass it on to others. Use the coupon below. Zonite Products Company, Postum Building, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Use Zonite Ointment for burns, scratches, sunburn, etc. Also as a powerful deodorant in the form of a vanishing cream.

Zonite
At your druggist's in bottles
25c, 50c and \$1.00

Full directions with every package

ZONITE PRODI	JCTS CO., Women's Division
250 Park Ave.	New York, N. Y.
Please send me	free copy of the Zonite booklet or
booklets checked	Feminine Hygiene
	Antiseptics in the Home
	Please print name

Name.....Address.....

P.16 (In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

On the one hand was complete social and material control, the ordered life of the bee, and on the other, complete lack of control. In the end both achieved pretty much the same result, and both were incontrol. supportable. Panama, the American side of was the most disciplined place Stephen had ever seen; Mexico, for an ancient country, the most undisciplined. Discipline left men and women who, in their leisure hours, neither read nor thought nor wondered lack of discipline did likewise. And yet here, especially in the latter case, were gorgeous and mysterious countries, touching in their beauty that unknown amplitude to which man unconsciously is trying either to return or which unconsciously he is trying to discover: that Atlantis which, in his more imaginative moments, he knows must somewhere exist or be possible.

Looking from the window of his train making its slow ascent from the tropics of Tampico to the high cold tableland of Mexico City, Stephen saw through the unbelievable green of the jungle a waterfall that poured in solid milky blue over a cliff a couple of hundred feet high—not a thin stream, but a great unbroken plunging torrent, so full that it seemed barely to move. And as he looked, a flight of emerald green parrots cut across it. Incredible! And yet back of him he had left Tampico with its thatched slums knee-deep in reeking mud, its yellow fever, its elephantiasis and unmentionable diseases, its brothels that set the whole starlit night writhing to jazz, and its oil men conducting Balkan intrigues in which murder was no uncommon incident.

And even beside the waterfall, not five years earlier, English and American women, during a revolution, had been hunted through the cane-fields and had been caught, or uncaught, had gone mad with heat and flies.

It was difficult in Mexico, seeing the country, not to imagine some sort of God; it was difficult in Mexico, seeing most of the population so beaten out of all shape of deity, to imagine what the human race had to do with a God if there was one. A disquieting reflection, always, to a man of the Northern races, where sheer debasement is either looked after to some extent or else kept from sight.

And yet there was a Sunday spent by Stephen at Xochimilcho, a suburb twelve miles or so out from the city, where Aztec Indians grew flowers. A miniature Venice of broad or tiny canals, the latter arched with trees; of islands that are all roses or violets or marguerites or daffodils; tall Lombardy poplars reflecting themselves in the still waters, canoes from which came the sound of guitars. Stephen's canoe, save for the central part where he sat and looked out, was solidly arched with purple asters. A dreamy smiling Aztec punted him, standing in the stern like a gondolier, and Sephen's bad Spanish made them friends. Here was something so close to an exquisite heaven that it was heartrending, and here was the sweetest race Stephen had ever met: a race still as mysterious to its conquerors as it had been five hundred years before, a race that loved its dogs but starved them, and a race that had always had a special aptitude for human sacrifice.

Let anyone who can read these riddles explain them.

IN Mexico City, Stephen received his only letter from Mercedes. He found it waiting for him one evening in the office of the hotel—a huge old building, haunted and gray and wistful, that had once been the palace of the sole king Mexico had ever had. Great high-ceilinged bedrooms looked out upon balconies that gave on patios, and in one corner of one of the patios was an excellent little restaurant run by Italians. Stephen went out into the dusk of a court-

yard and in the light of a lantern that hung from a grilled iron bar, read the letter that had just been handed to him. High above him was a square of lustrous stars, and all about him was the cloaked and somber and whispering night of Latin countries.

The letter was very brief.

DEAR Stephen:

"Oh, what shall I call you? I can't call you Stephen—it s too far away. Yes, it is—too far away. Didn't anyone ever call you Stevie? Well, I will, Stevie. May I call you dear, too? I'll have to some day, wont I? But I don't even know you exist. Maybe I dreamed you. Vizatelly says you exist. Sometimes I ask him to be sure. Why did you go away so fast?

"Well, Stevie—you hate me to be fresh, don't you? I'll try not to be. Well, Stephen, it's very hot—what the papers call 'an unpresidented heat-wave,' and I feel like somebody who's been divorced before they were married. Hazel says you'll never come back; Vizatelly says you will. He says you're just mean enough to. That makes me mad. Aronson says I'm crazy. I told him about you. He says I'm not good-looking, but I might have a future. He wanted to send me to Paris this summer with fifteen other girls who are going to dance. But I'd rather go to those mountains with you. Yes, I would. You're queer. The more I think about you, the more I miss you.

"Well, come back soon, Stevie dear. I'd have written you more, but I'm not much good at this sort of thing. You may not believe it, but I haven't written anything like this since I was a kid. Maybe you'll laugh at me. "Mercedes."

And then in a postscript, as if rather timidly in afterthought, "My love to you."
Stephen stared at the square of stars... And he had been half sorrowfully thinking that Mercedes had forgotten him, half sorrowfully, half wistfully hoping that

Stephen had reached that point of solitariness that only lonely-minded men can reach, and which only lonely-minded men seek, and which they enjoy but in the end find desolate. A self-inflicted martyrdom that lonely-minded men know is the one way they have of recapturing tangible contact with the world, of gaining perspective, of discovering what they have and haven't got. Mercedes had unwittingly timed her letter well.

Suddenly she seemed to Stephen the sole thing, save his ranch—the country where his ranch was-on which definitely he had ever laid hold. He had a vision of her thousands of miles away in the brilliant darkness of New York, and he felt, without any reason to it at all, as if he were there or she here in this shadowy unfamiliarity. As if between himself and her stretched an invisible filament, a milky way, not understood, nebulous, but permanent and capable of bearing the weight of some hurrying part of him or her wishing to meet. He went into the dim writing-room and with a vile Latin pen wrote a love-letter-like Mercedes, the first he had written in many years. He was aware that when he saw Mercedes again he would probably not feel so acutely and clearly, but there was no doubt as to the acuteness and clarity of his present feelings. It was obvious to him that to penetrate into her personality, to lose himself in her strange shy arms, would be the beginning of the finding of something new or the rediscovery of something he had lost.

He took a ship from Vera Cruz toward the middle of May, and arrived in New York to find that city also sweltering in heat—not the damp clinging heat of the tropics but the fierce high-headed heat of the North.

ne hat

igh

ın-

n't

call

ex-

IVS

re.

ell. all

ys

een

ch

lly

m.

li-

an

m

n-

er

ut

y.

ile

He

he

ry

Chapter Eight

LIKE a dream, to Stephen, were the three days that followed—as the days of a man's marriage usually are, self-possessed as he may think himself beforehand. Concreteness seemed to have disappeared like a bag-gage label blown out of his hand the moment he set foot on his native land. There had been the Statue of Liberty clearly seen, the great harbor languidly stirred by a breeze, the shining towers washed with sun-light; but from the shadowy resinous dock there was merely a vague city the inhabitants of which appeared only as dark masses obstructing traffic.

The sense of smell alone remained alert, became perhaps more so, aided by the time of year which released the hidden world of odors. The viscous smell of the streets near the waterfront, like melon-rinds tram-pled under foot; the hot dry leathery smell of the taxicab; the darkened soothing smell of Vizatelly's apartment; the smell of Mercedes' hair, delightful and live, of her cheeks; smells, hot and exciting, of blis-tered asphalt and shimmering façade, or cool and meditative when they came from under awnings or down side-streets deserted by the sun. The charming holiday-like smell of the light dresses Mercedes and her friend Miss Tourneur wore; the reas-suring masculine smell of Vizatelly's home-

spun suit. Stephen gave over all attempt at com-mand, once he had achieved Vizatelly's rooms, surrendering the direction of his af-

fairs to that gentleman, who could be extremely executive when aroused.

"You go-got my letters and cable?"

"Yes. Everything is ready, and here is your ring."

Vizatelly produced the small gold band and looked at it dubiously as if he thought it a slight thing to hold a man and woman together.

Mercedes all ready?"

"She is waiting for you. We'd have met you at the dock if you had not expressly said no. Thank goodness you did."

THAT afternoon there was a visit to a dim office in the company of Mercedes and Miss Tourneur and Vizatelly, where a man asked questions wearily and handed over a paper, and the following afternoon there was a visit to a church where a smilstephen thought it was nice of him to be so cordial; the marriage of perfect strangers had never affected him that way. He suddenly felt very intimate with the clergyman, and hoped he would see him again. In the limousine that took them away from the church he stared at Mercedes with an absent-mindedness so intense that her heart sank pitifully.

During dinner, eaten on a roof-garden, Miss Tourneur tactfully announced that she had made arrangements to spend the night with a friend.

"Mr. Vizatelly and I thought it would be nicer," she said, "for you to have the apart-ment instead of goin' to a hotel."

ment instead of goin' to a hotel."

Stephen, very cool and remote-looking in his light gray suit, his brown face rising above the shaded candles, realized with a start that this was going to leave him and Mercedes very much alone. On the whole, however, he was grateful to Miss Tourneur and Vizatelly, for he had been dreading the first interview with a hotel-clerk, a strange woman, with all her strange baggage, beside him.

The next day was a dream too. The trip to Hartford, strangely seen by Stephen under

Hartford, strangely seen by Stephen under these circumstances—it was the first time that he concretely realized that he must have been an undergraduate in this college town when Mercedes was a child of eleven there. The sight of Mercedes' parents, a

No more soiled towels removing cold cream

No more harsh substitutes irritating to delicate skin fabric - and no more oily skins!

This NEW way will work wonders in lightening your skin-will keep your makeup fresh for hours!—the ONLY way that removes all cream, all dirt from pores.

HIS offers a test that will effect some unique results on your skin. That will make it seem shades lighter than before. That will correct oily skin will double and triple the effectiveness of your make-up.

Modern beauty science has found a new way to remove cold cream . . . a different way from any you have ever known.

It will prove that no matter how long you have used cold cream, you have never removed it, and its accumulation of dirt, entirely from your skin . . . nor removed it in gentle safety to your skin.

This new way is called Kleenex 'Kerchiefs-absorbent. Dainty and exquisite, you use it, then discard it. Just use the coupon. A 7-day supply will be sent you

A scientific discovery

We are makers of absorbents. Are world authorities in this field.

On the advice of a noted dermatologist, we perfected this scientifically right material for removing cold cream.

It is the only product made solely for this purpose. It represents some two years of scientific research. There is no other like it.

Banishes oily skins-dark skins

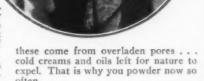
It corrects oily nose and skin conditions amazingly. For

Kleenex 'Kerchiefs — absorbent come in exquisite flat handker-chief boxes, to fit your dressing table drawer . . in two sizes.

Boudoir size, sheets 6 by 7 inches . 35c Professional, sheets o by 10 inches. 65c

KLEENEX ABSORBENT KERCHIEFS

To Remove Cold Cream-Sanitary



It combats skin eruptions. For they're invited by germ accumulations left in the skin, breeding places for bacteria.

Old methods, towels, cloths and fibre substitutes, failed in absorbency. And thus often rubbed infectious dirt accumulations back into your skin. That is why tiny imperfections often came. Why your skin looked dark at times,

Multiplied skin benefits

Now in Kleenex 'Kerchiefs-absorbent -those failures are corrected. Soft as down and white as snow, it contrasts the harshness of cloth or fibre makeshifts with a softness that you'll love.

It comes in exquisite sheets, 27 times as absorbent as the ordinary towel; 24 times that of paper and fibre substitutes. You use it, then dis-

card it.

Just mail the coupon

Clip the coupon now before you forget. Mail it today for 7-day supply at our expense.

7	-DAY SUPPLY- FREE
K	LEENEX CO. 167 Quincy St., Chicago, Ill.
of	Please send without expense to me a sample packet KLEENEX 'KERCHIEFS—absorbent — as offered.
Na	IDE
A	ddress

HE KLEENEX JII



"They've tripled your salary, dear"

"I TELL you, Tom, it was a lucky day for both of us when you sent in that I. C. S. coupon. You'd never be where you are to-day if you hadn't decided to study in spare time just when you did."

In spare time just when you did."

Spare-time study with the I. C. S. is winning promotions for thousands of men and bringing happiness to thousands of homes all over the world. In offices, shops, stores, mines, mills and on railroads, I. C. S. trained men are stepping up to big jobs, over the heads of older men, past those whose only qualification is long service. There is a job ahead of YOU. Some man is going to be picked for it. The boss can't take chances. He is going to choose a trained man with sound, practical knowledge of the work.

Get buy right pre- and put yourself is like for

Get busy right now and put yourself in line for that promotion. You can do it in spare time in your own home through the International Correspondence Schools, just as thousands of other men and women

The first step they took was to mark and mail is coupon. Make your start the same way—and make it right now

Mail the coupon today for Free Booklet

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 3429-D. Seranton, Penna.
Oldest and largest correspondence achools in the world
Without cost, please tell me how I can qualify for the
position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

Business Management
Personnel Organization
Traffic Management
Husiness Law
Banking and Banking Law
Accountancy (including C.P.A.)
Nicholson Cost Accounting
Bookkeeping
Britant Secretary
Spanish
TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES Spanish | French | Illustrating | TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES | Electrical Engineering | Architect, Blueprint | Architect, Blueprint | Architect, Blueprint | Contractor and Build | Contractor Builder | Contractor and Build | Contractor Builder USTRIAL COURSES
Architects' Blueprints
Contractor and Builder
Architectural Draftsman
Concrete Builder
Structural Engineer
Chemistry Pharmacy
Automobile Work
Agriculture and Poultry
Mathematics

City

on. eside in Canada, send this compon to the Interna-prrespondence Schools Canadian Limited, Montreal



large black cloud of a woman, a small gray timid man, who seemed to be quite as glad to get rid of Stephen as he was to be rid of them.

Then-to Philadelphia and his father's house, with Venetian blinds lowered against the heat. In the barred dimness moved and talked and smiled soberly and wiped their foreheads, the members of his immediate family, shruggingly giving over for an hour or so their accustomed pursuits. Stephen thought it was a good deal more like a funeral than anything else, except that there was less vivacity and no singing.

THEY were all there: His father, trying to smile; his mother, too kind and with hostile eyes; Joan-Stephen could see her taking notes for the delectation of her friends—what a funny story it would be!

James, Junior, a man nearing forty and associated with his father in business; Cornelia, James' wife; Ralph and his wife Eli-

James, Junior, a tall, lean, dark clean-shaven man, showing a little white above his ears and wearing a pince-nez, a soberdressing man who exhibited his vanity only in the dull perfection of his clothes and the wearing always of a corded edge to his waistcoat, was not enthusiastic in his greetings. James lived in Chestnut Hill in a large expressionless house surrounded by hot clipped lawns and flower-beds that seemed chained to the sun. Cornelia was a large hot expressionless good-looking woman who seemed chained to James.

As his two sisters-in-law passed Stephen, said to himself: "Thank the Lord I didn't marry either of them."

He also said to himself: "Tomorrow we'll be away from this. And then-after that-just as little as possible ever again. These people are descendants of men who were pioneers like myself, but look what they have done with it! I belong to Wyoming—I'm going to start something new. A new wife, a new family, a new Stephen."

But aloud, in order to annoy Cornelia, he observed that he and Mercedes from now on would probably spend every winter in the East.

Ralph, the sporting member of the family, was more cordial. Ralph lived at Fra-ser, and hunted and wore check suits with ragged robins in their lapels, and Derby hats too big for him. A ruddy man with a small mustache and a hearty manner and cold eyes. His inherited traits showed themselves in entire unscrupulousness where the or barter of horses were concerned, and an entire lack of conscience about lending a friend a mount he feared himself.

Ralph, who hated James as much as Stephen did, but found no common meetingground with Stephen because of that, wished to show his superior worldliness by his easy cordiality towards Mercedes. There was almost a wink in his manner. It seemed to say: "Well, you caught him, didn't you? Clever little gal. Between us we both know he's a good deal of a saphead, don't we?"

STEPHEN breathed a sigh of relief when the afternoon was over. His throat rasped from the number of cigarettes he had smoked. Even the dinner that followed, for which Joan alone remained, trying as it was, seemed in comparison restful. Making a prodigious effort, Stephen managed to talk so much that his father and mother and Joan had hardly a moment in which to give their undivided attention to Mercedes. Poor Mercedes, she was so alert and at-tentive and smiling, like a good little girl on her best behavior. Stephen was only glad that she was not disarmed to the point of losing all shyness. Beyond a certain very narrow limit, Mercedes' method of conver-sation would have shocked his family. Meanwhile there was a whole universe of

nuances surrounding her of which she seemed totally unaware.

Evidently she believed herself for the first time in her life in a new strange delightful environment, peopled by frank, kindly, in-genuous men and women devoid of hidden motives, and she was prepared to lay aside all the defences she had learned so painfully to place about herself. For one thing, wasn't she married to one of these kindly ingenuous creatures, and wasn't that in itself a sign of good faith? She was oblivious of the subtle edge to Joan's questions and answers; she did not know how often Joan's eyes stared at her when her face was averted. But Stephen knew. He was more determined than ever that when next Joan saw Mercedes, Mercedes would be able to meet her on equal terms. His heart grew big with suppressed solicitude and indignation.

Up in his bedroom he leaned upon a window-sill and looked out. The narrow hot street below him stretched from unadventurous darkness to unadventurous dark-ness. On either side were many streets filled with adventure, but not this one. wondered why he couldn't get on with his They were decent-enough people, he supposed; in any crisis they would probably behave well enough. But why were crises necessary? And even in a crisis he doubted if they would behave either gayly or gallantly. The narrow street summed them up. Life was the flight of an arrow, The narrow street summed and unless the arrow sang, it dropped back to earth. It was hard enough for arrows to sing, especially as the years of flight swept past, but they must. Life failed for many reasons, but principally it failed because of two misconceptions: the godly thought it a small and dreary affair because they looked forward to a selfish heaven; the ungodly thought it a small and dreary affair because they looked forward to nothing. But why look so much? The flight was the thing.

Stephen grimly imagined introducing, "Mr. Londreth" to his father-in-law "Mr. Wig-He thought it best not to think too much about that family-in-law of his. Mercedes seemed blessedly unattached to them. Mercedes, thoughtful in the room behind

Stephen, combed her short hair and looked into the glass. "I think they're sweet, your relations," she said.

Oh, bless her heart!

NTIL Chicago was past and the creaking somnolence of the transcontinental train was reached, the dream continued. Iowa slept in a haze of heat; the rolling greens and blues of Nebraska stretched to empty But inside of Stephen a hollow horizons. exhilaration was mounting like a breath taken with intention. The earth seemed to be swelling toward a climax, toward some secret culmination farther on.

Through a long evening of moonlight Mercedes sat with Stephen on the observation platform and listened to him tell his experiences in the country to which they were going, of his experiences as a young man, of some of the adventures he had had, of the trouble he had keeping his bachelor room, even his house, clean. This was a room, even his house, clean. different Stephen, grave but curiously hu-morous, even his idiom altered a little and become more figurative. His slow accents lacked almost entirely their accustomed stuttering. Mercedes watched him, a modern Desdemona, a cigarette between her lips. She noticed the thin strong muscles of his arm moving under his coat, and a thought, comforting and exciting, she had never had before came to her: these muscles belonged to her now, were as much a part of her as if they were actually hers.

The two shining rails spun out behind the train like silver pressed through tubes." Click-click-clickety-click. When the train stopped, and a lonely brakeman dropped off with a red lantern, the night, huge and luminous and filled with the sound of frogs and insects, stepped into the foreground again as if it had been left miles behind but had caught up with gigantic ease. There were few signs of habitation, only here and there a light on a distant rise. The loneliness seemed gravely preoccupied with thoughts of harvest, with a brooding fecundity

Mercedes went forward to the compartment, and in a little while Stephen followed her. He pushed open the door of the tiny room, and suddenly the world became again definite and clear-cut to him. He stood for a moment looking down at Mercedes where she lay in the lower berth, her black curls against the white pillow, her blue eyes smiling up at him. He had interrupted her in some train of thought. He switched out the lights and began to undress. Through the open window the soft warm breeze brought the smell of grass and reeds and mingled with the faint and intimate scent of perfume and silken clothes.

and silken clothes.

"By thunder," thought Stephen, "here I am actually with a woman for life! Locked up with her.... She's got her things on my chair. Probably I'll never again have a chair to myself.... What a baby she is! Actually no more than a baby..... I'll never hurt her. I'll be hanged if I will."

He reached down in the darkness, and Mercedes' arms caught themselves about his neck. "Funny kid," she murmured as if she were finishing an unspoken sentence. "Funny kid—I'll keep your room clean."

(The strange marriage of Stephen and Mercedes Londreth is but a preliminary to the dramatic events which follow. Be sure to read the ensuing chapters in the next, the September issue.)

THE ROAD TO RESTIN' EASY

(Continued from page 95)

baby, and I went. I came here—to Restin' Easy. See those white barns to the left of that gap in the hills? That was the Bowron ranch. Mary wasn't changed—she was gentle, patient, good, understanding. Her husband was about gone—a poor stick. I told her about my baby. I did more—I told her something about Allie Lee. And she wanted to take our baby, that wasn't wanted at home, and give it everything in a home where it was wanted. Mary got me; Restin' Easy got me. But I went back to Reno.

Allie wouldn't hear of the plan. She just said no, and that ended it. I couldn't get Restin' Easy out of my mind. A lot of the fizz had gone from the wine-suppers and the all-night parties and riots, for me, too. I had to plunge deep to keep going at the old pace. So, when we moved to Stonerville, I hooked up with Sestrom in the Western Land and Investment Company.

They made me president of the company. I had been a supervisor at Keystone and two terms on the State Board of Equalization; there was talk now of running me for lieutenant-governor. My own enterprises kept on making money. Yet I wasn't happy. I was losing patience with Allie Lee, but our boy had me hog-tied. No use keeping it back: I soon saw that was her reason for holding onto him when Mary had wanted to have him. He was a club over me, because I was daft about him! He had Allie's eyes and mouth, but he was strong like me, and he had my chin and frame. I began to worship him. As Allie slipped into some-



"On Guard"

"BABY'S SAFE," you tell yourself, as she toddles about at her play.

But baby is not safe. On every surface her little hands touch, in the corners to which she crawls, lurk virulent germs of disease.

Ordinary cleaning will not kill germs. Health authorities say that only the use of a true disinfectant in the cleaning water will make your home a safe home.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is the disinfectant used by hospitals and physicians. Add a tablespoonful to each quart of water, every time you clean, and no germ can live after cleaning.

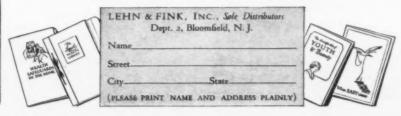
"Lysol" Disinfectant will not roughen the hands; it cleans as it disinfects. The 16 oz. size is the most economical. Sold in the original yellow carton by all druggists.

Made by Lysol, Incorporated, a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N.J. Canadian distributors, Lehn & Fink (Canada), Limited, Toronto.

Every wife and mother will find these three books of absorbing interest: "When Baby Comes," "Health Safeguards in the Home," and "The Scientific Side of Health & Reaute"

Send this coupon for the "Lysol" Health Library—free.

Tear out this coupon and mail it today.







Ocean Waves Cannot . Wash Off TANGEE'S Lovely Color ®

Y OU don't have to keep putting on Tangee . . . because it stays on all day without fading or rubbing off.

Even the ocean waves cannot affect it, nor hot tea, nor the burning sun on the beach . . . for only soap and water removes this lovely natural make-up.

Speaking of Summer Suns . . . you should know there's nothing so good for sunburn-or to prevent it —as Tangee DAY Cream. Ask for it, or send for it today. It will both improve and protect your complexion.

"Friends of Beauty"

Tangee Lipstick, orange magic that changes to blush-rose on your lips____\$1. Tangee Day Cream protects the com-plexion and makes a wonderful base for

Other Tangee "Friends of Beauty" are Tangee Rouge Compact, Night Cream, and Face Powder—each a little better than any other you've tried.



Introductory Offer Introductory Offer

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us one dollar for (1) a full sive Tangee Lipstick, and we will send you in addition (2) a generous free sample of Tangee Creme Rouge, and (3) "The Art of Make-wy written by a famous beauty expert. (Your dealer's name will be appreciated.)

Dept. 55, The GEORGE W. LUFT CO.,
417 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

thing familiar and a little tiresome, with her mad ways, Rex took a tighter grip on me. No one could handle him like I could. I'm not a singer, but he would go to sleep for me, if I'd sit in an old chair and rock him and sing the songs my mother used to sing to me; well, that was it!

I ran for lieutenant-governor, finally. suppose it was a month before election, and the ticket looked as safe as the statehouse. I was worth probably half a million—something like that-and our newspapers called me the most popular man in Nevada. I liked that, secretly, though I didn't tell any-body so. Why shouldn't I be the most popular man, and one of the richest? I was John Priestley! I'd done it all myself. was all swelled up with that-that arrogance! Sure!

So, by way of the State capital, I was that far on my road to Restin' Easy.

("Rex?" Louise said reminiscently. "I'd

forgotten there was a boy. What became-You see, we've been away from Nevada for fifteen years.

(John Priestley nodded and blew his nose violently.

("I'm coming to that," he said. "As far as I was concerned, he-well, the earth revolved around him, and the solar system swung about the earth, and the universe hung in space to enclose the universe! only because he was my boy, but because

I was John Priestley, d'you see? Nothing could go wrong with him, or for him!" (His face worked; then, as though he could understand so much now that had once been dark to him, he smiled slightly. After a moment he continued his story:)

REX was—only a boy, perhaps. To me he seemed more sensitive, finer-tempered, than most boys. He wasn't very strong, but he was bright and cheerful, and the doctors said he was as sound as a nut-that he only

said he was as sound as a nut—that he only needed to grow up. I idolized him. I bowed down and worshiped him. Allie Lee—I never thought of her any other way than as Allie Lee; I don't now!—Allie Lee didn't change. She had more scope for her flirtations—her wild ways—now; that's all. She went in faster company, spent more, traveled, took up some stage people and musicians, and Bill Sestrom and his friends. They weren't my friends. I was democratic; Sestrom was an aristo-crat. It was the way we were made. Those dispositions and alliances in life are the way we're made. Allie, Sestrom, Rex-me! And all the people who influenced us and were our friends and cronies! No blame any-where, probably, except for following the easiest course. Yes, I think that's it. The men and women who have become great have fought all the way. Isn't that true? I'm getting prosy. I was afraid of that!

An editor came to me, a month before the

election. It had been all fixed up in the meantime that I was to be lieutenant-governor until a term expired, and then I was to be elected United States Senator. It had gone that far. I had my hands on the thing I'd started out to get. Well, Kelly came to see me.

He was a quiet, shrewd, fearless little man; as good with the gun as he was with

Rupert Hughes

Next month begins a remarkable novel-a worthy successor to "The Old Home Town" and the other novels of progressively augmented excellence which have been features of The Red Book Magazine. Be sure to read it in the next, the September, issue.

the pen, as you had to be to run a paper in Nevada then and make it pay. He working for two brothers who had taken the paper up for some purpose of their own and then not been able to let go. They were friendly to me; thanks to Kelly, their

sheet was my ablest supporter.
"Priestley," the editor said to me, "your Western Land and Investment Company is

beginning to smell! How's that, Kelly?" I asked.

"Every way. I'm going to have to go after it.

"This would be a bad time for me, Kelly," I said. "Even if you're right—can't you put it off till after election?"

"I'm right, John," he said. He usually knew what he was talking about, and it made me uneasy. "I haven't scratched the surface yet, but when I get deeper in it, there are going to be a lot of small investors up Mud Creek and a lot of officials in the criminal courts. I'm just warning

"Look here, Kelly," I said, "you know that I don't have time to pay much attention to the Western Land. Sestrom runs it. Are you warning him?"

"He sent me to you," said Kelly. before I had time to puzzle that out, he took a new tack. "We have a story in type about your relations with your wife, before you were married; I've had one of my boys

dig up the marriage certificate, and the

story about the date on it."
I couldn't believe my ears.
"Look here, Kelly," I said, "what's behind

it all?

'It's nasty enough, Priestley," Kelly said. "Of course," I told him, "if you print a line that reflects on my boy—or my wife—" He interrupted.

"I guess you'd rather we'd print that than a report we have from the south end of the State about your interest in a Mrs. Wheeler." Mary Bowron! I saw then that this was

deep water-Kelly was only an agent. "If there is a line printed anywhere about Mrs. Wheeler," I said, trying to keep cool, "I'll kill the man who prints it. But there wont be. It's false if it reflects on her. So I pass that. The point is, and you know it, that what you are talking about publishing will smash the State ticket

"The ticket doesn't need to suffer," Kelly said. "The plan is for you to withdraw and have the State central committee name another candidate."

"What's the game, Kelly?" I asked. "This has all been rehearsed, and I know it. Who's behind this?

Kelly looked at me.
"The Davies boys aren't. They sold the paper last night."

"That's a surprise. Who bought it?"
"Bill Sestrom," said Kelly.

SESTROM? So, after all these years, I thought, the man comes out in his true There was Allie Lee, of course. had always wanted her. Back of that, there was the Big B ranch deal. I hadn't strung with Bill on that, and he must have believed, all the time, that I had squealed to the Cattlemen's Association. I recalled many little things. Sestrom wasn't a man to forget.

I put a shoulder holster under my coat, slipped a gun into it, unbuttoned my vest, and went to call on the president of the Cat-

"Now, Bill," I said, "this isn't a card game. It's straight business. What do you want?"

"Can you come back in about an hour?" he asked.

"Right now suits me," I said.

"Kight now suits me, I said.
"It will be easier and pleasanter all around in an hour," he insisted. "There's more than just you and me to figure in this thing."
"I'll come back," I said. "But before I have been an in the said." Bon't mention." go, I want to tell you this: Don't mention

Mrs. Mary Wheeler's name in your new pa-

"We have to print the news," he said.
"Don't print that," I said. "I'm in the dark on several propositions, but I'm certainly clear on that one. An hour after the name of Mrs. Wheeler is on the street in your columns, either you or I will be in the morgue, and God Himself couldn't prevent it!

I walked out. I was flustered, and I'll confess it. All the roads I could see led up blind cañons. I drove out to the house to see if Allie Lee could give me any light, but she wasn't there. Neither was the boy. A maid said Mrs. Priestley had just taken him away in the carriage. That seemed an him away in the carriage. That seemed an unusual thing to me, but I had to go back to the bank, and I let it go. Sestrom admitted me to the customers' private room and closed the door and locked it—and there was my wife, Allie Lee.

She was easy and cool.
"What's this for, Sestrom?" I asked, turn-

ing on him.

e

as

en 'n

ir

IF is

50

at

ly

ît

1e

g W

d

ie

d 1.

a

n

S

l.

0

'Allie has something to say to you first, he said. His throat closed, and his smooth face was white. But my wife was smiling

"You might as well sit down, John," she id. "This isn't going to be a gun-fight!"

I sat down. "Go on," I said.
"I will, John," she answered. And, do said.

you know, to save her soul, even in that minute, she couldn't help coquetting with me! She was born with temptation and deviltry in her black eyes and her red, beautiful mouth. She said: "John, I'm tired of being settled down-respectable."

"You haven't had much exercise at it," said. "But I suppose a little goes a long

I said. "But I suppose a little goes a long ways with you."
"Probably. Anyhow, I've come to the place where I can't go on with you. I'm through."

"That suits me," I said. "But w couldn't we have talked this over without-"Because I'm in on it," Sestrom into "But why Sestrom inter-

rupted. Allie Lee nodded. "We're going to leave Stonerville—Bill Sestrom and I," she said.

IT was so bold and brazen that I saw there was plenty behind it. My impulse was to start something, but I held myself Neither of those two was the kind to sit into a game without knowing what cards they would draw! And rough-house would probably play into their hands. I sat tight.
"I don't think you are until I'm ready," I said. "And I wont be ready before the election is over."

Bill Sestrom frowned. "Kelly said he saw you," he put in.
"So that's it, is it?" I asked. "Blackmail both ways?

"Not blackmail," Sestrom said. "We are going to make you a proposition."
"For instance?" I said.

Allie Lee answered: You're proud, John; and you're ambi-us. You don't want to be hurt, and you tious. would be hurt, every way, by a smash-up. I want a divorce and a settlement."
"That could be arranged," I said. "You

didn't need to go to all this trouble—"
"At the same time," Sestrom broke in, "I want to sell you my interest in the Western Land and Investment Company and this bank. I'll throw in the Eagle, because it's mortgaged up to the hilt. If you'll be sensible, you can go on, run for office, hang on to what you've got, and not a word will be said anywhere."

"The two propositions are lumped, then?"

I asked.

Allie Lee said: "For convenience-yes."

What's the price?" "Three hundred thousand."

I wasn't altogether a fool. The holdings Sestrom was offering were worth, maybe,



This "hard-milled" soap, used every day keeps skin young and lovely

There is radiant, happy beauty in a skin that has the fresh satinsmoothness that nature gave it and intended it to keep.

But so many skins have been robbed of their loveliness . . . show coarsened pores, and blemishes. And, Oh, the heartaches and the disappointments that result from poor complexions! Only the girl who suffers, knows.

Soap, of Course - But the Right Soap

All up-to-date, scientific advice on the care of the skin urges the daily use of soap and water. It is the kind of soap you use that makes all the difference between safe cleansing and the danger of coarsened, blemished skin.

Cashmere Bouquet is made especially for the face, hands and tender skin of the neck. It is "hard-milled," which means that it is put through special processes that give each cake an almost marble firmness. It is not the least bit squdgy. This special hardness is what makes it so safe. Cashmere Bouquet lather pen-etrates deep into the pores, searches out dust and dirt and rinses away instantly and completely. No undissolved soap remains in the pores. That is why skins cared for with Cashmere Bouquet keep their youthful texture and remain beautiful.

Try this treament-Watch Results

Wet the face with warm water. Work up a thick Cashmere Bouquet lather on the hands. Massage this into the skin with the fingertips until the skin feels refreshed and alive. Rinse in warm water.

Then a dash of cold. Pat the face dry with a soft towel. If the skin is in-clined to be dry, rub in a little Colgate's Charmis Cold Cream. COLGATE & CO., Dept. 912

SBI Fitth Avenue, New York

I enclose 4c in stamps.

I enclose 4c in stamps.

I enclose 4p in stamps.

New York

New Yor



This unusual booklet has been endorsed by an authority on beauty. Every statement is approved by an eminent skin specialist. Send for your copy and a trial cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Fill out the coupoa.



Instant relief

Splash the painful area freely with Absorbine, Jr. Cooling, soothing, healing relief comes instantly. It takes out soreness and inflammation. Absorbine, Jr. is neither sticky nor greasy and does not show. Keep Absorbine, Jr. on hand for sore muscles, cuts, bruises, insect bites and other vacation mishaps. Always

ANTISEPTIC LINIS

At all druggists', \$1.25 or postpaid Send for free trial bottle

W. F. YOUNG, Inc. Springfield, Mass.

fifty thousand. A quarter of a million was blood money. Of course I smiled at them— it was the only smiling I did that afternoon! "And if I don't draw," I said, "what then?

Sestrom said: "You'll draw."

They were so sure, both of them, that I realized that even now I didn't have it all. I ran the thing over in my mind.

"Of course I'll keep the boy," I said offhandedly. At least I tried to be off-handed —but I was recalling what the woman had said at the house. "I'll have Rex, no matter what happens," I repeated.

Sestrom wouldn't face me. But my wife id. "I'm fond of Rex myself," she said, which was a tricky speech. "But if you come across, I'll give him up."

You'll give him up anyway!"

"No. Until I'm ready, you can't even find where he is." Her mouth set in a hard line, and her eyes were cold.

I saw that we had come to the nubbin of the deal.

"You've hidden him out," I said, con-nced. "You don't think you can get away vinced. with that, do you?'

She gave me a steady look. "Yes." There are several ways to do it."

I tell you that a cold sweat broke out on me. I knew that Allie Lee would do anything—even murder—to win her point!
You've heard people say they wouldn't

take a million dollars for their child, but did you ever hear of anyone who had to face the actual proposition? Well, I was facing it. Of course there was my political career, you might call it, and my business—all I had made and all I was; but they were offering me my boy for three hundred thousand dollars! And they knew they were. That was why Allie Lee had done so much of the talking. She knew that I wouldn't believe Bill Sestrom.

What Kelly had said came back to me, broken-stopped completely-as I was.

"What's wrong with the Western Land and Investment Company, Sestrom?" I asked. "I know it's not all straight, but I thought at least it was sound."

He squirmed.

"It's sound enough," he said. "But Kelly tells me he has been gathering evidence for months," He looked at me. "That's why I bought the Eagle."

"And then this blackmail scheme occurred

to you?"

"No," Allie Lee interrupted; "then it oc curred to me." She actually laughed. don't think you ever appreciated me, John," she went on.

They had me. I knew it. I tried to temporize, to talk them around, to compromise. No use. The deal was cold. Take it or No use. The deal leave it. I took it. Take it or

HE boy was brought to me at the bank I late that afternoon, and I rode home with him in the carriage. I held my head as high as ever. But it was all pretend—all make-believe. Who was John Priestley now?

You folks remember the smash in Stoner-ville? It was in all the papers. Sestrom had looted the Western Land and Investment Company; he had cashed my drafts and checks that afternoon in our own bank and that had drained its resources, because, as things turned out, it didn't have much resources. It was a shell. And those two—Bill Sestrom and Allie Lee, my wife—got away clean. They were never traced nor found nor heard of afterward.

I withdrew from the State ticket; and the Scandal—what was known and what was guessed and what was made up!—beat the party at the election. Two days afterward I was arrested. I pleaded guilty, though my lawyers tried to get me to fight on the ground that my fault was only negligence too much time given to public matters. No

use! I couldn't pull that. I was sentenced to two years.

Of course I did what I could—put in everything I owned to settle with the stockholders and creditors of the Western Land and Investment Company and the bank. We paid about thirty cents on the dollar. The court gave me thirty days in which to arrange this business. A week before my time was up and I was to go to the penitentiary, Rex took sick.

JOHN PRIESTLEY stopped. His eyes J filled with sudden tears. He turned his head away from us. We sat there, dumb. A lamb bleated in the fields below the

house. A meadow-lark trilled his throaty, liquid notes, that will break a heart with their vibrations as a violin note will shatter a vase. John Priestley faced us again.
"He died in my arms. Diphtheria. . .

I was that far on my road to Restin' Easy. "They-they didn't send you to jail?"
Louise asked, horrified. "Not after that?" John Priestley smiled and nodded.

Sure. Why not? I went to the penitentiary on a technical indictment of using the mails in a scheme to defraud, but what I was really being punished for was trying to beat the devil, for—arrogance. I pleaded guilty, I've told you: well, I was guilty!

"When I came out, who do you think was there to meet me? My old mother, and Mary Bowron. They brought me here. I was broken, disillusioned, hopeless. They began to give me strength and youth and faith and hope. The neighbors, too. It was the way the place had. No one cared what I'd been or done; they accepted me for what I was then—what I was going to be. was at home in Restin' Easy."

I asked some questions about his success.

John Priestley waved a hand.

"Most of it mine, now," he said. "It's been fifteen years, and I could always suc-That was easy for me. And all the old things were gone—pride and that arro-gance! Gone, forever. Cleaned out and wiped away!"

There came a rush of feet, and a fiveyear-old boy, tousled from a nap, with his bright curls gleaming slightly damp around his ruddy face, ran across the porch floor and clambered up on John Priestley's knee. He surveyed us with grave, round eyes. He gave us a slow, approving smile.

"Little John Priestley," said old John. His face beamed. His eyes were moist. One arm held the boy securely, as though protecting, defending, harboring him. Then he

shook his head.

"You know what I think about a lot?" he demanded, suddenly. "That I can't keep the boy here. When he gets along, he'll want to go. He'll want to leave Restin' Easy. It used to worry me. But it doesn't now. Because I know he'll come back. Yes, he'll come back.

A woman's voice spoke from the doorway. "Land of love, John P," she said, "I never heard such an old chatter-box! You're Louise, aint you? And Larry? Glad to see you! You'll have to have a bite, after all that gossip. And Grandma Priestley wants to see you. She don't get around as spry as she used to."

John Priestley stood up, lifting the boy his shoulder. He put an arm around his

"Thought you were never coming out, Mary," he said. "And I figured somebody had to be entertaining."

"What an old goose you are, John P!" e protested, half severe, half laughing. "What on earth did you find to talk about so long?

John looked over at us gravely.

"I was telling them about the road to Restin' Easy," he said. "They may want to drive in, some day."

1570 out of 2034 Craftsmen of America agree on one Razor — Gillette

THESE builders of our American civilization are men of muscle and of courage. And more! they are men of real thought. They know what they want ... and set about to get it. The astonishing percentage (74 in every 100) in complete accord on the razor question thus forms most convincing proof that, based on the perfection of its shaving service, Gillette preeminence is an accomplished fact!

Whether you have a beard "like wire" or as soft as silk, your GOOD shave will become a PERFECT shave if you read "Three Reasons" — a new shaving booklet just published in a new edition. A postcard request and we'll gladly send you a copy with our compliments.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.
BOSTON, U.S.A.

\$5 to \$75

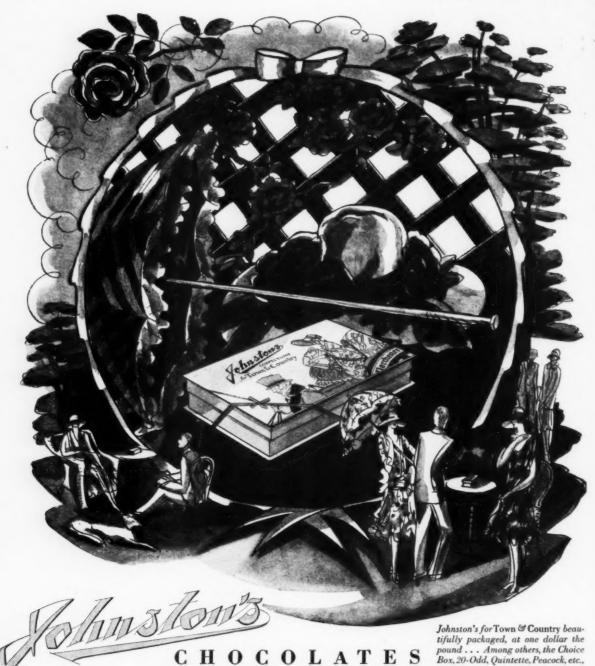
The Tuckaway In Gold Plate, \$6. In Silver Plate, \$5.

The New Improved

Gillette

SAFETY Gillette RAZOR

THE QUALITY RAZOR OF THE WORLD



CHOCOLATES

for Town & Country

For glorious summer days with a carefree companion, take Johnston's for Town & Country. An enticing array of delightful summer candies to pass vacation hours. Whether it's tennis or golf, dancing or

riding or driving . . . whether you swim or only like to watch . . . you'll like Johnston's for Town & Country & As a week-end gift, or with your thank-you note worthy of the sweetest lady in all the world.

at \$1.50 a pound — Chocolate Bazar and Treasure Box at \$2 a pound.

ROBERT A. JOHNSTON COMPANY · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · MILWAUKEE · MINNEAPOLIS · OAKLAND

You will find a special agency for Johnston's Chocolates in one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood

